



# The Old English Drama

A SELECTION OF

PLAYS

FROM THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

VOLUME I

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

THE BALL

THE RABE OF LLCRECE

LONDON

PRINTED FOR HURST ROBINSON AND CO

5 WATERLOO PLACE JALL MALL

AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO EDINBURGH

MDCCCXXV

LONDON  
Printed by D S Maurice, Fenchurch Street

THE

SECOND MAIDENS TRAGEDY

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. IN THE  
LANSDOWN COLLECTION

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN NEWGATE STREET

MDCCCXIV

LONDON

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**Nos I—IV**



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## The Old English Drama

Nos. V — VIII

WILL CONTAIN

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN a Tragedy by Henry Clapthorne (1634)

THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE a Comedy by Henry Clapthorne (1640).

LOVE'S MISTRESS a Masque by Thomas Heywood (1636).

DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE a Tragedy by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nashe (1594).

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Nos. I — IV

CONTAIN

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY now first printed from the original MS. 1611 in the *Lansdown Collection*.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY shewing how Man may choose Good Wife from a Bad (1607)

THE BALL Comedy by George Chapman and James Shirley (1639).

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE true Roman Tragedy by Thomas Heywood (1608) With the Merry Songs (complete) of Vale The Roman Senat





## THE SECOND MAIDENS TRAGLDY

THIS is one of the three unpublished plays which escaped the fatal hands of Warburton's cook and is printed from a manuscript book of that gentleman in the Lansdown Collection. No title page is prefixed to the manuscript nor is the name of *The Second Maidens Tragedy* in the same handwriting as the play. From the tenor of the license to act indeed it is probable that this name was given to it by the Master of the Revels; that license is in the following words: *This Second Maidens Tragedy* (for it hath no name inscribed) may with the reformatiōns be publickly acted 31 October 1611 G. Bue. Why it is called *The Second Maidens Tragedy* does not appear—there is no trace of any drama having the title of *The First Maidens Tragedy* and it does not bear any resemblance to the *Maidens Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher. There is reason therefore to believe that the name by which it is now known was adopted merely for the purpose of distinguishing it from other plays licensed to be acted as the words *for it hath no name inscribed* can hardly be supposed to refer to the want of the author's name which is as difficult to be ascertained as that of his play. At the back of the manuscript it is said to be by a person whose name on a close inspection appears to have been William (afterwards altered to Thomas) Gough. This name has been nearly obliterated and that of George Chap

man" substituted, which in its turn has been scored through, for the purpose of making room for "Will Shakspear" That it does not belong to Thomas Goff,\* the author of the *Raging Turk*, is abundantly obvious—he was at the time it was licensed not more than nineteen years of age, and besides was totally incapable of producing anything of the kind nor has Chapman, in our opinion, a better title to it Many of the scenes are distinguished by a tenderness and pathos which are not to be found in the productions of either of those Authors, but although it possesses merits of no ordinary kind, it cannot be pretended that it approaches the character of the Dramas of Shakspeare, whose name indeed is written in a much more modern hand The subordinate plot is founded upon the story of the *Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, from which it differs very little, except in the catastrophe Various parts of the play have been struck out, some for the purpose of being omitted in the representation, and others which were probably considered dangerous or offensive to royalty, apparently by Sir George Buc, for example, in the second scene of the last act, the exclamation of the Tyrant, "Your King's poisoned" is altered to "I am poisoned," the propriety of which reformation is manifest from the answer of Memphonnus, viz "The King of Heaven be praised for it" In both cases the original text has been restored in the present publication

\* Mr [Robert] Goughe appears from the MS to have acted the part of the Tyrant in this Play

# PERSONS REPRESENTED

THE USURPING TYRANT  
 COVIANUS *th. deposed King*  
 ANSELMUS *his Brother*  
 VOTARILS *the friend of Anselmus*  
 HELVETIUS  
 MEMPHONILS } *his*  
 SOMPHONILS }  
 BELLARILS *the lover of Leonella*

THE LADY *th. Daughter of Helvetius*  
 THE WIFE OF VOTARILS  
 LEONELLA *her Woman*

*Nobles Soldiers and Attendants*



## PERSONS REPRESENTED

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THE USURPING TYRANT  
COVIANUS *the deposed King*  
ANSELMUS *his Brother*  
NOTARIUS *the friend of Anselmus*  
HELVETIUS }  
MEDIATIONIUS } *Vallet*  
SOPHIOTUS }  
BELLARIUS *the lover of Leonella*  
THE LADY *the Daughter of Helvetius*  
THE WIFE OF ANSELMUS  
LEONELLA *her Woman*

*Nobles Soldiers and Attendants*



## THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY

### ACT I SCENE I

*Enter the new usurping TYRANT, the 3 Bles, the factious MEN-  
PHONILS, HOMONIRUS, HELIARBUS with others the right heir  
GOVIANUS deposed*

*Tyrant* Till high my Lords your powers and constant  
loves

Have fix'd our glories like unmoved stars  
That know not what it is to fall or err  
We're now the kingdom's love and he that was  
Flatter'd awhile so stands before us now  
Readier for doom than dignity

*Gors* So much  
Can the adulterate friendship of mankind  
False fortune's sister, bring to pass in kings  
And lay usurpers sleeping in their glories  
Like adders in warm beams



*Tyr* There was but one  
 In whom my heart took pleasure amongst women,  
 One in the whole creation, and in her  
 You dar'd to be my rival! Was't not bold?  
 Now we are king she'll leave the lower path  
 And find the way to us—*Helvetius*!  
 It is thy daughter, happier than a king,  
 And far above him, for she kneels to thee  
 Whom we have kneel'd to, richer in one smile  
 That came from her, than she in all thy blessings,  
 If thou be'st proud thou art to be forgiven,  
 'Tis no deadly sin in thee, while she lives,  
 High lust is not more natural to youth  
 Than that to thee, be not afraid to die in't,  
 'Tis but the sign of joy, there is no gladness,  
 But has a pride it lives by,—that's the oil  
 That feeds it into flames,—Let her be sent for,  
 And honorably attended, as beseems  
 Her that we make our queen, my Lord *Memphonus*,  
 And *Sophonirus*, take into your care  
 The royal business of my heart; conduct her  
 With a respect equal with that to us,  
 If more, it shall be pardon'd, so still err,  
 You honour us, but ourself honours her.

*Memph* Strange fortune, does he make his queen of her?

[*exit Memph*]

*Soph* I have a wife, would she were so prefer'd!  
 I could be but her subject, so I'm now,  
 I allow her her own friend to stop her mouth,  
 And keep her quiet, quit him his table free,

And the huge feeding of his great stone horse  
 On which he rides in pomp about the city  
 Only to speak to gallants in bay windows;  
 Marry his lodging he prys dearly for  
 He gets me all my children there I save by t;  
 Beside I draw my life out by the bargain  
 Some twelve years longer than the times appointed;  
 When my young prodigal gallant kicks up s heels  
 At one-and thirty and lies dead and rotten  
 Some five and forty years before I in coffin d  
 'Tis the right way to keep a woman honest  
 One friend is baracado to a hundred  
 And keeps 'em out nay more a husband s sure  
 To have his children all of one man s getting  
 And he that performs best can have no better  
 I m e en as happy then that save a labour [*Exit Sophonissa*  
*Tyr* Thy honours with thy daughter s love shall rise  
 I shall read thy deservings in her eyes

*Heli* O may they be eternal books of pleasure,  
 To show you all delight!

*Gori* The loss of her sits closer to my heart  
 Than that of kingdom or the whorish pomp  
 Of this world s titles that with flattery swells us  
 And makes us die like beasts fat for destruction  
 O she s a woman and her eye will stand  
 Upon advancement never weary yonder,  
 But when she turns her head by chance, and sees  
 The fortunes that are my companions  
 She'll snatch her eyes off and repent the looking,

*Tyr* 'Tis well advis d; we doom thee, Gorianna

To banishment for ever from our kingdom

*Gov.* What could be worse to one whose heart is lock'd  
Up in another's bosom? Banishment!  
And why not death? is that too easy for me?

*Tyr.* But that the world would call our way to dignity  
A path of blood, it should be the first act in all our reign

*Gov.* She's lost for ever, farewell, virtuous men,  
Too honest for your greatness! now you're mightier  
Than when we knew the kingdom, your stile's heavier  
Than ponderous nobility, farewell!

3 *Nobl.* How's that, sir?

*Gov.* O sir! is it you?

I knew you one-and-twenty and a lord,  
When your destruction suck'd, is't come from nurse yet?  
You scorn to be a scholar, you were born better,  
You have good lands, that's the best grounds of learning,  
If you can construe but your doctor's bill,  
Parse your wife's waiting women, and decline your tenants  
'Till they're all beggars, with new fines and rackings,  
You're scholar good enough, for a lady's son  
That's born to living, if you list to read,  
Ride but to th' city and bestow your looks  
On the court library, the mercer's books,  
They'll quickly furnish you, do but entertain  
A tailor for your tutor, to expound  
All the hard stuff to you, by what name and title  
Soever they be call'd

3 *Nobl.* I thank you, sir

*Gov.* 'Tis happy you have learnt so much manners  
Since you have so little wit, Fare you well, sir!

*Tyr* Let him be staid awhile !

*4 Nobl* Stay !

*3 Nobl* You must stay ir

*Gov* He s not so honest sure to change his mind  
Revoke his doom hell has more hope on him

*Tyr* We have not ended yet the worst parts coming  
Thy banishment were gentle were that all  
But to afflict thy soul before thou goest  
Thou shalt behold the heav'n that thou must lose  
In her that must be mine

Then to be banish'd then to be depriv'd  
Shews the full torment we provide for thee

*Gov* He s n right tyrant now he will not bate me  
Th affliction of my soul he ll have all parts

*Enter the LADY clad in black with Attendants*

Suffer together now I see my loss

I never shall recover't my mind s beggar'd

*Tyr* Whence rose that cloud ? can such a thing be seen  
In honour's glorious day the sky so clear ?

Why mourn the kingdom's mistress ? does she come  
To meet advancement in a funeral garment ?

Back ! [*to the Attendants*] she forgot herself twas too  
much joy

That bred this error and we heartily pardon t

Go bring her hither like an illustrious bride

With her best beams about her let her jewels

Be worth ten cities that beseems our mistress

And not a widow's case a suit to weep in

*Lady* I am not to be alter'd

*Tyr* How !

*Lady* I have a mind

That must be shifted ere I cast off these,  
Or I shall wear strange colours,—'tis not titles,  
Nor all the bastard honours of this frame  
That I am taken with, I come not hither  
To please the eye of glory, but of goodness,  
And that concern'd not you, sir, you're for greatness,  
I dare not deal with you, I have found my match,  
And I will never lose him

*Gov* If there be man

Above a king in fortunes, read my story,  
And you shall find him there, farewell, poor kingdom !  
Take it to help thee, thou hast need on't now,  
I see thee in distress, more miserable  
Than some thou lay'st taxations on, poor subjects !  
Thou'rt all beset with storms, more overcast  
Than ever any man that brightness flatter'd  
'Tis only wretchedness to be there with thee,  
And happiness to be here

*Tyr* Sure some dream crown'd me,

If it were possible to be less than nothing,  
I wake the man you seek for,—there's the kingdom  
Within yon valley first, while I stand here  
Kissing false hopes upon a frozen mountain  
Without the confines I am he that's banish'd  
The king walks yonder chose by her affections,  
Which is the surer side, for when she goes  
Her eye removes the court, what is he here  
Can spare a look ? they're all employed on her

Helvetius '—Thou art not worth the waking neither  
I lose but time in thee go sleep again  
Like n old man thou canst do nothing  
Thou tak'st no pains at all to earn thine honours  
Which way shall we be able to pay thee  
To thy content when we receive not ours?  
The master of the work must needs decay  
When he wants means and sees his servants play

*Helv* [*To his Daughter*] Have I bestow'd so many blessings on thee

And do they all return to me in curses?  
Is that the use I've for them? be not to me  
A burden ten times heavier than my years!  
Thou dost want to be kind to me and observe  
What I thought pleasing go entreat the king!

*Lady* I will do more for you sir you're my father  
I'll kiss him too [*she kisses Gorianus*]

*Helv* How am I dealt withal?

*Lady* Why that's the usurper sir this is the king  
I happen'd righter than you thought I had  
And were all kingdoms of the earth his own  
As sure as this is not and this dear gentleman  
As poor as virtue and almost as friendless  
I would not change this misery for that sceptre,  
Wherein I'd part with him sir he cheerful  
'Tis not the reeling fortune of great state  
Or low condition that I cast mine eye at  
It is the man I seek the rest I lose  
As things unworthy to be kept or noted  
Fortunes are but the outsides of true worth

It is the mind that sets his master forth

*Tyr* Have there so many bodies been hewn down  
Like trees, in progress to cut out a way  
That was more known for us and our affections,  
And is our gain so cross'd? There stands the first  
Of all her kind that e'er refused greatness,  
A woman to set light by sovereignty!  
What age can bring her forth, and hide that book!  
'Tis their desire most commonly to rule,  
More than their part comes to, sometimes their husbands

*Helv* 'Tis in your pow'r, my lord, to force her to you,  
And pluck her from his arms

*Tyr* Thou talk'st unkindly,  
That had been done before thy thought begot it,  
If my affection could be so hard hearted,  
To stand upon such payment, it must come  
Gently and kindly, like a debt of law,  
Or 'tis not worth receiving [aside to Helvetius]  
*Govi* Now, usurper!

I wish no happier freedom than the banishment  
That thou hast laid upon me

*Tyr* O! he kills me  
At mine own weapon, 'tis I that live in exile  
Should she forsake the land, I'll find some cause  
Far from the grief itself, to call it back — [aside  
[to Govianus]

That doom of banishment was but lent to thee  
To make a trial of thy factious spirit,  
Which flames in thy desire, thou would'st be gone  
There is some combination between thee

And foreign plots thou hast some powers to raise  
Which to prevent thy banishment we revoke  
Confine thee to thy house nearest the court  
And place a guard about thee    Lord Memphonus  
See it effected

*Mem* With best care my Lord

*Gor* Confine me? here's my liberty in mine arms  
I wish no better to bring me content  
Lovers best freedom is imprisonment

*[Exeunt Lady and Gorianus]*

*Tyr* Methinks the day even darkens at her absence  
I stand as in a shade when a great cloud  
Muffles the sun whose beauties shine far off  
On towers and mountains but I keep the valleys  
The place that is last serv'd

*Hel* My Lord! *[Tyrant and Helvetius converse apart]*

*Tyr* Your reason sir?

*Hel* Your Grace is mild to all but your own bosom  
They should have both been sent to several prisons  
And not committed to each other's arms  
There's a hot durance he'll never wish more freedom

*Tyr* That's true let em be both forc'd back! *[to the Officers]*  
Stay! we command you  
Thou talk'st not like a statesman had my wrath  
Took hold of such extremity at first  
They'd liv'd suspectful still warn'd by their fears  
When now that liberty makes them more secure  
I'll take them at my pleasure it gives thee  
Freer access to play the father for us  
And ply her to our will



Nay, more to vex his soul, give command straight  
 They be divided into several rooms,  
 Where he may only have a sight of her  
 To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips  
 Lock'd up, like felons, from her

*Helv* Now you win me,

I like that cruelty passing well, my Lord

*Tyr* Give order with all speed

*Helv* Though I be old,

I need no spur, my Lord,—Honour pricks me  
 I do beseech your majesty, look cheerful,  
 You shall not want content, if it be lock'd  
 In any blood of mine, the key's your own,  
 You shall command the wards

*Tyr* Say's thou so, sir?

I were ungrateful then, should I see thee

Want power, that provides content for me

[*exeunt*]

## SCENE II

*Enter L. ANSELMUS, the deposed King's Brother, with his Friend,*

VOTARIUS

*Vol* Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me,  
 Methinks the depos'd king, your brother's sorrow,  
 Should find you business enough

*Ans* How, Votarius?

Sorrow for him? weak ignorance talks not like thee,  
 Why he was never happier

*Vot* Pray prove that, sir

*Ans* He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restor'd,

Which is the larger empire? pr'y thee tell me  
 Dominions have their limits the whole earth  
 Is but a prisoner nor the ea her jailor  
 That with a silver hoop locks in her body  
 They're fellow prisoners though the sea looks bigger  
 Because it is in office—and pride swells him  
 But the unbounded kingdom of the mind  
 Is as unlimitable as heav'n that glorious court of spirits  
 Sir if thou lov'st me turn thine eye to me  
 And look not after him that needs thee not  
 My brother's well attended peace and pleasure  
 Are never from his sight he has his mistress  
 She brought those servants and bestow'd them on him  
 But who brings mine?

*For* Had you not both long since  
 By a kind worthy lady your chaste wife?  
*Ans* That s it that I take pains with thee to be sure of  
 What true report can I send to my soul  
 Of that I know not—we must only think  
 Our ladies are good people and so live with ean  
 A fine security for them our own thoughts  
 Make the best fools of us next to them our wives  
 But say she s all chaste yet is that her goodness?  
 What labour is t for woman to keep constant  
 That s never tried or tempted? Where s her fight?  
 The war's within her breast her honest anger  
 Against the impudence of flesh and hell  
 So let me know the lady of my rest  
 Or I shall never sleep well give not me  
 The thing that is thought good but what s approv'd so

So wise men choose    O what a lazy virtue  
Is chastity in a woman, if no sin  
Should lay temptation to't '—pr'ythee set to her,  
And bring my peace along with thee

*Not* You put to me

A business that will do my words more shame  
Then ever they got honour among women  
Lascivious courtings among sinful mistresses  
Come ever seasonable, please best—  
But let the boldest ruffian touch the ear  
Of modest ladies with adulterous sounds,  
Their very looks confound him, and force grace  
Into that cheek where unpudence sets her seal,  
That work is never undertook with courage,  
That makes his master blush —However, sir '  
What profit can return to you by knowing  
That which you do already, with more toil?  
Must a man needs, in having a rich diamond,  
Put it between a hammer and an anvil,  
And not believing the true worth and value,  
Break it in pieces to find out the goodness,  
And in the finding lose it? good sir ' think on't,  
Nor does it taste of wit to try their strengths  
That are created sickly, nor of manhood  
We ought not to put blocks in women's ways,  
For some too often fall upon plain ground  
Let me dissuade you, sir '

*Ans* Have I a friend?

And has my love so little interest in him,  
That I must trust some stranger with my heart,

And go to seek him out?

*Isot* Nay hark you sir!

I am so jealous of your weakness  
That rather than you should be prostituted  
Before a stranger's triumph I would venture  
A whole hour's shaming for you  
*Ans* Be worth thy word then

*Enter Wirt*

Yonder she comes—I'll have an ear to you both  
I love to have such things at the first hand [*aside and exit*]

*Isot* I'll put him off with somewhat; guilt in this  
Falls in with honest dealing; O who would move  
Adultery to yon face! so rule a sin  
May not come near the meekness of her eye;  
My client's can e looks so dishonestly  
I'll ne'er be seen to plead in it [*as de*]

*Wife* What Votarius!

*Isot* Good morrow virtuous ma'am

*Wife* Was my Lord

Seen lately here?

*Isot* He's newly walk'd forth lady

*Wife* How was he attended?

*Isot* Faith I think with none ma'am

*Wife* That sorrow for the kin's brother's fortune  
Prevails too much with him and leads him strangely  
From company and delight

*Isot* How she's beguiled in him!

There's no such natural touch search all his bosom [*aside*]  
That grief's too bold with him indeed sweet ma'am  
And draws him from the pleasure of his time

But 'tis a business of affection  
 That must be done —We owe a pity, madam,  
 To all men's misery, but especially,  
 To those afflictions that claim kindred of us,  
 We're forc'd to feel 'em, all compassion else  
 Is but a work of charity, this of nature,  
 And ties our pity in a bond of blood

*Wife* Yet there is a date set to all sorrows,  
 Nothing is everlasting in this world  
 Your counsel will prevail, persuade him, good sir,  
 To fall into life's happiness again,  
 And leave the desolate path, I want his company  
 He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,  
 Where scarce the moon is starlight, I have watch'd him  
 In silent nights, when all the earth was drest  
 Up like a virgin, in white innocent beams,—  
 Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,  
 T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,  
 That liberally bestow'd her graces on me,  
 And when the morning dew began to fall,  
 Then was my time to weep, h'as lost his kindness,  
 Forgot the way of wedlock, and become  
 A stranger to the joys and rites of love  
 He's not so good as a lord ought to be  
 Pray tell him so from me—sir

[*Exit Wife*]

*Not* That will I, madam

Now must I dress a strange dish for his honour

*Ans* Call you this courting? 'life' not one word near it  
 There was no syllable but was twelve score off  
 My faith, hot temptation ' woman's chastity,

In such a conflict had great need of mee  
 To keep the bridge twas dangerous for the time  
 Why what fantastic faiths are in these days  
 Made without substance whom should a man trust  
 In matters about love?

*Pot* Mass! here he comes too

*Enter ANSELMUS*

*Ans* How now Votarius! what's the news for us?

*Pot* You set me to a task sir that will find  
 Ten ages work enough and then unfinished  
 Bring sin before her! why it stands more quaking  
 Than if a judge should frown on't three such fits  
 Would shake it into goodness and quite beggar  
 The under kingdom —Not the art of man  
 Woman or Devil—

*Ans* O peace man! prythee peace!—

*Pot* Can make her fit for lust

*Ans* Yet again sir?

Where lives that mistress of thine Votarius  
 That taught thee to dissemble I'd fain learn  
 She makes good scholars

*Pot* How my lord!

*Ans* Thou art the son of falsehood prythee leave me  
 How truly constant charitable and helpful  
 Is woman unto woman in affairs  
 That touch affection and the peace of spirit!  
 But man to man how crooked and unkind!  
 I thank my jealousy I heard thee all  
 For I heard nothing now thou'rt sure I did

*Vot* Now, by this light then, wipe but off this score,  
 Since you're so bent, and if I ever run  
 In debt again to falsehood and dissemblance,  
 For want of better means, tear the remembrance of me  
 From your best thoughts

*Ans* For thy vows' sake, I pardon thee  
 Thy oath is now sufficient watch itself  
 Over thy actions, I discharge my jealousy  
 I've no more use for't now, to give thee way  
 I'll have an absence made purposely for thee,  
 And presently take horse I'll leave behind me  
 An opportunity, that shall fear no starting,  
 Let but thy pains deserve it

*Vot* I am bound to't

*Ans* For a small time farewell, then ' hark thee'

*[Anselmus whispers to him, and exit]*

*Vot* O good sir'

It will do wond'rous well,—What a wild seed  
 Suspicion sows in him, and takes small ground for't'  
 How happy were this lord if he would leave  
 To tempt his fate, and be resolved he were so'  
 He would be but too rich —  
 Man has some enemy still that keeps him back  
 In all his fortunes, and his mind is his,  
 And that's a mighty adversary I had rather  
 Have twenty kings my enemies than that part,  
 For let me be at war with earth and hell,  
 So that be friends with me —I've sworn to make  
 A trial of her faith, I must put on  
 A brazen face and do't,

*Enter Wife.*

Mine own will shame me

*Wife* This is most strange of all ! how one distraction  
Seconds another !

*Foot* What s the news sweet madam ?

*Wife* He s took his horse but left his leave untaken  
What should I think on t sir ? did ever lord  
Depart so rudely from his lady s presence ?

*Foot* Did he forget your lip ?

*Wife* He forgot all  
That nohleness remembers

*Foot* I m ashamed of him  
Let me help madam to repair his manners  
And mend that unkind fault

*Wife* Sir ! pray forbear !  
You forget worse than he

*Foot* So virtue save me  
I have enough already *[aside]*

*Wife* Tis himself  
Must make amends good sir for his own faults

*Foot* I would he d do t then and neer trouble me in t  
*[aside]*

But madam you perceive he takes the cour e  
To be far off from that he s rode from home  
But his unkindness stays and keeps with you  
Let who will please his wife he rides his horse  
That s all the care he takes I pity you madam  
You ve an unpleasing lord would twere not so  
I should rejoice with yon



You're young, the very spring's upon you now,  
 The roses on your cheeks are but new blown  
 Take you together, you're a pleasant garden,  
 Where all the sweetness of man's comfort breathes  
 But what is it to be a work of beauty,  
 And want the part that should delight in you  
 You still retain your goodness in yourself,  
 But then you lose your glory, which is all  
 The grace of every benefit is the use,  
 And is't not pity you should want your grace?  
 Look you like one whose lord should walk in groves  
 About the peace of midnight? Alas! Madam,  
 'Tis to me wond'rous how you should spare the day  
 From amorous clips, much less the general season  
 When all the world's a gamester  
 That face deserves a friend of heart and spirit,  
 Discourse and motion, indeed such a one  
 That should observe you, madam, without ceasing,  
 And not a weary lord

*Wife* Sure I was married, sir,  
 In a dear year of love, when severity  
 And famine of affection vex'd poor ladies,  
 Which makes my heart so needy, it ne'er knew  
 Plenty of comfort yet

*Fort* Why, that's your folly,  
 To keep your mind so miserably, madam  
 Change into better times, I'll lead you to 'em  
 What bounty shall your friend expect for this?  
 O you that can be hard to your own heart,  
 How would you use your friends? if I thought kindly,

I'd be the man myself should serve your pleasure

*Wife* How sir!

*Not* Nay and ne'er miss you too I'd not come sneaking  
Like a retainer once a week or so  
To show myself before you for my livery  
I'd follow business like a household servant  
Carry my work before me and dispatch  
Before my lord be up and make no words on't  
The sign of a good servant

*Wife* 'Tis not friendly dooe it

To take a lady at advantage thus  
Set all her wroongs before her and then tempt her

*Not* I grow fond myself 'twas well she wak'd me  
Before the dead sleep of adultery took me  
'Twas stealing o' me up your honest thoughts,  
And keep watch for your master! I must hence  
I do not like my health 'tis a strange relish  
Pray heav'n I pluck'd mine eyes back time enough  
I'll never see her more I prais'd the garden  
But little thought a bed of snakes lay hid in't

[*aside as he is retiring*]

*Wife* I know not how I am! I'll call my woman—  
Stay! for I fear thou'rt too far gone already

*Not* I'll see her but once more do thy worst love!  
Thou art too young fond boy to master me [aside]

*NOTARIUS returns*

I come to tell you madam and that plainly  
I'll see your face no more take't how you please

*Wife* You will not offer violence to me sir

In my lord's absence, what does that touch you  
If I want comfort?

*Not* Will you take your answer?

*Wife* It is not honest in you to tempt woman,  
When her distresses take away her strength  
How is she able to withstand her enemy?

*Not* I would fain leave your sight, an' I could possibly

*Wife* What is't to you, good sir, if I be pleased  
To weep myself away, and run thus violently  
Into the arms of death, and kiss destruction  
Does this concern you now?

*Not* Aye marry, does it

What serve these arms for, but to pluck you back?

' These lips but to prevent all other tasters

And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?

I'm beguil'd again, forgive me, heaven!

My lips have been naught with her,

I will be master once and whip the boy

Home to his mother's lap, fare, fare thee well!

*[Exit Volarius]*

*Wife* Volarius! Sir! my friend! thank heaven, he's  
gone

And he shall never come so near again,

I'll have my frailty watch'd ever, henceforward

I'll no more trust it single, it betrays me

Into the hands of folly Where's my woman?

*Enter LEONELLA*

My trusty Leonella!

*Leo* Call you, madam?

*Wife* Call I? I want attendance where are you?

*Leo* Never far from you madam

*Wife* Pray be nearer

Or there is some that will und thank you too

Nay perhaps bribe you to be absent from me

*Leo* How madam?

*Wife* Is that strange to a lady's woman

There are such things in the world many such buyers

And sellers of a woman's name and honour

Though you be young in bribes and never came

To the flesh market yet—beshrew your heart

For keepiag so long from me!

*Leo* What ail you madam?

*Wife* Somewhat cominands me and takes all the power  
Of myself from me

*Leo* What should that be lady?

*Wife* When did you see Votarius?

*Leo* Is that next?

Nay then I have your ladyship in the wind

[aside]

I saw him lately madam

*Wife* Whom didst see?

*Leo* Votarius

*Wife* What have I to do with him

More than another man? Say he be fair

And has parts proper both of mind and body

You praise him but in vain in telling me so

*Leo* Yes madam are you prattling in your sleep?

Tis well my lord and you lie in two beds

[aside]

*Wife* I was neer so ill I thank you Leonella

My negligent woman here you show'd your service

*Leo* Have I power or means to stop a sluice  
At a high water? what would sh'ave me do in't?

*Wife* I charge thee, while thou liv'st with me hencefor-  
ward,

Use not an hour's absence from my sight *[Exit Lady]*

*Leo* By my faith, madam, you shall pardon me,  
I have a love of mine own to look to,  
And he must have his breakfast

*Enter BILIARUS, muffled in his cloak*

*Bel* Leonella?

*Leo* Come forth, and show yourself a gentleman,  
Although most commonly they hide their heads,  
As you do there methinks! And why a taffety muffler?  
Show your face, man! I'm not ashamed on you

*Bel* I fear the servants

*Leo* And they fear their mistress, and ne'er think on you,  
Their thoughts are upon dinner, and great dishes  
If one thing hap, impossible to fail too—  
(I can see so far in't) you shall walk boldly, sir,  
And openly in view through every room  
About the house, and let the proudest meet thee,  
I charge you give no way to 'em

*Bel* How thou talk'st!

*Leo* I can avoid the fool, and give you reason for't

*Bel* 'Tis more than I should do if I asked more on thee  
I pr'ythee tell me how?

*Leo* With ease, 'if faith, sir,  
My lady's heart is wond'rous busy, sir!

About the entertainment of a friend too  
And she and I must bear with one another  
Or we shall make but a mad house betwixt us

*Bel* I'm bold to throw my cloak off at this news  
Which I ne'er durst before and kiss thee freelier  
What is he sirrah?

*Leo* Faith an indifferent fellow  
With good long legs—a near friend of my lord's

*Bel* A near friend of my lady's you would say  
His name I prythee?

*Leo* One Votarius sir

*Bel* What say'st thou?

*Leo* He walks under the same title

*Bel* The only enemy that my life can shew me

*Leo* Your enemy? Let my spleen then alone with him  
Stay you your anger! I'll confound him for you

*Bel* As how I prythee?

*Leo* I'll prevent his venery  
He shall ne'er lie with my lady

*Bel* Troth I thank you—  
Life! that's the way to save him art thou mad?  
Whereas the other way he confounds himself  
And lies more naked to revenge and mischief

*Leo* Then let him lie with her and the devil go with him  
He shall have all my furtherance

*Bel* Why now you pray heartily and speak to purpose  
[*exeunt*]

## ACT II SCENE I

*Enter the Lady of GOVIANUS with a Servant*

*Lady* Who is't would speak with us ?

*Serv* My lord, your father

*Lady* Pray make haste, he waits too long  
 Intreat him hither In despite of all [*Exit Servant*]  
 The tyrant's cruelties, we have got that friendship  
 E'en of the guard that he has plac'd about us,  
 My lord and I have free access together,  
 As much as I would ask of liberty ,  
 They'll trust us largely now, and keep sometimes  
 Three hours from us, a rare courtesy  
 In jailors' children, some mild news I hope  
 Comes with my father

*Enter HELVITIUS*

No, his looks are sad,  
 There is some further tyranny, let it fall !  
 Our constant sufferings shall amaze it all [*she kneels*]

*Helv* Rise !

I will not bless thee,—thy obedience  
 Is after custom, as most rich men pray,  
 Whose saint is only fashion and vain glory,  
 So 'tis with thee in thy dissembled duty,  
 There's no religion in't, no reverent love,  
 Only for fashion, and the praise of men

*Lady* Why should you think so, sir ?

*Helv* Think? I know't and see t

I'll sooner give my blessing to a drunkard  
Whom the ridiculous power of wine makes humble  
As foolish use makes thee —base spirited girl  
That can st not think above disgrace and beggary  
When glory is set for thee and thy seed  
Advancement for thy father beside joy  
Able to make a latter spring in me  
In this my fourscore summer and renew me  
With a reversion yet of heat and youth'  
But the dejection of thy mind and spirit  
Makes me thy father guilty of a fault  
That draws thy birth in question and een wrongs  
Thy mother in her ashes being at peace  
With heav'n and man had not her life and virtues  
Been seals unto her faith I should think thee now  
The work of some hir'd servant some house tailor  
And no one part of my endeavour in thee  
Had I neglected greatness or not rather  
Pursu'd almost to my eternal hazard  
Thou dst ne er been a lord's daughter'

*Lady* Had I been

A shepherd s I d been happier and more peaceful

*Helv* Thy very seed will curse thee in thy age  
When they shall hear the story of thy weakness —  
How in thy youth thy fortunes tender'd thee  
A kingdom for thy servant which thou left st  
Basely to serve thyself what dost thou in this  
But merely cozen thy posterity  
Of royalty and succession and thyself



Of dignity present ?

*Lady* Sir, your king did well

'Mongst all his nobles to pick out yourself  
And send you with these words his politic grace  
Knew what he did, for well he might imagine  
None else should have been heard, they'd had their answer  
Before the question had been half way through  
But, dearest sir ! I owe to you a reverence,  
A debt which both begins and ends with life,  
Never till then discharg'd, 'tis so long lasting,  
Yet, could you be more precious than a father,  
Which next a husband is the richest treasure  
Mortality can show us, you should pardon me  
And yet confess too that you found me kind,  
To hear your words, though I withstood your mind

*Helv* Say you so, daughter ? troth I thank you kindly,  
I am in hope to rise well by your means,  
Or you to raise yourself, we're both beholding to you  
Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you,—  
I praise your constancy and pardon you  
Take Govianus to you, make the most of him,  
Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me  
One light request that follows

*Lady* Heaven forbid else, sir !

*Helv* Give me the choosing of your friend, that's all

*Lady* How, sir ? my friend ?—a light request indeed !  
Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing,  
Or your own gravity, an' you look on't well !

*Helv* Pish ! talk like a woman, girl, not like a fool !  
Thou knowest the end of greatness, and hast wit

Above the flight of twenty feather'd mistresses  
That glister in the sun of princes favours  
Thou hast discourse in thee fit for a king's fellowship  
A princely carriage and astonishing presence  
What should a husband do with all this goodness ?  
Alas ! one end on't is too much for him  
Nor is it fit n subject should be master  
Of such a jewel tis in the king's power  
To take it for the forfeit —but I come  
To bear thee gently to his bed of honours  
All force forgotten The king commends him to thee  
With more than the humility of a servant  
That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen  
Be yet his mistress he shall be content  
With that or nothing he shall ask no more  
And with what easiness that is perform'd  
Most of you women know having n husband  
That kindness costs thee nothing you're that in  
All over and above to your first bargain  
And that's a brave advantage for a woman  
If she be wise as I suspect not thee  
And having youth and beauty and a husband  
Thou'st all the wish of woman Take thy time then—  
Make thy best market

*Lady* Can you assure me sir  
Whether my father spake this ? or some spirit  
Of evil wishing that has for a time  
Hur'd his voice of him to beguile me that way  
Presuming on his power and my obedience  
I'd gladly know that I might frame an answer

According to the speaker

*Helv* How now, baggage !  
Am I in question with thee ? does thy scorn cast  
So thick an ignorance before thine eyes,  
That I'm forgotten too ? Who is't speaks to thee,  
But I thy father ?

*Enter GOVIANUS, discharging a pistol*

*Gov* The more monstrous he ! *[Helvetius falls*  
Art down but with the bare voice of my fury ?  
Up, ancient sinner ! thou'rt but mock'd with death,  
I miss'd thee purposely, thank this dear creature  
O had'st thou been anything beside her father,  
I'd made a fearful separation on thee ,  
I would have sent thy soul to a darker prison  
Than any made of clay, and thy dead body  
As a token to the lustful king, thy master  
Art thou struck down so soon with the short sound  
Of this small earthly instrument, and do'st thou  
So little fear the eternal noise of hell ?  
What's she ? does she not bear thy daughter's name ?  
How stirs thy blood, sir ? is there a dead feeling  
Of all things fatherly and honest in thee ?  
Say thou cou'dst be content for greatness' sake  
To end the last act of thy life in pandarism,  
Must it needs follow that unmanly sin  
Can work upon the weakness of no woman  
But her, whose name and honour natural love  
Bids thee preserve more charily than eye-sight,

Health or thy senses? can promotion's thirst  
 Make such a father? turn a grave old lord  
 To a white-headed squire? make him so base  
 To buy his honours with his daughter's soul  
 And the perpetual shaming of his blood?  
 Hast thou the leisure thou forgetful man  
 To think upon advancement at these years?  
 What wouldst thou do with greatness? dost thou hope  
 To fray death with it? or hast thou that conceit  
 That honour will restore thy youth again?  
 Thou art but mock'd old fellow! 'tis not so  
 Thy hopes abuse thee follow thine own business  
 And list not to the syren of the world  
 Alas! thou hadst more need kneel at an altar  
 Than to a chair of state  
 And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth  
 That's work enough for age it needs no greater  
 Thou art call'd within thy very eyes look inward  
 To teach thy thoughts the way and thy affections  
 But miserable notes that conscience sings  
 That cannot truly pray for flattering kins

*Hel.* This was well search'd indeed and without favour  
 in

Blessing reward thee! such a wound as mine  
 Did need a pitiless surgeon—Smart on soul!  
 Thou'lt feel the less hereafter sir I thank you  
 I ever saw myself in a false glass  
 Until this friendly hour With what fair faces  
 My sins would look on me! but now truth shows em  
 How lothesome and how monstrous are their forms!

Be you my king and master, still ' henceforward  
 My knee shall know no other earthly lord  
 Well may I spend this life to do you service,  
 That sets my soul in her eternal path '

*Govi* Rise, rise, Helvetius '

*Helv* I'll see both your hands

Set to my pardon first

*Govi* Mine shall bring her's

*Lady* Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly,  
 You're my most worthy father, you speak like him,  
 The first voice was not his, my joy and reverence  
 Strive which should be most seen, let our hands, sir,  
 Raise you from earth thus high, and may it prove

[*they raise him up*]

The first ascent of your immortal rising,  
 Never to fall again '

*Helv* A spring of blessings

Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's '

*Govi* I have lost an enemy, and have found a father

[*exeunt*]

*Enter* VOTARIUS, *sadly*

*Vot* All's gone, there's nothing but the prodigal left,  
 I have play'd away my soul at one short game,  
 Where e'en the winner loses  
 Pursuing sin, how often did I shun thee '  
 How swift art thou a-foot, beyond man's goodness,  
 Which has a lazy pace ' so was I catch'd—  
 A curse upon the cause, man in these days  
 Is not content to have his lady honest,

And so rest pleas'd with her <sup>h</sup>without more toil  
 But he must have her try'd forsooth and tempted  
 And when she proves a quean then he lies quiet  
 Like one that has a watch of curious making  
 Thinking to be more cunning than the workman  
 Never gives over tampering with the wheels  
 Till either spring be weaken'd balance bow'd  
 Or some wrong pin put in and so spoils all  
 How I could curse myself! most business else  
 Delight in the dispatch that's the best grace to t  
 Only this work of blind repented lust  
 Hangs shame and sadness on his master's cheek  
 Yet wise men take no warning

*Enter WIFE*

Nor can I now

Her very sight strikes my repentance backward  
 It cannot stand again t her—Chamber thoughts  
 And words that have sport in em they're for ladies'

*Wife* My best and dearest servant'

*Leo* Worthiest mistress

*Enter LEONELLA*

Madam—

*Wife* Who's that? my woman—

Proceed sir—

*Leo* Not if you love your honour madam  
 I came to give you warning my lord's come—

*Leo* How!

*Wife* My lord?

*Leo* Alas! poor vessels, how this tempest tosses 'em,  
They're driven both asunder in a twinkling  
Down goes the sails here, and the main mast yonder,  
Here rides a bark with better fortune, yet,  
I fear no tossing, come what weather will,  
I have a trick to hold on water still

*Not* His very name shoots like a fever through me,  
Now hot, now cold which cheek shall I turn toward him,  
For fear he should read guiltiness in my looks?  
I would he would keep from hence like a wise man,  
'Tis no place for him now, I would not see him  
Of any friend alive! it is not fit  
We two should come together, we have abus'd  
Each other mightily, he us'd me ill,  
T'employ me thus, and I have us'd him worse,  
I'm too much even with him,—

*Enter ANSELMUS*

Yonder's a sight of him

*Wife* My lov'd and honour'd lord—Most welcome, sir

*Leo* Oh there's a kiss—methinks my lord might taste  
Dissimulation rank in't, if he had wit

He takes but of the breath of his friend's life,  
A second kiss is hers, but that she keeps  
For her first friend, we women have no cunning

*Wife* You parted strangely from me

*Ans* That's forgotten!

Votarius—I make speed to be in thine arms

*Vot* You never come too soon sir

*Ans* How goes business?

*Vot* Pray think upon some other subject sir

What news at court?

*Ans* Pish! Answer me

*Vot* Alas sir would you have me work by wonders

To strike fire out of ye? y are a strange lord sir

Put me to possible things and find em finish d

At your return to me I can ay no more

*Ans* I see by this thou didst not try her throughly

*Vot* How sir not throughly? by this light he lies not

That could make trial of a woman better

*Ans* I fear thou wast too slack

*Vot* Good faith you wrong me sir

She never found it so

*Ans* Then I ve a jewel

And nothing shall be thought too precious for her

I may advance my forehead and boast purely

Methinks I see her worth with clear eyes now

O when a man s opinion is at peace

Tis a fine life to marry! no state s like it

My worthy lady freely I confess

To thy wrong'd heart my passion bad alate

Put rudeness on me which I now put off

I ill no more seem so unfashionable

For pleasure and the chamber of a lady

*Wife* I m glad you re chang d so well sir

[*exeunt Wife and Anselmus*]

*Vot* Thank himself for't

*I co* This comes like physic when the party's dead



Flows kindness now, when 'tis so ill deserv'd ?  
 This is the fortune still well, for this trick  
 I'll save my husband and his friend a labour  
 I'll never marry as long as I am honest,  
 For, commonly, queans have the kindest husbands

[*exit Leonella, manet Votarius*]

*Vot* I do not like his company now, 'tis unksome,  
 His eye offends me, methinks it is not kindly,  
 We two should live together in one house,  
 And 'tis impossible to remove me hence  
 I must not give way first, she is my mistress,  
 And that's a degree kinder than a wife,  
 Women are always better to their friends,  
 Than to their husbands, and more true to them,  
 Then let the worst give place, whom she's least need on,  
 He that can best be spar'd, and that's her husband  
 I do not like his overboldness with her,  
 He's too familiar with the face I love  
 I fear the sickness of affection,  
 I feel a grudging on't I shall grow jealous  
 E'en of that pleasure which she has by law  
 I shall go so near with her,—

*Enter BELLARIUS, passing over the Stage*

Ha! what's he!

'Tis Bellarius, my rank enemy,  
 Mine eye snatch'd so much sight of him What's his business?  
 His face half darken'd, stealing through the house,  
 With a whoremaster's pace—I like it not

This lady will be serv'd like a great woman  
 With more attendants I perceive than one ;  
 She has her shift of friends My enemy one '  
 Do we both shun each other's company  
 In all assemblies public at all meeting  
 And drink to one another in one measure ?  
 My very thoughts my poison tis high time  
 To seek for help—Where is our head physician  
 A doctor of my making and that lecher's ?  
 O woman ! when thou once leav'st to be good  
 Thou can'st not who stands next thee ; every man  
 Is a companion for thee for thy once crack'd honesty  
 Is like the breaking of whole money  
 It never comes to good but wastes away

*Enter ANASTAS*

*Ans* Votarius !

*Iot* Ha !

*Ans* We miss'd you sir within

*Iot* I miss'd you more without—would you had come  
 sooner sir !

*Ans* Why what's the business ?

*Iot* You should have seen a fellow

A common bawdy house ferret ooe Bellarius  
 Steal through this room ; his whorish barren face  
 Three quarters muffled he is somewhere hid  
 About the house sir

*Ans* Which way took the villain  
 That marriage felon ? ooe that robs the mind  
 Twenty times worse than any highway striker

Speak, which way took he?

*Vot* Marry, my lord, I think,—

Let me see, which way wast now? up yon stairs—

*Ans* The way to chamb'ring, did not I say still

All thy temptations were too faint and lazy,

Thou didst not play 'em home

*Vot* To tell you true, sir,

I found her yielding, 'ere I left her last,

And wav'ring in her faith

*Ans* Did not I think so?

*Vot* That makes me suspect him

*Ans* Why, partial man,

Couldst thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for,

And rather waste thy pity upon her?

Thou'rt not so kind as my heart prais'd thee to me    Hark!

*Vot* 'Tis his footing, certain

*Ans* Are you chamber'd?

I'll fetch you from aloft

[*exit Anselmus*]

*Vot* He takes my work,

And toils to bring me ease    this use I'll make of him,

His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out,

Whilst I familiarly go in and rob him,

Like one that knows the house

But how has rashness and my jealousy us'd me!

Out of my vengeance to mine enemy,

Confest her yielding    I have lock'd myself

From mine own liberty with that key, revenge

Does no man good, but to his greater harm,

Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup,

Made me soon drunk, I knew not what I spoke,

Aod that may get me pardon

*Enter ANSELNUS a Daughter in his hand with LEONELLA*

*Leo* Why my lord!

*Ans* Confess thou mystical pandareess—run Votarius  
To the back gate the guilty slave leap'd out  
And scap'd me so this strumpet lock'd him up  
In her own chamber *[Exit Votarius]*

*Leo* Hold my lord!—I might —  
He is my husband sir!

*Ans* O soul of cunning!  
Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel  
Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me  
How oft thou hast been a band to their close actions  
Or all thy light goes out?

*Leo* My lord! believe me—  
In truth I love a man too well myself  
To bring him to my mistress

*Ans* Leave thy sportings!  
Or my next offer makes thy heart weep blood

*Leo* O spare that strength my lord and I'll reveal  
A secret that concerns you for this does not

*Ans* Back! back my fury then!  
It shall not touch thy breast speak freely what is't?

*Leo* Votarius and my lady are false gamesters  
They use foul play my lord

*Ans* Thou liest

*Leo* Reward me then for all together if it prove not so  
I'll never bestow time to ask your pity

*Ans* Votarius and thy lady? twill ask days

'Ere it be settled in belief,—so, rise !

Go, get thee to thy chamber !

[*exit*]

*Leo* A pox on you !

You hind'ered me of better business—thank you

He's fray'd a secret from me, would he were whipt !

'Faith, from a woman a thing's quickly shipt

[*exit*]

## SCENE II

*Enter the TYRANT with SORNOVIUS, MIMONIUS, and other Nobles*

*A Flourish*

*Tyr* My joys have all false parts, there's nothing true to me,

That's either kind or pleasant I'm hardly dealt withal,

I must not miss her, I want her sight too long

Where's this old fellow ?

*Soph* Here's one, my lord, of threescore and seventeen

*Tyr* Pish ! that old lumber ass puts in his head still —  
Helvetius ! where is he ?

*Mem* Not yet return'd, my lord

*Enter HELVETIUS*

*Tyr* Your lordship lies,

Here comes the kingdom's father—who amongst you

Dares say, this worthy man has not made speed ?

I would fain hear that fellow

*Soph* I'll not be he,

I like the standing of my head too well

To have it mended

*Tyr* Thy sight quickens me

I find a better health when thou art present  
Than all times else can bring me — is the answer  
As pleasing as thy self?

*Helc* Of what, my lord?

*Tyr* Of what? I've now he did not say so did he?

*Soph* O no, my lord, not he, he spoke no such word  
I'll say as he would have it for I'd be loath  
To have my body used like hutchers' meat.

*Tyr* When comes she to our bed?

*Helc* Who, my lord?

*Tyr* Hark! You heard that plain amongst you?

*Soph* O my lord, as plain as my wife's tongue  
That drowns a sauce bell  
Let me alone to lay about for honour  
I'll shift for one

*Tyr* When comes the lady, sir  
That Gorianus keeps?

*Helc* Why, that's my daughter!

*Tyr* Oh! is it so! Have you unlocked your memory?  
What says she to us?

*Helc* Nothing!

*Tyr* How thou temptest us!  
What didst thou say to her, being sent from us?

*Helc* More than was honest, yet it was but little

*Tyr* How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience  
Savouring advantage, cause thou art her father!  
But be not bold too far, if duties leave thee  
Respect will fall from us

*Helc* Have I kept life  
So long till it looks white upon my head

Been threescore years a courtier, and a flatterer  
 Not above threescore hours, which time's repented  
 Amongst my greatest follies, and am I at these days  
 Fit for no place, but bawd to mine own flesh?  
 You'll prefer all your old courtiers to good services  
 If your lust keep but hot some twenty winters,  
 We are like to have a virtuous world of wives,  
 Daughters and sisters, besides kinswomen  
 And cousin germanes remov'd up and down,  
 Where'er you please to have 'em! Are white hairs  
 A colour fit for pandars and flesh brokers,  
 Which are the honour'd ornaments of age,  
 To which e'en kings owe reverence, as they're men,  
 And greater in their goodness, than their greatness?  
 And must I take my pay all in base money?  
 I was a lord born, set by all court grace!  
 And am I thrust now to a squire's place?

*Typ* How comes the moon to change so in this manner,  
 That was in full, but now, of all performance,  
 And swifter than our wishes, I beshrew that virtue  
 That busied herself with him, she might have found  
 Some other work, the man was fit for me,  
 Before she spoil'd him —She has wrong'd my heart in't,  
 And marr'd me a good workman —Now his art fails him,  
 What makes the man at court? This is no place  
 For fellows of no parts, he lives not here  
 That puts himself from action when we need him  
 I take off all thy honours, and bestow 'em  
 On any of this rank that will deserve 'em

*Soph* My lord, that's I trouble your grace no further!

I'll undertake to bring her to your bed  
 With some ten words marry they're special charms—  
 No lady can withstand 'em a witch taught me 'em  
 If you doubt me I'll leave my wife in pawn  
 For my true loyalty and your majesty  
 May pass away the time till I return  
 I have a care in all things

*Tyr* That may thrive best

Which the least hope looks after but however  
 Force shall help nature I'll be so sure now  
 Thy willingness may be fortunate—we employ thee

*Soph* Then I'll go fetch my wife and take my journey

*Tyr* Stay! we require no pledge we think thee honest

*Soph* Troth the worse luck for me we had both been  
 made by t

It was the way to make my wife great too

*Tyr* [*to Helvetius*] I'll teach thee to be wide and strange  
 to me—

I'll not leave thee

A title to put on but the bare name

That man must call thee by and know thee miserable

*Helv* 'Tis miserable king to be of thy making

And leave a better workman of thy honours

Only keep life in baseness take 'em to thee

And give them to the hungry there's one gapes

*Soph* One that will swallow you sir for that jest

And all your titles after

*Helv* The devil follow them

There's room enough for him too—Leave me thou king  
 As poor as Truth the mistress I now serve



And never will forsake her for her plainness,  
That shall not alter me

*Tyr* No! Our guard within there!

*Enter GUARD*

*Guard* My lord!

*Tyr* Bear that old fellow to our castle, prisoner,  
Give charge he be kept close

*Helv* Close prisoner!

Why, my heart thanks thee, I shall have more time  
And liberty to virtue in one hour,  
Than all those threescore years I was a courtier  
So, by imprisonment I sustain great loss,  
Heav'n opens to that man the world keeps close

*[Exit, with Guard]*

*Soph* But I'll not go to prison to try that,  
Give me the open world, there's a good air

*Tyr* I would fain send death after him, but I dare not,  
He knows I dare not, that would give just cause  
Of her unkindness everlasting to me  
His life may thank his daughter —Sophonirus!  
Here, take this jewel, bear it as a token  
To our heart's saint, 'twill do thy words no harm,  
Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm  
Than any made of words, and, to be sure,  
If one or both should fail, I provide farther  
Call forth those resolute fellows, whom our clemency  
Sav'd from a death of shame in time of war  
For field offences, give them charge from us  
They arm themselves with speed, beset the house

Of Gorianus round that if thou fail st  
 Or stay st beyond the time thou leav st with them  
 They may with violence break in themselves  
 And seize her for our use

*[exeunt —manet Sophonirus]*

*Soph* They re not so savage  
 To seize her for their own I hope  
 As there are many knaves will begin first  
 And bring their lords the bottom I have been serv'd so  
 A hundred times myself by a scurvy page  
 That I kept once but my wife lov'd him  
 And I could not help it *[exit]*

### ACT III SCENE I

*Enter GORIANUS with his LADY and a Servant*

*A Flourish*

*Gor* What is he?

*Serv* An old lord come from the court

*Gor* He should be wise by years he will not dare  
 To come about such business tis not man's work  
 Art sure he desir'd to speak with thy lady

*Serv* Sure sir

*Gor* Faith thou art mistook tis with me certain  
 Let's do the man no wrong go know it truly sir

*Serv* This is a strange humour, we must know things  
twice [*exit*

*Gov* There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh  
The work he undertakes, and set about it  
E'en in the best sobriety of his judgment,  
With all his senses watchful, then his guilt  
Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken

*Enter SERVANT*

What says he now ?

*Serv* E'en as he said at first, sir  
He's business with my lady from the king

*Gov* Still from the king, he will not come near, will he ?

*Serv* Yes, when he knows he shall, sir

*Gov* I cannot think it  
Let him be tried !

*Serv* Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir

*Gov* Sure honesty has left man, has fear forsook him ?  
Yes, faith, there is no fear, where there's no grace

*Lady* What way shall I devise to giv'm his answer ?  
Denial is not strong enough to serve, sir

*Gov* No, 't must have other helps —

*Enter SOPHONIRUS*

I see he dares !

O patience, I shall lose a friend of thee !

*Soph* I bring thee, precious lady, this dear stone,  
And commendations from the king my master

*Gou:* I set before thee panderous lord this steel  
And much good do t thy heart fall to and spare not !

*[he stabs Sophonurus]*

*Lady* Las ! what have you done my lord ?

*Gou:* Why sent a band  
Home to his lodging nothing else sweet heart

*Soph* Well ! you have kill d me sir and there s an end  
But you'll get nothing hy the hand my lord  
When all your cards are counted there be gamesters  
Not far of will set upon the winner  
And make a poor lord of you ere th ve left you  
I m fetch d in like a fool to pay the reckoning  
Yet you'll save nothing hy t

*Gou:* What riddle s this ?

*Soph* There she stands hy thee now who yet ere mid  
night  
Must lie hy the king's side !

*Gou:* Who speaks that lie ?

*Soph* One hour will make it true she cannot scape  
No more than I from death you ve a great game on t  
An you look well about you that s my comfort  
The house is round beset with armed men  
That know their time when to break in and seize her

*Lady* My lord !

*Gou:* 'Tis boldly done to trouble me  
When I ve such business to dispatch —within there !

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv* My Lord !

*Gou:* Look out and tell me what thou see st !

*Soph* How quickly now my death will be reveng'd !  
Before the king's first sleep—I depart laughing  
To think upon the deed

*Govi* 'Tis thy banquet ,  
Down, villain, to thy everlasting weeping,  
That canst rejoice so in the rape of virtue,  
And sing light tunes in tempests, when near shipwreck'd,  
And have no plank to save us !—

*Enter SERVANT*

Now, sir—quickly

*Serv* Which way so'er I cast mine eye, my lord,  
Out of all parts o' th' house, I may see fellows,  
Gather'd in companies, and all whispering,  
Like men for treachery busy

*Lady* 'Tis confirm'd

*Serv* Their eyes still fix'd upon the doors and windows

*Govi* I think thou'st never done, thou lov'st to talk on't,  
'Tis fine discourse, pr'ythee find other business

*Serv* Nay, I am gone, I'm a man quickly snep'd [*exit*

*Govi* He's flatter'd me with safety for this hour

*Lady* Have you leisure to stand idle ? why, my lord,  
It is for me they come

*Govi* For thee, my glory !  
The riches of my youth, it is for thee !

*Lady* Then is your care so cold ? will you be robb'd  
And have such warning of the thieves ? Come on, sir !  
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you  
Do not think scorn to work, a resolute captain

Will rather fling the treasure of his bark  
 Into whales throats than pirates should he gorg'd with t  
 Be not less man than he thou art master yet  
 And all's at thy disposin<sup>r</sup> take thy time  
 Prevent mine enemy away with me  
 Let me no more be seen I'm like that treasure  
 Dangerous to him that keeps it rid thy hands on t'

*Gov:* I cannot lose thee so

*Lady* Shall I be taken

And lost the cruellest way? then wouldst thou curse  
 That love that sent forth pity to my life?  
 Too late thou wouldst!

*Gov:* Oh this extremity!

Hast thou no way to scape them but in soul?

Mus I meet peace in thy destruction

Or will it ne'er come at me?

'Tis a most miserable way to get it!

I had rather be content to live without it

Than pay so dear for t' and yet lose it too

*Lady* Sir you do nothing there's no valour in you!

You're the worst friend to a lady in affliction

That ever love made his companion

For honour's sake dispatch me! thy own thoughts

Should stir thee to this act more than my weakness

The sufferer should not do t' I speak thy part

Dull and forgetful man and all to help thee!

Is it thy mood to have me seized upon

And borne with violence to the tyrant's bed?

There forc'd unto the lost of all his days

*Gov:* Oh no thou liv'st no longer now I think on t'

I take thee at all hazard

*Lady* O stay, hold, sir !

*Gov.* Lady, what had you made me do now ?  
You never cease 'till you prepare me cruel 'gainst my heart,  
And then you turn't upon my hand and mock me

*Lady* Cowardly flesh !

Thou show'st thy faintness still, I felt thee shake  
E'en when the storm came near thee, thou'rt the same  
But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by,  
I had forgot a chief and worthy business,  
Whose strange neglect—would have made me forgotten  
I will be ready straight, sir [she kneels in prayer

*Gov.* O poor lady !

Why might not she expire now in that prayer,  
Since she must die, and never try worse ways,  
'Tis not so happy, for we often see  
Condemn'd men sick to death, yet 'tis their fortune  
To recover to their execution,  
And rise again in health to set in shame  
What, if I steal a death unseen of her now,  
And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes ! Oh, fy,  
And leave her here alone ! that were humanly

*Lady* My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir !  
I am ready for your hand

*Gov.* But that's not ready  
'Tis the hardest work that ever man was put to,  
I know not which way to begin to come to't  
Believe me, I shall never kill thee well  
I shall but shame myself, it were but folly,  
Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform,

I shall not have the power to do thee right in t  
 Thou deserv'st death with speed a quick dispatch  
 The pain but of a twinkling and so sleep  
 If I do t I shall make thee live too long  
 And so spoil all that way I pr'y thee excuse me

*Lady* I should not be disturb'd an' you did well sir  
 I have prepar'd my self for rest and silence  
 And took my leave of words I am like one  
 Removing from her house that locks up all  
 And rather than she would displace her good  
 Makes shift with any thing for the time she stays  
 Thou look not for more speech th' extremity speaks  
 Enough to serve us both had we no tongues —

*[knocking within]*

Hark !

*Within* Lord Sophonius !

*Gor.* Which hand shall I take ?

*Lady* Art thou yet ignorant ? There is no way  
 But through my bosom

*Gor.* Must I lose thee then ?

*Lady* They're but thine enemies that tell thee so  
 His lust may part me from thee but death never  
 Thou can'st not lose me then for dying thine  
 Thou dost enjoy me still — kings cannot rob thee

*[knocking]*

*Within* Do you hear my lord ?

*Lady* Is it yet time, or no ?

Honour remember thee !

*Gor.* I must — come ! prepare thyself ! —



*Lady* Never more dearly welcome —

*[He runs at her, and falls by the way in a swoon]*

Alas, Su !

My lord, my love !—O thou poor spirited man !

He's gone before me, did I trust to thee,

And hast thou serv'd me so ? left all the work

Upon my hand, and stole away so smoothly ?

There was not equal suffering shown in this,

And yet I cannot blame thee, every man

Would seek his rest, eternal peace sleep with thee !

*[She takes up the sword of Giovanni]*

Thou art my servant now, come ! thou hast lost

A fearful master, but art now prefer'd

Unto the service of a resolute lady,

One that knows how to employ thee, and scorns death

As much as some men fear it Where's hell's ministers,

The tyrant's watch and guard ? 'tis of much worth,

When with this key the prisoner can slip forth —

*[kills herself,—knocking]*

*Govi* How now ! What noise is this ? I heard doors

beaten

*[a great knocking again]*

Where are my servants ? let men knock so loud

Their master cannot sleep !

*Within* The time's expir'd

And we'll break in, my lord !

*Govi* Ha ! where's my sword ?

I had forgot my business —O, 'tis done,

And never was beholding to my hand !

Was I so hard to thee ? so disrespectful of thee,

To put all this to thee? why it was more  
 Than I was able to perform myself  
 With all the courage that I could take to me  
 It tir'd me I was fain to fall and rest  
 And hast thou valiant woman overcome  
 Thy honour's enemies with thine own white hand  
 Where virgin victory sits all without help?  
 Eternal praise go with thee!—Spare not now  
 Make all the haste you can—I'll plant this bawd  
 Against the door the fittest place for him  
 That when with ungovern'd weapons they rush in  
 Blinded with fury they may take his death  
 Into the purple number of their deeds  
 And wipe it off from mine — *[knocking within]*  
 How now forbear

My lord's at hand!

*Within* My lord and ten lords more—  
 I hope the king's officers are above them all

*Enter the FELLOWS well weaponed*

*Gols* Life! what do you do take heed!—bless the old  
 man!—

My lord All ass my lord he's gone!

*1st Officer* Farewell he then

We have no eyes to pierce thorough inch boards  
 'Twas his own folly the king must be serv'd  
 And shall the best is we shall ne'er be hang'd for t  
 There's such a number guilty

*Gols* Poor my lord!

He went some twice ambassador and behav'd himself

So wittily in all his actions

*2nd Officer* My lord ! what's she ?

*Govi* Let me see !

What should she be ? Now I remember her,—

O, she was a worthy creature,

Before destruction grew so inward with her !

*1st Officer* Well, for her worthiness, that's no work of  
ours,

You have a lady, sir, the king commands her

To court with speed, and we must force her thither

*Govi* Alas ! she'll never strive with you, she was born  
E'en with the spirit of meekness, is't for the king ?

*1st Officer* For his own royal and most gracious lust,  
Or let me ne'er be trusted

*Govi* Take her then !

*2nd Officer* Spoke like an honest subject, by my troth !  
I'd do the like myself to serve my prince  
Where is she, sir ?

*Govi* Look but upon yon face,  
Then do but tell me where you think she is ?

*2nd Officer* She's not here

*Govi* She's yonder

*1st Officer* 'Faith, she's gone  
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that

*Govi* No, nor thy master, neither, now I praise  
Her resolution, 'tis a triumph to me,  
When I see those about her

*2nd Officer* How came this, sir ?  
The king must know

*Govi* From yon old fellow's prattling

All your intents he reveal'd largely to her  
 And she was troubled with a foolish pride  
 To stand upon her honour and so dy'd

*1st Officer* We have done the king good service to kill  
 him

More than we were aware of but this news  
 Will make a mad court twill be a hard office  
 To be a flatterer now his grace will run  
 Into so many moods there'll be no finding of him  
 As good seek a wild hare without a hound now  
 A vengeance of your babbling these old fellows  
 Will hearken after secrets as their lives  
 But keep 'em in e'en as they keep their wives

*Fellows* We have watch'd fairly

*[Exeunt—manet Governor]*

*Gov.* What a comfort 'tis  
 To see 'em goe without her faith she told me  
 Her everlasting sleep would bring me joy  
 Yet I was still unwill'g to believe her  
 Her life was so sweet to me like some man  
 In time of sickness that would rather wish  
 (To please his fearful flesh) his former health  
 Restor'd to him than death when after trial  
 If it were possible ten thousand worlds  
 Could not entice him to return again  
 And walk upon the earth from whence he flew  
 So stood my wish joy'd in her life and breath  
 Now gone there is no heav'n but after death  
 Come thou delicious treasure of mankind  
 To him that knows what virtuous woman is

And can discreetly love her ' the whole world  
 Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks  
 And caves beneath the deep O thou fain spring  
 Of honest and religious desires,  
 Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee  
 After death's marble lip ' thou'rt cold enough  
 To be entomb'd now by my father's side,  
 Without offence in kindred, there I'll place thee  
 With one I lov'd the dearest next to thee,  
 Help me to mourn, all that love chastity

[Exit

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ACT IV SCENE I

*Enter VOTARIUS, with ANSELMUS's Lady*

*Vot* Pray, forgive me, madam, come, thou shalt '

*Wife* I'faith 'twas strangely done, sir

*Vot* I confess it

*Wife* Is that enough to help it. sir? 'tis easy  
 To draw a lady's honour in suspicion,  
 But not so soon recover'd and confirm'd  
 To the first faith again from whence you brought it  
 Your wit was fetch'd out about other business,  
 Or such forgetfulness had never seiz'd you

*Vot* 'Twas but an overflowing, a spring tide  
 In my affection, rais'd by too much love,  
 And that's the worst words you can give it, madam

*Wife* Jealous of me?

*Not* You d'ye sworn yourself madam  
Had you been in my body and chang'd cases  
To see a fellow with n guilty pace  
Glide through the room his face three quarters nighted  
As if n deed of darkness had hung on him

*Wife* I tell you twice twas my bold womman's friend  
Hell take her impudence

*Not* Why I have done madam

*Wife* You've done too late sir who shall do the rest  
now?

Confest me yielding ' was thy why too free?  
Why didst thou long to be restrain'd? pray speak sir!

*Not* A man cannot cozen you of the sin of weakness  
Or borrow it of a woman for one hour  
But how he's wonder'd at! when search your lives  
We shall ne'er find it from you we can suffer you  
To play away your days in idleness  
And hide your imperfections with our loves  
Or the most part of you would appear strange creatures;  
And now tis but our chance to make an offer  
And snatch at folly running yet to see  
How earnest you're against us as if we'd robb'd you  
Of the best gift your natural mother left you

*Wife* 'Tis worth a kiss i faith and thou shalt hav't  
Were there not one more left for my lord's supper  
And now sir I've betbought myself

*Not* That's bappy!

*Wife* You say we're weak but the best wits of you all  
Are glad of our advice for ought I see  
And hardly thrive without us

*Not* I'll say so too,  
To give you encouragement, and advance your virtues  
'Tis not good always to keep down a woman

*Wife* Well, sir, since you've begun to make my lord  
A doubtful man of me, keep on that course,  
And ply his faith still with that poor belief  
That I'm inclining unto wantonness,  
Take heed you pass no further now

*Not* Why, do'st think  
I'll be twice mad together in one moon?  
That were too much for any freeman's son,  
After his father's funeral

*Wife* Well then thus, sir  
Upholding still the same, as being embolden'd  
By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt,  
After you've plac'd my lord in some near closet,  
To thrust yourself into my chamber indely,  
As if the game went forward to your thinking,  
Then leave the rest to me I'll so reward thee  
With bitterness of words, but, pr'ythee, pardon me,  
My lord shall swear me into honesty  
Enough to serve his mind all his life after,  
Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth,  
That shall come near my hand as 'twere by chance,  
And set a lively face upon my rage,  
But fear thou nothing, I too dearly love thee  
To let harm touch thee

*Not* O, it likes me rarely,  
I'll chuse a precious time for it [*exit Notarius*]

*Wife* Go thy ways, I'm glad I had it for thee

*Enter LEONELLA*

*Leo* Madam my lord entreats your company

*Wife* Psha ye!

*Leo* P ha ye! My lord entreats your company

*Wife* What now?

Are ye so short heel'd

*Leo* I am as my betters are then

*Wife* How came you by such impudence alate minion?

You're not content to entertain your play fellow

In your own chamber cloely which I think

Is large allowance for a lady's woman

There's many a good man's daughter is in service

And cannot get such favour of her mistress

But what she has by stealth she and the chamber maid

Are glad of one between them and must you

Give such bold freedom to your long nos'd fellow

That every room must take a taste of him?

*Leo* Does that offend your ladyship?

*Wife* How think you forsooth?

*Leo* Then he shall do't again

*Wife* What?

*Leo* And again madam

So often till it please your ladyship

And when you like it he shall do't no more

*Wife* What's this?

*Leo* I know no difference virtuous madam

But in love all have privilege alike

*Wife* You're a bold quean

*Leo* And are not you my mistress?



*Wife* This is well, i'faith

*Leo* You spare not your own flesh no more than I,  
Hell take me, an' I spare you

*Wife* O the wrongs  
That ladies do their honors, when they make  
Their slaves familiar with their weaknesses,  
They're ever thus rewarded for that deed,  
They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed  
I must be forc'd to speak my woman fair now,  
And be first friends with her, nay, all too little,  
She may undo me at her pleasure else,  
She knows the way so well, myself not better,  
My wanton folly made a key for her  
To all the private treasure of my heart,  
She may do what she list [*aside*], come, Leonella!  
I am not angry with thee

*Leo* Pish!

*Wife* 'Faith, I am not

*Leo* Why, what care I, an' you be?

*Wife* Pr'ythee, forgive me?

*Leo* I have nothing to say to you

*Wife* Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake,  
A kiss and friends, we'll never quarrel more

*Leo* Nay, chuse you, 'faith, the best is an' you do,  
You know who'll have the worst on't

*Wife* True, myself

*Leo* Little thinks she, I have set her forth already,  
I please my lord, yet keep her in awe too [*aside*]

*Wife* One thing I had forgot, I pr'y thee, wench,  
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him

To wear some privy armour then about him  
That I may feign a fury without fear

*Leo* Armour? when madam?

*Wife* See now I bid thee

When I least thought upon thee thou art my best hand

I cannot be without thee—Thus then sirrah!

To beat away suspicion from the thoughts

Of underlistning servants about the house

I have advised Votarius at fit time

Boldly to force his way into my chamber

The admittance being denied him and the passage

Kept strict by thee my necessary woman

(Lest there I should have mist thy help again)

At which attempt I'll take occasion

To dissemble such an anger that the world

Shall ever after swear us to their thoughts

As clear and free from any fleshly knowledge

As nearest kindred are or ought to be

Or what can more express it if that fail'd

*Leo* You know I'm at ways at your service madam

But why some privy armour?

*Wife* Marry sweet heart

The best is yet forgotten thou shalt have

A weapon in some corner of the chamber

Yonder or there

*Leo* Or say where why I faith madam

Do you think I'm to learn now to hang a weapon

As much as I'm incapable of what follows?

I'm all your mind without book think it done madam

*Wife* Thanks my good wench, I'll never call thee worse

[*exit Wife*]

*Leo* Faith, you're hke to hav't again, an' you do, madam

*Enter BITHARUS*

*Bel* What, art alone ?

*Leo* Curse me, what makes you here, sir ?  
You're a bold long-nos'd fellow

*Bel* How !

*Leo* So my lady says  
'Faith, she and I have had a bout for you, sir  
But she got nothing by't

*Bel* Did not I say still, thou would'st be too adventu-  
rons !

*Leo* Ne'er a whit, sir I made her glad to seek my  
friendship first

*Bel* By my faith that shew'd well, if you come off  
So brave a conqueress, to't again and spare not,  
I know not which way you should get more honour

*Leo* She trusts me now to cast a must, forsooth,  
Before the servants' eyes I must remember  
Votarius to come once with privy armour  
Into her chamber, when with a fain'd fury,  
And rapier drawn, which I must lay a-purpose  
Ready for her dissemblance, she will seem  
T' act wonders for her juggling honesty

*Bel* I wish no riper vengeance ! can'st conceive me ?  
Votarius is my enemy !

*Leo* That's stale news, sir

*Bel* Mark what I say to thee ! forget of purpose  
That privy armour, do not bless his soul  
With so much warning, nor his hated body

With such sure safety here express thy love  
 Lay some empoisoned weapon next her hand  
 That in that play he may be lost for ever  
 I'd have him kept no longer away with him  
 One touch will set him flying let him go

*Leo* Bribe me but with a kiss it shall be so *[exeunt]*

## SCENE II

*Enter TYRANT discontentedly NOBLE at a distance*

*2 Noble* My Lord!

*Tyr* Begone or never see life more!

I'll send thee far enough from court Memphonus?  
 Where's he now?

*Memp* Ever at your highness's service

*Tyr* How dar'st thou be so near when we have threaten'd  
 Death to thy fellow? Have we lost our power?  
 Or thou thy fear? Leave us in time of grace  
 'Twill be too late anon

*Memp* I think 'tis so with thee already *[aside]*

*Tyr* Dead! And I so healthful!

There's no equality in this stay!

*Memp* Sir!

*Tyr* Where is that fellow brought the first report to us?

*Memp* He waits without

*Tyr* I charge thee give command  
 That he be executed speedily as thou'lt stand firm thyself

*Memp* Now by my faith

His tongue has help'd his neck to a sweet bargain

*[exit Memphonus]*

*Tyr* Her own fair hand so cruel ! Did she chuse  
 Destruction before me ? was I no better ?  
 How much am I exalted to my face,  
 And when I would be grae'd how little worthy !  
 There's few kings know how rich they are in goodness,  
 Or what estate they have in grace and virtue  
 There is so much deceit in glosers' tongues,  
 The truth is taken from us, we know nothing  
 But what is for their purpose, that's our stint,  
 We are allow'd no more O, wretched greatness !  
 I'll cause a sessions for my flatterers,  
 And have them all hang'd up — 'Tis done too late  
 O she's destroy'd, married to death and silence,  
 Which nothing can divorce, riches, nor laws,  
 Nor all the violence that this frame can raise  
 I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever,  
 I cannot call this life that flames within me,  
 But everlasting torment lighted up,  
 To shew my soul her beggary — A new joy  
 Is come to visit me in spite of death !  
 It takes me of that sudden, I'm asham'd  
 Of my provision, but a friend will bear — Within there !

*Enter SOLDIERS*

*1st Sol* Sir ?

*2nd Sol* My lord !

*Tyr* The men I wish'd for, for seeresy and employment  
 Go, give order that Govianus be releas'd

*4th Sol* Releas'd, sir ?

*Tyr* Set free and then I trust he will fly the kingdom  
And never know my purpose—Ruo sir! [*exit 4th Soldier*  
you

Bring me the keys of the cathedral

*1st Sol* Are you so holy now do you curse all day  
And go to pray at midnight? [*aside and exit*

*Tyr* Provide you sirs close lanthorns and a pickaxe  
Away be speedy!

*2nd Sol* Lanthorns and a pickaxe?  
Does he mean to bury himself alive too?

[*exit 2nd and 3rd Soldiers*

*Tyr* Death nor the marble prison my love sleeps in  
Shall keep her body lock'd up from mine arms  
I must not be cozen'd though her life  
Was like a widow's state made o'er in policy  
To defeat me and my too confident heart  
'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself  
As much to me th't lov'd her—What return'd?

•  
*Enter 1st SOLDIER*

*1st Sol* There be the keys my lord

*Tyr* I thank thy speed  
Here comes the rest full furnish'd follow me  
And wealth shall follow you [*exit*

*Enter 2nd and 3rd SOLDIERS*

*1st Sol* Wealth! by this light  
We go to rob a church I hold my life  
The money will ne'er thrive that's a sure saw  
What's got from grace is ever spent in law

*2nd Sold* What strange fits grow upon him here alate !  
 His soul has got a very dreadful leader  
 What should he make in the cathedral now,  
 The hour so deep in night ? all his intents  
 Are contrary to man, in spirit or blood  
 He waxes heavy in his noble mind ,  
 His moods are such they cannot bear the weight,  
 Nor will not long if there be truth in whispers !  
 The honorable father of the state,  
 Noble Helvetius, all the lords agree  
 By some close policy shortly to set free [*exunt*

## SCENE III

*Enter the TYRANT and SOLDIERS at a farther door, which opened,  
 brings them to the Tomb where the Lady lies buried The Tomb  
 is discovered richly set forth*

*Tyr* Softly, softly !  
 Let's give this place the peace that it requires ,  
 The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds,  
 For making bold so late,—it must be done

*1st Sold* I fear nothing but the whorish ghost of a quean  
 I kept once, she swore she would so haunt me, I should  
 never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from  
 church these fifteen years to prevent her

*Tyr* The monument woos me, I must run and kiss it  
 Now trust me if the tears do not e'en stand  
 Upon the marble what slow springs have I !  
 'Twas weeping to itself before I came ,  
 How pity strikes e'en through insensible things,

And makes them shame our dulness  
 Thou house of silence and the calms of rest,  
 After tempestuous life I claim of thee  
 A mistress one of the most benuteous sleepers  
 That ever lay so cold not yet due to thee  
 By natural death but cruelly forc'd hither  
 Many a year before the world could spare her!  
 We miss her amongst the glories of our court  
 When they be number'd up All thy still strength  
 Thou grey ey'd monument shall not keep her from us!  
 Strike villain! tho' the echo rail us all  
 Into ridiculous deafness pierce the jaws  
 Of this eold ponderous creature

*2nd Sol* Sir!

*Tyr* Why strik'st thou not?

*2nd Sol* I shall not hold the axe fast I'm afraid sir

*Tyr* O shame of men a soldier and so fearful?

*2nd Sol* 'Tis out of my element to be in a church sir  
 Give me the open field and turn me loose sir

*Tyr* True thou then hast room enough to run away  
 Take thou the axe from him

*1st Sol* I beseech your grace—

'Twill come to a worse hand You'll find us all  
 Of one mind for the church I can assure you sir

*Tyr* Nor thou

*3rd Sol* I love not to disquiet ghosts  
 Of any people living

*Tyr* O slaves of one opinion give me t' from thee  
 Thou man made out of fear

*2nd Sol* By my faith I'm glad I'm rid on t—



I that was ne'er before in a cathedral,  
 And have the battering of a lady's tomb,  
 Lies hard upon my conscience at first coming,  
 I should get much by that, it shall be a warning to me,  
 I'll ne'er come here again

*Tyr* No—wilt not yield? *[strikes at the tomb]*  
 Art thou so loth to part from her?

*1st Sol* What means he?  
 Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not afraid  
 to stay any longer, very fear will go nigh to turn me of  
 some religion or other, and so make me forfeit my lieutenants-  
 ship

*Tyr* O, have we got the mastery? help, you vassals,  
 Freeze you in idleness, and can see us sweat

*2nd Sol* We sweat with fear as much as work can make us

*Tyr* Remove the stone that I may see my mistress!  
 Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,  
 Or the same axe shall make you all fly open!

*All* O, good my lord!

*Tyr* I must not be delay'd

*1st Sol* This is ten thousand times worse than entering  
 on a breach

'Tis the first stone that ever I took off  
 From any lady, marry, I have brought 'em many,  
 Fair diamonds, sapphires, rubies

*Tyr* O blest object!  
 I never shall be weary to behold thee,  
 I could eternally stand thus and see thee  
 Why, 'tis not possible, death should look so fair  
 Life is not more illustrious when health smiles on't,

She's only pale the colour of the court  
And most attractive mistresses most strive for it  
And their lascivious servants most affect it  
Lay to your hands again!

*All* My lord?

*Tyr* Take up her body!

*1st Sol* How my lord?

*Tyr* Her body

*1st Sol* She's dead my lord

*Tyr* True if she were alive

Such slaves as you should not come near to touch her  
Do it and with all best reverence place her here

*1st Sol* Not only sir with reverence but with fear  
You shall have more than your own asking once  
I am afraid of nothing but she'll rise  
At the first jog and save us all a labour

*2nd Sol* Then we were best take her up and never touch  
her

*1st Sol* How can that be? does fear make thee mad?  
I've took many a woman in my days  
But never with less pleasure I protest

*Tyr* O the moon rises! what reflection  
Is thrown about this sanctified building  
Even in a twinkling! How the monuments glister  
As if death's palaces were all massy silver  
And scorn'd the name of marble! Art thou cold?  
I have no faith in't yet I believe none.  
Madam! 'tis I sweet lady pr'yther speak  
'Tis thy love calls on thee thy king thy servant  
No! not a word all prisoners to pale silence

I'll prove a kiss

*2d Sol* Here's fine chull vinery ,  
'Twould make a pandar's heels ache, I'll be sworn ,  
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't

*Tyr* Thou'rt cold indeed, beshrew thee for't,  
Unkind to thine own blood, hard hearted lady !  
What injury hast thou offer'd to the youth  
And pleasure of thy days? refuse the court,  
And steal to this hard lodging ! was that wisdom?  
Oh I could chide thee with mine eye brim full,  
And weep out my forgiveness when I've done !  
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel ,  
Hadst thou but ask'd th' opinion of most ladies,  
Thou'dst never come to this ! they would have told thee  
How dear a treasure life and youth had been ,  
'Tis that they fear to lose the very name  
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute,  
Than heaven, or sin, or hell , these are last thought on,  
And where got'st thou such boldness from the rest  
Of all thy timorous sex, to do a deed here  
Upon thyself, would plunge the world's best soldier,  
And make him twice bethink him, and again,  
And yet give over Since thy life has left me,  
I'll clasp the body for the spirit th it dwelt in it,  
And love the house still for the mistress' sake  
Thou art mine now, spite of destruction,  
And Govianus, and I will possess thee  
I once read of a Herod, whose affection  
Pursued a virgin's love, as I did thine,  
Who, for the hate she owed him, killed herself,

As thou too rashly didst without all pity  
 Yet he preserv'd her body dead in honey  
 And kept her long after her funeral  
 But I'll unlock the treasure house of art  
 With keys of gold and bestow all on thee  
 Here slaves! receive her humbly from our arms  
 Upon your knees you villains! all's too little  
 If you should sweep the pavement with your lips

*1st Sol* What strange brooms he invents!

*Lyr* So! reverently!

Bear her before us gently to the palace  
 Place you the stone again where first we found it

*[exeunt —manet 1st Soldier]*

*1st Sol* Must this on now to deceive all comers  
 And cover emptiness? tis for all the world  
 Like a great city pie brought to a table  
 Where there be many hand that lay about  
 The lids shut close when all the meat's pick'd out  
 Yet stands to make a show and cozen people

*[exit]*

#### SCENE IV

*Enter GOVIANUS in black a book in his hand As PAUL carrying a torch before him*

*Gov:* Already mine eye melts the monument  
 No sooner stood before it but a tear  
 Ran swiftly from me to express her duty  
 Temple of honour! I salute thee early  
 The time that my griefs rise chamber of peace!  
 Where wounded virtue sleeps lock'd from the world

I bring to be acquainted with thy silence  
 Sorrows that love no noise, they dwell all inward,  
 Where truth and love in every man should dwell  
 Be ready, boy! give me the strain again,  
 'Twill show well here, whilst, in my grief's devotion,  
 At every rest mine eye lets fall a bead,  
 To keep the number perfect

[*Govianus kneels at the Tomb His Page sings*

## THE SONG

If ever pity were well plac'd  
 On true desert and virtuous honor,  
 It could ne'er be better grac'd,  
 Freely then bestow't upon her  
 Never lady earn'd her fame  
 In virtue's war with greater strife,  
 To preserve her constant name,  
 She gave up beauty, youth, and life  
     There she sleeps,  
     And here he weeps,  
 The lord unto so rare a wife  
 Weep, weep, and mourn! lament,  
     You virgins that pass by her!  
 For if praise come by death again,  
     I doubt few will he nigh her

*Gov:* Thou art an honest boy, 'tis like one  
 That has a feeling of his master's passions,  
 And the unmatch'd worth of his dead mistress  
 Thy better years shall find me good to thee,  
 When understanding ripens in thy soul,

Which truly makes the man and not long time  
 Pr'ythee withdraw a little and attend me  
 At the cloister door

*Page* It shall be done my lord [*Page retires*]

*Gov:* Eternal maid of honour whose chaste body  
 Lies here like virtue's close and hidden seed  
 To spring forth glorious to eternity  
 At the everlasting harvest!

*A Voice within*—I am not here

*Gov:* What's that? who is not here? I in forc'd to ques-  
 tion it

Some idle sounds the beaten vaults send forth

[*The tombstone suddenly flies open amidst a noise like rush-  
 ing wind and a light appears in the midst of the tomb  
 the Ghost of his Lady stands before him in white  
 covered with jewels and having a crucifix on her  
 breast*]

*Gov:* Mercy look to me — Faith I fly to thee!

Keep a strong watch about me! now thy friendship!

O never came astonishment and fear

So pleasing to mankind! I take delight

To have my breast shake and my hair stand stiff

If this be sorrow let it never die!

Came all the pains of hell in that shape to me

I should endure them smiling! keep me still

In terror I beseech thee! I'd not change

This fever for felicity of man

Or all the pleasures of ten thousand nges

*Ghost* Dear lord I come to tell you all my woes

*Gov:* Welcome! Who wrongs the spirit of my love?

Thou art above the injuries of blood,  
 They cannot reach thee now, what dares offend thee?  
 No life that has the weight of flesh upon't,  
 And treads as I do, can now wrong my mistress

*Ghost* The peace that death allows me is not mine,  
 The monument is robb'd—behold! I'm gone,  
 My body taken up

*Gov.* 'Tis gone, indeed  
 What villain dares so fearfully run in debt  
 To black eternity?

*Ghost* He that dares do more, the tyrant

*Gov.* All the miseries below  
 Reward his boldness!

*Ghost* I am now at court  
 In his own private chamber there he woos me,  
 And plies his suit to me with as serious pains,  
 As if the short flame of mortality  
 Were lighted up again in my cold breast,  
 Folds me within his arms, and often sets  
 A sinful kiss upon my senseless lip,  
 Weeps when he sees the paleness of my cheek,  
 And will send privately for a hand of art,  
 That may dissemble life upon my face,  
 To please his lustful eye

*Gov.* O piteous wrongs!  
 Inhuman injuries, without grace or mercy

*Ghost* I leave them to thy thought, dearest of men!  
 My rest is lost, thou must restore't again

*Gov.* O, fly me not so soon!

*Ghost* Farewell—true lord [the Ghost disappears]

*Gov:* I cannot spare thee yet I'll make myself  
Over to death too and we'll walk together  
Like loving spirits I pray thee let's do so  
She's snatch'd away by fate and I talk sickly  
I must dispatch this business upon earth  
Before I take that journey I'll to my brother for his aid  
or counsel  
So wrong'd O heaven put armour on my spirit!  
Her body I will place in her first nest  
Or in the attempt lock death into my breast [exit

## ACT V SCENE I

*Enter VOTARIUS with ANSELMUS*

*Vot* You shall stand here my lord unseen and hear all  
Do I deal now like a right friend with you?

*Ans* Like a most faithful

*Vot* You shall have her mind even as it comes to me  
Though I undo her by this your friendship sir  
Is the sweet mistress that I only serve  
I prize the roughness of a man's embrace  
Before the soft lips of a hundred ladies

*Ans* And that's an honest mind of thee

*Vot* Lock yourself sir  
Into that closet and be sure none see you  
Trust not a creature we'll have all round clear  
Even as the heart affords it

*Ans* 'Tis a match sir

[exit



*Not* Troth, he says true then, 'tis a match indeed  
 He does not know the strength of his own words,  
 For, if he did, there'd be no mastering of him  
 He's cleft the pin in two with a blind man's eyes,  
 Though I shoot wide, I'll cozen him of the game [exit

*Enter* LEONELLA above in a Gallery, with her Lover, BELLARIUS

*Leo* Dost thou see thine enemy walk?

*Bel* I would I did not

*Leo* Pr'ythee rest quiet, man, I have feed one for him,  
 A trusty catchpole too that will be sure of him,  
 Thou know'st this gallery, well, 'tis at thy use now,  
 'T'as been at mine full often, thou may'st sit  
 Like a most private gallant in yon corner,  
 For all the play, and ne'er be seen thyself

*Bel* Therefore I chose it

*Leo* Thou shalt see my lady  
 Play her part naturally, more to the life  
 Than she's aware on

*Bel* Then must I be pleased,  
 Thou'rt one of the actors, thou'lt be miss'd anon

*Leo* Alas! a woman's action's always ready,  
 Yet I'll down now I think on't

*Bel* Do, 'tis time, I faith [Leonella descends

*Ans* I know not yet where I should plant belief,  
 I am so strangely tost between two tales,  
 I'm told by my wife's woman the deed's done,  
 And in Votarius' tongue 'tis yet to come  
 The castle is but upon yielding yet,  
 'Tis not deliver'd up well, we shall find

The mystery shortly I will entertain

The patience of a prisoner i th' mean time

*[locks himself in*

Enter WIFE with LEONELLA

*Wife* Is all set ready wench?

*Leo* Peace madam! all

*Wife* Tell not me so she lives not for a lady  
That has less peace than I

*Leo* Nay good sweet madam  
You would not think how much this passion alters you  
It drinks up all the beauty of your cheek  
I promise you madam you have lost much blood

*Wife* Let it draw death upon me for till then  
I shall be mistress of no true content  
Who could endure hourly temptation  
And bear it as I do?

*Leo* Nay that's most certain  
Unless it were myself again I can do't  
I suffer the like daily you should complain madam

*Wife* Which way were that wisdom? prythee wench  
to whom?

*Leo* To him that makes all whole again my lord  
To one that if he be a kind good husband  
Will let you bear no more than you are able

*Wife* Thou knowst not what thou speakest why my  
lord's he  
That gives him the house's freedom all his boldness—

Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me

*Leo* Now I hold wiser of my lord than so

He knows the world, he would not be so idle

*Wife* I speak sad truth to thee, I am not private  
In mine own chamber, such his impudence is  
Nay my repenting time is scarce blest from him,  
He will offend my prayers

*Leo* Out upon him  
I believe, madam, he's of no religion

*Wife* He serves my lord, and that's enough for him  
And preys upon poor ladies like myself,  
There's all the gentleman's devotion

*Leo* Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing!

*Wife* Pray, watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us,  
Unless it be my lord

*Leo* 'Twas finely spoke that  
My lord indeed is the most trouble to her  
Now must I show a piece of service here,  
How do I spend my days—shall I never  
Get higher than a lady's door keeper?  
I must be married as my lady is, first,  
And then, my maid may do as much for me

[*aside*

*Wife* O miserable time! except my lord  
Do wake in honourable pity to me,  
And rid this vicious gamester from his house,  
Whom I have check'd so often here I vow  
I'll imitate my noble sister's fate,  
Late mistress to the worthy Govianus,  
And cast away my life as he did hers

*Enter VOTARIUS, to the door within*

*Leo* Back, you're too forward, sir! there's no coming  
for you

*Vot* How mistress Len my lady's smock woman  
Am I no farther in your duty yet?

*Leo* Duty! look for't of them you keep under sir

*Vot* You'll let me in

*Leo* Who would you speak withal?

*Vot* Why the best lady you make curtesy to

*Leo* She will not speak with you

*Vot* Have you her mind?

I scorn to take her answer of her broker

*Leo* Madam?

*Wife* What's there? How now sir what's your business?  
We see your holdness plain

*Vot* I came to see you madam

*Wife* Farewell then! though 'twas impudence too much  
When I was private

*Vot* Madam!

*Wife* He was born  
To beggar all my patience

*Vot* I'm bold

Still to prefer my love your woman hears me not

*Wife* Where's modesty and honour? Have I not thrice  
Answer'd thy lust?

*Leo* By'r lady I think oft ner *[aside]*

*Wife* And dar'est thou yet look with temptation on us?  
Since nothing will prevail come death come vengeance —  
I will forget the weakness of my kind  
And force thee from my chamber

*[she thrusts at Votarius with the sword]*

*Vot* How now lady?

Uds life you prick me madam!

*Wife* Pi'ythee, peace !

I will not hurt thee , will you yet begone, sir ?

*Leo* He's upon going, I think

*Vot* Madam, you deal false with me , O I feel it ,  
You're a most treacherous lady ! this thy glory !

My breast is all a-fire—Oh—

[*dies*]

*Leo* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ans* Ha ! I believe her constancy too late,  
Confirm'd e'en in the blood of my best friend ,  
Take thou my vengeance, thou bold pernicious strumpet,  
[*kills Leonella*]

*At the same instant, BELLARIUS enters*

That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely !

*Bel* O deadly poison, after a sweet banquet !  
What make I here ? I had forgot my heart ,  
I am an actor too, and never thought on't,  
The blackness of this season cannot miss me  
Sirrah—you—lord !

*Wife* Is he there ! welcome, run !

*Bel* There is a life due to me in that bosom  
For this poor gentlewoman

*Ans* And art thou then receiver !  
I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last 'scape

[*they make a dangerous pass at one another, the Lady  
purposely runs between them, and is killed*]

*Wife* I come, Votarius !

*Ans* Hold, if manhood guide thee !  
O what has fury done now ?

*Bel* What has it done now ?

Why killed an honourable whore that's all

*Ans* Villain! I'll seal that lie upon thy heart  
A constant lady!

*[he kneels at his Wife's side]*

*Bel* To the devil as could he  
Must I prick you forward; either up  
Or sir I'll take my chance thou couldst kill her  
Without repenting that deserv'd more pity;  
And spendst thy time and tears upon a quean

*Ans* Slave!

*Bel* That was deceiv'd once in her own deceit

*[they fight both are mortally wounded]*

As I am now the poison I prepar'd  
Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom  
Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too  
And serves us both to make up death withal

*Ans* I ask no more of destiny but to fall  
Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress  
If all the treasure of my weeping strength  
Be left so wealthy but to purchase that  
I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit  
Yet favour me O yet—I thank thee fate  
I expire cheerfully and give death a smile

*[Anselmus faints]*

*Bel* O rage! I pity now mine enemy's flesh

*Enter GOVIANUS with Servants*

*Govt* Where should he be?

*1st Serv* My lady sir will tell you  
She's in her chamber here

*2d Serv* O ! my Lord !

*Gov* Peace—my honourable brother, madam, all,—  
So many dreadful deeds, and not one tongue  
Left to proclaim 'em

*Bel* Yes, here, if a voice  
Some minutes long may satisfy your ear,  
I've that time allowed it

*Gov* 'Tis enough,  
Bestow it quickly, ere death snatch it from thee

*Bel* That lord, your brother, made his friend Votarius  
To tempt his lady, she was won to lust,  
The act reveal'd here by her serving woman,  
But that wise close adultress, stor'd with art  
To prey upon the weakness of that lord,  
Dissembled a great rage upon her love,  
And indeed kill'd him, which so won her husband,  
He slew this right discoverer in his fury,  
Who, being my mistress, I was mov'd in haste  
To take some pains with him, and he's paid me for it  
As for the cunning lady, I commend her,  
She perform'd that which never woman tried,  
She ran upon our weapons and so died  
Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet [dies

*Ans* O thunder ! that awakes me e'en from death,  
And makes me curse my confidence with cold lips,  
I feel his words in flames about my soul,  
He's more than kill'd me

*Gov* Brother !

*Ans* I repent the smile  
That I bestow'd on destiny ? O whore !

I fling thee thus from my believing breast  
 With all the strength I have my rage is great  
 Although my veins grow beggars now I sue  
 To die far from thee may we never meet  
 Were my soul bid to joy & eternal banquet  
 And were assur'd to find thee there a guest  
 I'd sup with torments and refuse that feast  
 O thou beguiler of man's easy trust  
 The serpent's wisdom is in women's lust

[*dies*]

*Gore:* Is death so long a coming to mankind  
 It must be met half way? O cruel speed!  
 There's few men pay their debts before their day;  
 If they be ready at their time 'tis well  
 And but a few that are so what strange haste  
 Was made among these people! My heart weeps for it  
 Go bear those bodies to a place more comely  
 Brother I came for thy advice but I  
 Find thee so ill a counsellor to thyself  
 That I repent my pains and depart sighing  
 The body of my love is still at court  
 I am not well to think on't the poor spirit  
 Was with me once again about it troth;  
 And I can put it off no more for shame  
 Though I desire to have it haunt me still  
 And never to give over 'tis so pleasing  
 I must to court I've plighted my faith to't  
 'T'as open'd me the way to the revenge  
 Tyrant I'll run thee on a dangerous shelf  
 Though I be forc'd to fly this land myself

[*exit*]



## SCENE II

*Enter TYRANT, with Attendants*

*Tyr* In vain my spirit wrestles with my blood  
 Affection will be mistress here on earth,  
 The house is hers, the soul is but a tenant  
 I have task'd myself but with the abstinence  
 Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that  
 I cannot keep from sight of her so long,  
 I starve mine eye too much go, bring her forth  
 As we have caus'd her body to be deck'd  
 In all the glorious riches of our palace,  
 Our mind has felt a famine for the time,  
 All comfort has been dear and scarce with us  
 The times are alter'd since strike on, sweet harmony !

*Enter SOLDIERS, with the LADY**[music playing]*

A braver world comes towards us

*[They bring the body in a chair, dressed up in black velvet, which sets out the paleness of the hands and face, and a fair chain of pearl across the breast, and the crucifix above it, he stands silent awhile, letting the music play, beckoning the soldiers that bring her in to make obeisance to her, and he himself makes a low honour to the body, and kisses the hand]*

*A Song*

O what is beauty that's so much adored ?  
 A flattering glass that cozens her beholders,  
 One night of death makes it look pale and horrid,

The dainty preserv'd flesh how soon it moulders  
To love it living it bewitcheth many  
But after life is seldom heard of any

*1st Sol* By this hand mere idolatry I soake courtesie  
To my damnation I have learnt so much  
Though I could never know the meaning yet  
Of all my Latin prayers nor neer sought for't

*Tyr* How pleasing art thou to us even in death!  
I love thee yet above all women living  
I can see nothing to be mended in thee  
But the too constant paleness of thy cheek  
I'd give the kingdom but to purchase there  
The breadth of a red rose in natural colours  
And think it the best bargain that ever king made yet  
But fate's my hindrance  
And I must only rest content with art  
And that I'll have in spite on't is he come sir?

*2nd Sol* Who my lord?

*Tyr* Dull—the fellow that we sent  
For a picture drawer  
A lady's forenoon tutor is he come sir?

*1st Sol* Not yet returned my lord

*Tyr* The fool helike  
Makes his choice carefully for so we charg'd him  
To fit our close deeds with some private hand  
It is no shame for thee most silent mistress  
To stand in need of art when youth  
And all thy warm friends have forsook thee!  
Women alive are glad to seek her friendship

To make up the full number of their graces,  
 Or else the reckoning would fall short sometimes,  
 And servants would look out for better wages

*Enter 3rd SOLDIER, with GONIANUS disguised*

*2nd Sol* He's come, my lord

*Tyr* Depart then is that he?

*3rd Sol* The privatest I could get, my lord

*Gon* [*aside*] O Heaven! marry patience to my spirit!  
 Give me a sober fury I beseech thee,  
 A rage that may not overcharge my blood,  
 And do myself most hurt! 'tis strange to me  
 To see thee here at court, and gone from hence  
 Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?  
 O who dares play with destiny but he  
 That wears security so thick upon him,  
 The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through!

*Tyr* 'Twas circumspectly carried leave us, go!  
 Be nearer, sir, thou'rt much commended to us

*Gon* It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman

*Tyr* Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that  
 We need that art that thou art master of

*Gon* My king is master both of that and me

*Tyr* Look on yon face, and tell me what it wants

*Gon* Which? that, sir

*Tyr* That! what wants it?

*Gon* Troth, my lord,  
 Some thousand years' sleep, and a marble pillow

*Tyr* What's that? observe it still all the best arts

Have the most fools and drunkards to their master  
 Thy apprehension has too gross a film  
 To be employed at court what colour wants she ?

*Govi* By my troth all sir I see none she has  
 Nor none she cares for

*Tyr* I am overmatch'd here

*Govi* A lower chamber with less noise were kinder  
 For her poor woman whatso'er she was

*Tyr* But how if we be pleas'd to have it thus  
 And thou well lured to do what we command ?  
 Is not your work for money ?

*Govi* Yes my lord

I would not trust but few an I could chuse

*Tyr* Let but thy art hide death upon her face  
 That now looks fearfully on us and strive  
 To give our eye delight in that pale part  
 Which draws so many pities from these springs  
 And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end  
 And reach to thy friend's fortunes and his friend

*Govi* Say you so my lord I'll work out my heart then  
 But I'll shew art enough

*Tyr* About it then

I never wish'd so seriously for health  
 After long sickness

*Govi* [*aside*] A religious trembling shakes me by the  
 hand

And bids me put by such unhallow'd business  
 But revenge calls for't and it must go forward  
 'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest  
 Poor soul 'tis weary much abus'd and toil'd

[*Govianus paints the face of the body*]

*Tyr* Could I now send for one to renew heat  
 Within her bosom, that were a fine workman  
 I should but too much love him, but, alas !  
 'Tis as impossible for living fire  
 To take hold there, as for dead ashes to burn back again  
 Into those hard tough bodies whence they fell  
 Life is removed from her now, as the warmth  
 Of the bright sun from us, when it makes winter,  
 And kills with unkind coldness, so is't vnder  
 An everlasting frost hangs now upon her,  
 And as in such a season men will force  
 A heat into their bloods with exercise,  
 In spite of extreme weather, so shall we  
 By art force heaty on yon lady's face,  
 Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail,  
 To beat it off our pleasure shall prevail

*Gov* My lord !

*Tyr* Hast done so soon ?

*Gov* That's as your grace

Gives approbation

*Tyr* O, she lives again !

She'll presently speak to me, keep her up !

I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't,

Does she not feel warmer to thee ?

*Gov* Very little, sir

*Tyr* The heat wants cherishing then, our arms and lips  
 Shall labour life into her, wake, sweet mistress !

'Tis I that call thee at the door of life [*kisses the body*] Ha !

I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself

Methinks an evil scent still follows me

*Gor.* May be tis nothing but the colour sir  
That I laid on

*Tyr.* Is that so strong?

*Gor.* Yes faith sir

Twas the best poison I could get for money *[throws off his*

*Tyr.* Gorianus!

*[disguise*

*Gor.* O thou sacrilegious villain!

Thou thief of rest robber of monuments!

Cannot the body after funeral

Sleep in the grave for thee? must it be rais'd

Only to please the wickedness of thine eye?

Do all things end with death and not thy lust?

Hast thou devis'd a new way to damnation

More dreadful than the soul of any sin

Did ever pass yet between earth and hell?

Dost strive to be particularly plagu'd

Above all ghosts beside?

Thou scorn'st a partner in thy torments too!

*Tyr.* What fury gave thee boldness to attempt

This deed for which I'll doom thee with a death

Beyond the extremest tortures?

*Gor.* I smile at thee

Draw all the deaths that ever mankind suffer'd

Unto one head to help thine own invention

And make my end as rare as thus thy sin

And full as fearful to the eyes of women

My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging

In midst of that rough weather Doom me tyrant!

Had I fear'd death I'd never appear'd noble

To seal this net upon me which e'en honours me

Unto my mistress' spirit,—it loves me for't  
 I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,  
 Who hearing 'twas for her, charg'd me to do't

*Enter the GHOST, in the same form as the Body in the chair*

*Tyr* Thy glories shall be shortened, who's within there?  
*[he sees the Ghost.]*

I call'd not thee, thou enemy to firmness,  
 Mortality's earthquake!

*Gov* Welcome to mine eye,  
 As is the day-spring from the morning's womb  
 Unto that wretch whose nights are tedious!  
 As liberty to captives, health to labourers,  
 And life still to old people, never weary on't,  
 So welcome art thou to me! the deed's done,  
 Thou queen of spirits! he has his end upon him  
 Thy body shall return to rise again,  
 For thy abuser falls, and has no power  
 To vex thee farther

*Ghost* My truest love!  
 Live ever honoured here, and blest above

*Tyr* Oh, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,  
 'Tis built within this bosom—

*Enter NOBLES*

My lords, treason!

*Gov* Now, death, I'm for thee, welcome!

*Tyr* Your king's poisoned!

*Mem* The King of heaven be prais'd for it!

*Tyr* Lay hold on him,

On Gorianus!

*Mem* Even with the best loyals  
And truest hearts that ever subjects owed

*Tyr* How's that? I charge you all lay hands on him

*Mem* Look you my lord your will shall be obey'd  
Here comes another we'll have his hand too

*Enter HELVETIUS*

*Helv* You shall have both mine if that work go forward  
Beside my voice and knee

*Tyr* Helvetius! then my destruction was confirm'd  
amongst em

Premeditation wrought it O my torments!

*All* Live Gorianus long our virtuous king! *[flourish]*

*Tyr* That thunder strikes me dead

*Gor* I cannot better

Reward my joys than with astonish'd silence

For all the wealth of words is not of power

To make up thanks for you my honoured lords

I'm like a man pluck'd up from many waters

That never look'd for help and am here placed

Upon this cheerful mountain where prosperity

Shoots forth her richest beam

*Mem* Long injured lord!

The tyranny of his actions grew so weighty

His life so vicious—

*Helv* To which this is witness

Monster in sin! this the disquieted body

Of my too resolute child in honour's war

*Mem* That he became as hateful to our minds



*Helv* As death's unwelcome to a house of riches,  
Or what can more express it?

*Govt* Well, he's gone,  
And all the kingdom's evils perish with him!<sup>1</sup>  
And since the body of that virtuous lady  
Is taken from her rest, in memory  
Of her admired mistress, 'tis our will,  
It receive honour dead, as it took part  
With us in all afflictions when it lived,  
Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen,\*  
The first and last that ever we make ours  
Her constancy strikes so much firmness in us,  
That honour done, let her be solemnly borne  
Unto the house of peace, from whence she came,  
As queen of silence

*[the Spirit here enters again, and stays to go out  
with the body, as it were attending it]*

O welcome, blest spirit!

Thou needst not mistrust me, I have a care  
As jealous as thine own we'll see it dole,  
And not believe report, our zeal is such,  
We cannot reverence chastity too much  
Lead on! I would, those ladies that fill honour's rooms  
Might all be borne so virtuous to their tombs!

*[solemn music plays them out]*

\* A similar instance of posthumous coronation is mentioned in Camoëns' *Lusiad*, Canto III

PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY,

WHERE I SHew

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFF  
FROM A BAD

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN, NEWGATE STREET

MDCCCXXIV

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch street

1

# PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY,

WHEN TWO MEN

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE  
FROM A BAD

THAT MAY BE  
BY TWO MEN  
AND TWO WOMEN  
AND TWO CHILDREN

BY TWO MEN

LONDON

PRINTED FOR MATTHEW LAWE AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT  
HIS SHOP IN PAULS CHURCH YARD NEAR UNTO ST  
AUGUSTINES GATE AT THE SIGN OF THE FOX

1602



## A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

H N W D H W

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE FROM A BAD

THIS play agrees perfectly with the description given of it in the title it is certainly a most pleasant conceited comedy rich in humour and written altogether in a right merry vein The humour is broad and strongly marked and at the same time of the most diverting kind the characters are excellent and admirably discriminated the comic parts of the play are written with most exquisite drollery and the serious with great truth and feeling It is ascribed in Garrick's collection in manuscript to Joshua Cooke probably says the *Biographia Dramatica* John Cooke the author of *Green's Tu quoque* There does not however appear to be any authority for attributing these two plays to the same author and the resemblance between them in style and character is not sufficiently strong to warrant that conclusion independently of other evidence Of the present piece there were five editions \* within a short period with all of which the present reprint has been carefully collated and is now for the first time divided into acts and scenes



## PERSONS REPRESENTED

OLD MASTER ARTHUR  
 OLD MASTER LUSAM  
 YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR  
 YOUNG MASTER LUSAM  
 MASTER ANSELM  
 MASTER FULLER  
 SIR AMINADAB *a Schoolmaster*  
 JUSTICE REASON  
 BRAEO  
 HUGH *Justice Reason's Servant*  
 PIPKIN *Master Arthur's Servant*  
*Boys Officers &c*  
 MISTRESS ARTHUR  
 MISTRESS MARY  
 MISTRESS SPLAY  
 MAID

*Scene London*

From the multiplicity of the names to enter the stage originally intended  
 to make Young Lusam the son of Old Lusam and the father of Mistress Arth  
 but the word suggested him that page 10th I then call him that ang  
 to his little girl in the first of his hands





# A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

R N H W

HOW A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE FROM A BAD

## ACT I SCENE I

*The Exchange*

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR *and* YOUNG MASTER LUSAN

Y *Art* I TELL you true sir but to every man  
I would not be so lavish of my speech  
Ooly to you my dear and private friend  
Although my wife in every eye be held  
Of beauty and of grace sufficient  
Of honest birth and good behaviour  
Able to win the strongest thoughts to her  
Yet in my mind I hold her the most hated  
And loathed object that the world can yield

*Y Lus* Oh, Master Arthur, bear a better thought  
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath won  
The good opinion and report of all  
By heaven! you wrong her beauty, she is fair

*Y Art* Not in mine eye

*Y Lus* O you are cloy'd with dainties, Master Arthur,  
And too much sweetness glutteth hath your taste,  
And makes you loath them. at the first  
You did admire her beauty, prais'd her face,  
Were proud to have her follow at your heels  
Through the broad streets, when all censuring tongues  
Found themselves busied, as she past along,  
'T' extol her in the hearing of you both  
Tell me, I pray you, and dissemble not,  
Have you not, in the time of your first-love,  
Hugg'd such new popular and vulgar talk,  
And gloried still to see her bravely deck'd?  
But now, a kind of loathing hath quite chang'd  
Your shape of love into a form of hate,  
But on what reason ground you this hate?

*Y Art* My reason is my mind, my ground my will,  
I will not love her if you ask me why  
I cannot love her, let that answer you

*Y Lus* Be judge, all eyes, her face deserves it not,  
Then on what root grows this high branch of hate?  
Is she not loyal, constant, loving, chaste,  
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,  
Careful to live, chary of her good name,  
And jealous of your reputation?  
Is she not virtuous, wise, religious?

How should you wrong her to deny all this  
 Good Ma ter Arthur let me argue with you

*[they walk aside]*

*Enter MASTER ANSELM and MASTER FULLER*

*Ful* Oh Master Anselm grown a lover fie !  
 What might she be on whom your hopes rely ?

*Ans* What fools they are that seem most wise in love  
 How wise they are that are but fools in love  
 Before I was a lover I had reason  
 To judge of matters censure of all sorts  
 Nay I had wit to call a lover fool  
 And look into his folly with bright eyes  
 But now intruding love dwells in my brain  
 And frantically hath shoulder'd reason thence  
 I am not old and yet alas ! I doat  
 I have not lost my sight and yet am blind  
 No bondman yet have lost my liberty  
 No natural fool and yet I want my wit  
 What am I then ? let me define myself  
 A dotard young a blind man that can see  
 A witty fool a bond man that is free

*Ful* Good aged youth blind seer and wise fool  
 Loose your free bonds and set your thoughts to school

*Enter OLD MASTER ARTHUR and OLD MASTER LUSAM*

*O Art* 'Tis told me Master Lusam that my son  
 And your chaste daughter whom we match'd together  
 Wrangle and fall at odds and brawl and chide

*O Jus* Nay I think so I never look'd for better

This 'tis to many children when they are young  
 I said as much at first, that such young brats  
 Would 'gice together even like dogs and cats

*O Art* Nay, pray you, Master Lusam, say not so,  
 There was great hope, though they were match'd but young,  
 Their virtues would have made them sympathize,  
 And live together like two quiet saints

*O Lus* You say true, there was great hope, indeed,  
 They would have liv'd like saints, but where's the fault?

*O Art* If fame be true, the most fault's in my son

*O Lus* You say true, Master Arthur, 'tis so indeed

*O Art* Nay, sir, I do not altogether excuse  
 Your daughter, many lay the blame on her

*O Lus* Ah! say you so? by the mass, 'tis like enough,  
 For, from her childhood, she hath been a shrew

*O Art* A shrew? you wrong her, all the town admires  
 her

For mildness, chasteness, and humility

*O Lus* 'Fore God, you say well, she is so indeed,  
 The city doth admire her for these virtues

*O Art* O, sir, you praise your child too palpably,  
 She's mild and chaste, but not admir'd so much

*O Lus* Aye, so I say, I did not mean admir'd

*O Art* Yes, if a man do well consider her,  
 Your daughter is the wonder of her sex

*O Lus* Are you advis'd of that? I cannot tell  
 What 'tis you call the wonder of her sex,  
 But she is, is she, aye, indeed, she is —

*O Art* What is she?

*O Lus* Even what you will, you know best what she is

*Ans* Yon is her husband let us leave this walk  
 How full are bad thoughts of suspicion  
 I love but loath myself for loving so  
 Yet cannot change my disposition

*Full Medice cura teipsum*

*Ans* *Heu mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis*

*[exeunt Anselm and Fuller]*

*Y Art* All your persuasions are to no effect  
 Never allege her virtues nor her beauty  
 My settled unkindness hath begot  
 A resolution to be unkind still  
 My ranging pleasures love variety

*Y Lus* Oh too unkind unto so kind a wife  
 Too virtueless to one so virtuous  
 And too unchaste unto so chaste a matron

*Y Art* But soft sir see where my two fathers are  
 Busily talking let us shrink aside  
 For if they see me they are bent to chide

*[exeunt Y Arthur and Y Lusam]*

*O Art* I think tis best to go straight to the house  
 And make them friends again what think you sir?

*O Lus* I think so too

*O Art* Now I remember too that's not so good  
 For divers reasons I think best stay here  
 And leave them to their wrangling what think you?

*O Lus* I think so too

*O Art* Nay we will go that's certain

*O Lus* Aye tis best tis best in sooth there's no way  
 but to go

*O Art* Yet if our going should breed more unrest

More discord, more dissension, more debate,  
 More wrangling, where there is enough already,  
 'Twere better stay than go

*O Lus* 'Fore God, 'tis time,  
 Our going may, perhaps, breed more debate,  
 And then we may, too late, wish we had staid,  
 And, therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,  
 We will not go, that's flat nay, if we love  
 Our credits, or our quiet, let's not go

*O Art* But if we love their credits or their quiet, we  
 must go

And reconcile them to their former love,  
 Where there is strife betwixt a man and wife 'tis hell,  
 And mutual love may be compar'd to heaven,  
 For then their souls and spirits are at peace  
 Come, Master Lusam, now 'tis dinner time,  
 When we have din'd, the first work we will make  
 Is to decide their jars for pity's sake

*O Lus* Well fare a good heart! yet are you advis'd?  
 Go, said you, Master Arthur? I will run  
 To end these broils that discord hath begun [exeunt

## SCENE II

*Young Arthur's House*

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR, and PIPKIN*

*Mis Art* Come hither, Pipkin, how chance you tread so  
 softly?

*Pip* For fear of breaking, mistress

*Mis Art* Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?

*Pip* Can you blame me mistress? I am crack'd already

*Mis Art* Crack'd Pipkin how? hath any crack'd your crown?

*Pip* No mistress I thank God my crown is current but—

*Mis Art* But what?

*Pip* The maid gave me not my supper yesternight so that indeed my belly wambled and standing near the great sea coal fire in the hall and not being full on the sudden I crack'd and you know mistress a pipkin is soon broken

*Mis Art* Sirrah! run to the Exchange and if you there can find my husband pray him to come home  
Tell him I will not eat a bit of bread  
Until I see him pr'ythee Pipkin run

*Pip* By r lady mistress if I should tell him so it may be he would not come were it for no other cause but to save charges I'll rather tell him if he come not quickly you will eat up all the meat in the house and then if he be of my stomach he will run every foot and make the more haste to dinner

*Mis Art* Aye thou may at jest my heart is not so light  
It can digest the least conceit of joy  
Entreat him fairly though I think he loves  
All places worse that he beholds me in  
Wilt thou begone?

*Pip* Whither mistress to the Change?

*Mis Art* Aye to the Change

*Pip* I will mistress hoping my master will go so oft



to the Change, that at length he will change his mind, and use you more kindly O, it were brave if my master could meet with a merchant of all-ventures, to bargain with him for all his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should have a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house but hoping, mistress, you will pass over all these jars and squabbles in good health, as my master was at the making thereof, I commit you

*Mis Art* Make haste again, I pr'ythee [*exit Pipkin*]

'Till I see him,

My heart will never be at rest within me  
 My husband hath of late so much estrang'd  
 His words, his deeds, his heart from me,  
 That I can seldom have his company,  
 And even that seldom with such discontent,  
 Such frowns, such chidings, such impatience,  
 That did not truth and virtue arm my thoughts,  
 They would confound me with despair and hate,  
 And make me run into extremities  
 Had I deserv'd the least bad look from him,  
 I should account myself too bad to live,  
 But honoring him in love and chastity,  
 All judgements censure freely of my wrongs

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR, YOUNG MASTER LUSAM, and  
 PIPKIN

*Y Art* Pipkin, what said she when she sent for me?

*Pip* 'Faith, master, she said little, but she thought more,  
 For she was very melancholy

*Y Art* Did I not tell you she was melancholy?

For nothing else but that she sent for me  
And fearing I would come to dine with her

*Y Lus* O you mistake her even upon my soul  
I durst affirm you wrong her chastity  
See where she doth attend your coming home

*Mis Art* Come Master Arthur shall we in to dinner?  
Sirrah he gone and see it served in

*Y Lus* Will you not speak unto her?

*Y Art* No not I will you go in sir?

*Mis Art* Not speak to me! nor once look towards me!  
It is my duty to begin I know  
And I will break this ice of curtesy  
You are welcome home sir

*Y Art* Hark Master Lusam if she mock me not!  
You are welcome home sir am I welcome home?  
Good faith! I care not if I be or no

*Y Lus* Thus you misconstrue all things Master Arthur  
Look if her true love melt not into tears

*Y Art* She weeps but why? that I am come so soon  
To hinder her of some appointed guests  
That in my absence revel in my house  
She weeps to see me in her company  
And were I absent she would laugh with joy  
She weeps to make me weary of the house  
Knowing my heart cannot away with grief

*Mis Art* Knew I that mirth would make you love my  
bed  
I would enforce my heart to be more merry

*Y Art* Do you not hear? she would enforce her heart  
All mirth is forced that she can make with me

*Y Lus* O misconceit, how bitter is thy taste !  
 Sweet Master Arthur, Mistress Arthur too,  
 Let me entreat you reconeile these jars,  
 Odious to heaven, and most abhorr'd of men

*Mis Art* You are a stranger, sir, but by your words  
 You do appear an honest gentleman  
 If you profess to be my husband's friend,  
 Persist in these persuasions, and be judge  
 With all indifference in these discontents  
 Sweet husband, if I be not fair enough  
 To please your eye, range where you list abroad,  
 Only, at coming home, speak me but fair  
 If you delight to change, change when you please,  
 So that you will not change your love to me  
 If you delight to see me drudge and toil,  
 I'll be your drudge, because 'tis your delight  
 Or if you think me unworthy of the name  
 Of your chaste wife, I will become your maid,  
 Your slave, your servant, any thing you will,  
 If for that name of servant, and of slave,  
 You will but smile upon me now and then  
 Or if, as I well think, you cannot love me,  
 Love where you list, only but say you love me  
 I'll feed on shadows, let the substance go  
 Will you deny me such a small request ?  
 What, will you neither love nor flatter me ?  
 O, then, I see your hate here doth but wound me,  
 And with that hate it is your frowns confound me

*Y Lus* Wonder of women ! why, haik you, Master Ar-  
 thur !

What is your wife a woman or a aint ?  
 A wife or some bright angel come from heaven ?  
 Are you not mov'd at this strange spectacle ?  
 This day I have beheld a miracle  
 When I attempt this sacred nuptial life  
 I beg of heaven to find me such a wife

Y *Art* Ha ha! a miracle a prodigy !  
 To see a woman weep is as much pity  
 As to see foxes digg'd out of their holes  
 If thou wilt pleasure me let me see thee less  
 Grieve much they say grief often shortens life  
 Come not too near me till I call thee wife  
 And that will be but seldom I will tell thee  
 How thou shalt win my heart—die suddenly  
 And I'll become a lusty widower  
 The longer thy life lasts the more my hate  
 And loathing still increaseth towards thee  
 When I come home and find thee cold as earth  
 Then will I love thee thus thou know'st my mind  
 Come Master Lusam let us in to dine

Y *Lus* O sir you too much affect this evil  
 Poor saint why wert thou yok'd thus with a devil? [*aside*  
[*exit* Y *Art* and Y *Lus*

*Mis Art* If thou wilt win my heart die suddenly !  
 But that my soul was bought at such a rate  
 At such a high price as my Saviour's blood  
 I would not stick to lose it with a stab  
 But virtue banish all such fantasies  
 He is my husband and I love him well  
 Next to my own soul's health I tender him

And would give all the pleasures of the world,  
 To buy his love if I might purchase it  
 I'll follow him, and like a servant wait,  
 And strive by all means to prevent his hate [exit

*Enter OLD MASTER ARTHUR and OLD MASTER LUSAM*

*O Art* This is my son's house, were it best go in,  
 How say you, Master Lusam?

*O Lus* How, go in, how say you, sir?

*O Art* I say 'tis best

*O Lus* Aye, sir, say you so? so say I too

*O Art* Nay, nay, it is not best, I'll tell you why  
 Haply the fire of hate is quite extinct  
 From the dead embers, now to rake them up,  
 Should the least spark of discontent appear,  
 To make the flame of hatred burn afresh,  
 The heat of this dissension might scorch us,  
 Which, in his own cold ashes smother'd up,  
 May die in silence, and revive no more  
 And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

*O Lus* How say you, sir?

*O Art* I say it is not best

*O Lus.* Mass, you say well, sir, and so say I too

*O Art* But shall we lose our labour to come hither,  
 And, without sight of our two children,  
 Go back again? nay, we will in, that's sure

*O Lus* In, quotha, do you make a doubt of that,  
 Shall we come thus far, and in such post haste,  
 And have our children here, and both within,  
 And not behold them e'er our back-return?

It were unfriendly and unfatherly

Come Master Arthur pray you follow me

*O Art* Nay but hark you sir will you not knock?

*O Lus* Is't best to knock?

• • •

*O Art* Aye knock in any case

*O Lus* 'Twas well you put it in my mind to knock

I had forgotten it else I promise you

*O Art* Tush! is't not my sons and your daughters  
door

And shall we two stand knocking? Lead the way

*O Lus* Knock at our children's doors! that were a jest

Are we such fools to make ourselves so strange

Where we should still be boldest? In for shame!

We will not stand upon such ceremonies [exunt]

### SCENE III

#### *The Street*

*Enter ANSELM and FULLER*

*Full* Speak in what cue sir do you find your heart

Now thou hast slept a little on thy love?

*Ans* Like one that strives to shun a little splash

Of shallow water and avoiding it

Plunges into a river past his depth

Like one that from a small spark steps aside

And falls in headlong to a greater flame

*Full* But in such fires corch not thyself for shame!

If she be fire thou art so far from burning

That thou hast scarce yet warm'd thee at her face

But list to me I'll turn thy heart from love

And make thee loath all of the feminine sex  
 They that have known me, knew me once of name  
 To be a perfect wencher I have tried  
 All sorts, all sects, all states, and find them still  
 Inconstant, fickle, always variable  
 Attend me, man ! I will prescribe a method  
 How thou shalt win her without all peradventure

*Ans* That would I gladly hear

*Ful* I was once like thee,

A sigher, melancholy, humourist,  
 Crosser of arms, a goer without garters,  
 A hatband-hater, and a busk-point\* wearer,  
 One that did use much bracelets made of hair,  
 Rings on my fingers, jewels in mine ears,  
 And, now and then, a wench's earkanet,  
 That had two letters for her name in pearl  
 Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought waistcoats, gold-stitch'd  
 caps,

A thousand of those female fooleries,  
 But when I look'd into the glass of reason, straight I began  
 To loath that female bravery, and henceforth  
 Study to cry *peccavi* to the world

*Ans* I pray you, to your former argument  
 Prescribe a means to win my best belov'd

*Ful* First, be not bashful, bar all blushing tricks,  
 Be not too apish female, do not come

\* *Busk-point*, the lace with its tye which secured the end of the busk, a piece of wood or whalebone worn by women in front of the stays to keep them straight

With foolish sonnets to present her with  
 With legs with curtsies congees and such like  
 Nor with penn'd speeches or too far fetch'd sigh  
 I hate such antique quaint formality

*Ans* Oh but I cannot watch occasion  
 She dashes every proffer with a frown

*Ful* A frown a fool' art thou afraid of frowns?  
 He that will leave occasion for a frown  
 Were I his judge (all you his case bemoan)  
 His doom should be ever to lie alone

*Ans* I cannot chuse but when a wench says nay  
 To take her at her word and leave my suit

*Ful* Continue that opinion and be sure  
 To die a virgin chaste n maiden pure  
 It was my chance once in my wanton days  
 To court a wench hark and I'll tell thee how  
 I came unto my love and she look'd coy  
 I spake unto my love she turn'd aside  
 I touch'd my love and gan with her to toy  
 But she sat mute for anger or for pride  
 I striv'd and kiss'd my love she cry'd —away  
 Thou would'st have left her thus I made her stay  
 I catch'd my love and wrung her by the hand  
 I took my love and set her on my knee  
 And pull'd her to me oh you spoil my band  
 You hurt me sir pray let me go quoth she  
 I'm glad quoth I that you have found your tongue  
 And still my love I by the finger wrung  
 I ask'd her if she lov'd me she said no  
 I bad her swear she straight call'd for a book



Nay then, thought I, 'tis time to let her go,  
 I eas'd my knee, and from her cast a look  
 She leaves me wond'ring at these strange affairs,  
 And like the wind she trips me up the stairs  
 I left the room below, and up I went,  
 Finding her thrown upon her wanton bed  
 I ask'd the cause of her sad discontent,  
 Further she lies, and, making room, she said,  
 Now, sweeting, kiss me, having time and place;  
 So clings me to her with a sweet embrace

*Ans* Is't possible? I had not thought till now  
 That women could dissemble Master Fuller,  
 Here dwells the sacred mistress of my heart,  
 Before her door I'll frame a friu'ous walk,  
 And, spying her, with her devise some talk

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR, MISTRESS ARTHUR, OLD  
 MASTER ARTHUR, OLD MASTER LUSAM, YOUNG MASTER  
 LUSAM, and PILKIN

*Ful* What stir is this? let's step but out the way,  
 And hear the utmost what these people say

*O Art* Thou art a knave, although thou be my son  
 Have I with care and trouble brought thee up,  
 To be a staff and comfort to my age,  
 A pillar to support me, and a crutch  
 To lean on, in my second infancy,  
 And dost thou use me thus? Thou art a knave

*O Lus* A knave, aye, marry, and an arrant knave,  
 And, sirrah, by old Master Arthur's leave,  
 Though I be weak and old, I'll prove thee one

*Y Art* Sir though it be my father's pleasure thus  
To wrong me with the scorn'd name of knave  
I will not have you so familiar  
Nor so presume upon my patience

*O Lus* Speak Master Arthur is he not a knave?

*O Art* I say he is a knave

*O Lus* Then so say I

*Y Art* My father may command my patience  
But you sir that are but my father in law  
Shall not so mock my reputation  
Sir you shall find I am an honest man

*O Lus* An honest man!

*Y Art* Aye sir so I say

*O Lus* Nay if you say so I'll not be against it  
But sir you might have us'd my daughter better  
Than to have beat her spurn'd her rail'd at her  
Before our faces

*O Art* Aye therein son Arthur  
Thou shew'dst thyself no better than a knave

*O Lus* Aye marry did he I will stand to it  
To use my honest daughter in such sort  
He shew'd himself no better than a knave

*Y Art* I say again I am an honest man  
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary

*O Lus* I grant sir that you are an honest man  
Nor will I say unto the contrary  
But wherefore do you use my daughter thus?  
Can you accuse her of unchastity  
Of loose demeanour disobedience or disloyalty?  
Speak what canst thou object against my daughter?

*O Art* Accuse her<sup>1</sup> here she stands, spit in her face  
If she be guilty, in the least, of these

*Mis Art* O, father, be more patient, if you wrong  
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,  
Because you do it only for my sake  
I am his handmaid, since it is his pleasure  
To use me thus, I am content therewith,  
And bear his checks and crosses patiently

*Y Art* If, in mine own house, I can have no peace,  
I'll seek it elsewhere, and frequent it less  
Father, I'm now past one and twenty years,  
I'm past my father's pamp'ring, I suck not,  
Nor am I dandled on my mother's knee  
Then, if you were my father twenty times,  
You shall not chuse, but let me be myself  
Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom  
Am I thus baited? Wife, remember this<sup>1</sup>  
Father, farewell<sup>1</sup> and, father-in-law, adieu<sup>1</sup>  
Your son had rather fast, than feast with you [exit

*O Art* Well, go to, wild oats<sup>1</sup> spendthrift<sup>1</sup> prodigal<sup>1</sup>  
I'll cross thy name quite from my reck'ning book  
For these accounts, 'faith, it shall scathe thee somewhat,  
I will not say what somewhat it shall be

*O Lus* And it shall scathe him somewhat of my purse  
And, daughter, I will take thee home again,  
Since thus he hates thy fellowship,  
Be such an eye-sore to his sight no more<sup>1</sup>  
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him

*Mis Art* Will you divorce whom God hath tied together?  
ther?

Or break that knot the sacred hand of heaven  
 Made fast betwixt us? Have you never read  
 What a great curse was laid upon his head  
 That breaks the holy band of marriage  
 Divorcing husbands from their chosen wives?  
 Father I will not leave my Arthur so  
 Not all my friends can make me prove his foe

*O Art* I could say somewhat in my son's reproof

*O Lus* Faith so could I

*O Art* But till I meet him I will let it pass

*O Lus* Faith so will I

*O Art* Daughter farewell! with weeping eyes I part  
 Witness these tears thy grief sits near my heart

*O Lus* Weeps Master Arthur? nay then let me cry  
 His cheeks shall not be wet and mine be dry

*Mis Art* Fathers farewell! spend not a tear for me  
 But for my husband's sake let these woes be  
 For when I weep 'tis not for my own care  
 But fear lest folly bring him to despair

[*exunt O Art and O Lus*]

*Y Lus* Sweet saint! continue still this patience  
 For time will bring him to true penitence  
 Mirror of virtue! thanks for my good cheer  
 A thousand thanks

*Mis Art* It is so much too dear  
 But you are welcome for my husband's sake  
 His guests shall have best welcome I can make

*Y Lus* Than marriage nothing in the world more com-  
 mon

Nothing more rare than such a virtuous woman [exit]

*Mis Art* My husband in this humour well I know

Plays but the unthrift, therefore, it behoves me  
 To be the better housewife here at home,  
 To save and get, whilst he doth lugh and spend  
 Though for himself he riots it at large,  
 My needle shall defray my household's charge

*[she sits down to work in front of the house]*

*Ful* Now, Master Anselm, to her, step not back,  
 Bustle yourself, see where she sits at work,  
 Be not afraid, man, she's but a woman,  
 And women the most cowards seldom fear  
 Think but upon my former principles,  
 And, twenty pound to a dream, you speed

*Ans* Aye, say you so?

*Ful* Beware of blushing, sirrah,  
 Of fear and too much eloquence!  
 Rail on her husband, his misusing her,  
 And make that serve thee as an argument,  
 That she may sooner yield to do him wrong  
 Were it my case, my love and I to plead,  
 I hav't at fingers' ends who could miss the clout  
 Having so fair a white, such steady aim,  
 This is the upshot, now bid for the game *[Anselm advances]*

*Ans* Fair mistress, God save you!

*Ful* What a circumstance doth he begin with, what an  
 ass is he

To tell her at the first that she was fair,  
 The only means to make her to be coy!  
 He should have rather told her she was foul,  
 And brought her out of love quite with herself,  
 And, being so, she would the less have car'd  
 Upon whose secrets she had laid her love

He hath almost marr'd all with that word fair

*Ans* Mistress God save you!

*Ful* What a block is that

To say God save you! is the fellow mad?

Once to name God in his ungodly suit

*Mis Art* You are welcome sir Come you to speak  
with me

Or with my husband? pray you what's your will?

*Ful* She answers to the purpose what's your will?

O zounds that I were there to answer her

*Ans* Mistress my wdl is not so soon exprest  
Without your special favour and the promise  
Of love and pardon if I speak amiss

*Ful* O ass! O dunce! O blockhead! that hath left  
The plain broad high way and the readiest path  
To travel round about by circumstance  
He might have told his meaning in a word  
And now hath lost his opportunity  
Never was such a truant in love's school  
I am ashamed that ere I was his tutor

*Mis Art* Sir you may freely speak whate'er it be  
So that your speech suiteth with modesty

*Ful* To this now could I answer passing well

*Ans* Mistress I pitying that so fair a creature—

*Ful* Still fair and yet I warn'd the contrary

*Ans* Should by n villain be so foully us'd as you have  
been—

*Ful* Aye that was well put in

If time and place were both convenient

*Ans* Have made this bold intrusion to present

My love and service to your sacred self

*Ful* Indifferent, that was not much amiss

*Mis Art* Sir, what you mean by service and by love  
I will not know, but what you mean by villain,  
I fain would know

*Ans* That villain is your husband,  
Whose wrongs towards you are bruited through the land  
O, can you suffer at a peasant's hands,  
Unworthy once to touch this silken skin,  
To be so rudely beat and buffeted ?  
Can you endure from such infectious breath,  
Able to blast your beauty, to have names  
Of such im poison'd hate flung in your face ?

*Ful* O, that was good, nothing was good but that,  
That was the lesson that I taught him last

*Ans* O, can you hear your never tainted fame  
Wounded with words of shame and infamy ?  
O, can you see your pleasures dealt away,  
And you to be debarr'd all part of them,  
And bury it in deep oblivion ?  
Shall your true right be still contributed  
'Mongst hungry bawds, insatiate courtezans ?  
And can you love that villain, by whose deed  
Your soul doth sigh, and your distress'd heart bleed ?

*Ful* All this as well as I could wish myself

*Mis Art* Sir, I have heard thus long with patience,  
If it be me you term a villain's wife,  
In sooth, you have mistook me all this while,  
And neither know my husband nor myself,  
Or else you know not man and wife is one

If he be call'd a villain what is she  
 Whose heart and love and soul is one with him?  
 'Tis pity that so fair a gentleman  
 Should fall into such villains company  
 O sir take heed if you regard your life  
 Meddle not with a villain or his wife

[*exit*]

*Ful* O that same word villain hath marr'd all

*Ans* Now where is your instruction? where's the wench?  
 Where are my hopes? where your directions?

*Ful* Why man in that word villain you marr'd all  
 To come unto an honest wife and call  
 Her husband villain! were she ne'er so bad,  
 Thou might'st well think she would not brook that name  
 For her own credit though no love to him  
 But leave not thus but try some other mean;  
 Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate clean

*Ans* I must persist my love against my will  
 He that knows all things knows I prove this ill [re-*ent*]

## ACT II SCENE I

### *A School*

*Enter AMINADAB with a rod in his hand and Boys, with their books*

*Amin* Come boys come boys rehearse your parts  
 And then *ad prandium jam jam incipe!*

*1st Boy* Forsooth my lessons torn out of my book

*Amin* *Quæ caceris chartis deseruisse decet*  
 Torn from your book I'll tear it from your breast



How say you, Mistress Virga, will you suffer  
*Hic puer bene indolis*, to tear  
 His lessons, leaves, and lectures from his book?

1st Boy Truly, forsooth, I laid it in my seat,  
 While Robin Glade and I went into *campis*,  
 And when I came again, my book was torn

Amin O, *mus*, a mouse, was ever heard the like?

1st Boy O, *domus*, a house, master, I could not mend it

2nd Boy O, *pediculus*, a louse, I knew not how it came

Amin All toward boys, good scholars of their times,  
 The least of these is past his accidence,

Some at *qui mihi*, here's not a boy  
 But he can construe all the grammar rules

*Scil ubi sunt sodales?* not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes* shall be whipt

*Ubi est* Pipkin? where's that lazy knave?

He plays the truant every Saturday,

But Mistress Virga, Lady Willowhy,

Shall teach him that *diluculo surgere*

*Est saluberrimum* here comes the knave

Enter PIPKIN

1st Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde*

2nd Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde*

Amin *Huc ades*, Pipkin, reach a better rod,  
*Cur tam tarde venis?* speak, where have you been?  
 Is this a time of day to come to school?

*Ubi fuisti?* speak, where hast thou been?

Pip *Magister, quomodo valet?*

Amin Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?

*Pip* *Etiā certè* you ask me where I have been and I say *quomodo tales* as much as to say come out of the ale house

*Amin* Untruss untruss ' nay help him help him!

*Pip* *Quæso preceptor quæso* for God's sake do not whip me

*Quid est grammatica?*

*Amin* Not whip you *quid est grammatica* what's that?

*Pip* *Grammatica est* that if I untruss'd you must needs whip me upon them *quid est grammatica*

*Amin* Why then *du mihi* speak where hast thou been?

*Pip* Forsooth my mistress sent me of an errand to fetch my master from the Exchange we had strangers at home at dinner and but for them I had not come *tarde quæso preceptor*

*Amin* Construe your lesson parse it *ad unguem et con demnato* too I'll pardon thee

*Pip* That I will master an if you'll give me leave

*Amin* *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas expone expone*

*Pip* Construe it master I will *dicas* they say *propria* the proper man *quæ maribus* that loves marrow bones *mascula* miscall'd me

*Amin* A pretty quaint and new construction

*Pip* I warrant you master if there be marrow bones in my lesson I am an old dog at them How construe you this master *rostra disertus amat?*

*Amin* *Disertus* a desert *amat* dath love *rostra* roast meat

*Pip* A good construction on an empty stomach Master, now I have construed my lesson, my mistress would pray you to let me come home to go of an errand

*Amin* Your *ties sequuntur*, and away

*Pip* *Canis* a hog, *runa* a dog, *porcus* a frog,  
*Abeundum est mihi* [*exit*

*Amin* Yours, sirrah, too, and then *ad prandium*

*1st Boy* *Apis* a hed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus*, Doctor Dee  
*Viginti minus usus est mihi*

*Amin* By *Juno's* hip and *Saturn's* thumb  
It was *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*

*2nd Boy* *Vitrum*, glass, *spica*, grass, *tu es asinus*, you  
are an ass *Preceor tibi felieem noctem*

*Amin* *Claudite jam libros, pueri, sat prate bibistis*,  
Look, when you come again, you tell me *ubi fuistis*  
He that minds trish-trash, and will not have care of his  
*rodia*,

Him I will be-hsh-lash, and have a fling at his *podar*  
[*exiunt Boys*

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

*Y Art* A pretty wench, a passing pretty wench,  
A sweeter duck all London cannot yield,  
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,  
Not Helen had so ravishing an eye  
Here is the pedant, Sir Aminadab,  
I will enquire of him if he can tell,  
By any circumstance, whose wife she is  
Such fellows commonly have intercourse,  
Without suspicion, where we are debarr'd

God save you gentle Sir Aminadab !

*Amin Salve tu quoque !* would you speak with me ?

You are I take it and let me not lie

For as you know *mentiri non est meum*

Young Master Arthur *quid vis* what will you ?

*Y Art* You are a man I much rely upon

There is a pretty wench dwells in this street

That keeps no shop nor is not public known

At the two posts next turning of the lane

I saw her from a window looking out

O could you tell me how to come acquainted

With that sweet lass you should command me sir

Even to the utmost of my life and power

*Amin Du boni boni* 'tis my love he means

But I will keep it from this gentleman

And so I hope make trial of my love

*Y Art* If I obtain her thou shalt win thereby

More than at this time I will promise thee

*Amin Quando venis apud* I shall have two horns on my  
*caput*

*Y Art* What if her husband come and find one there ?

*Amin Nuncquam time* never fear

She is unmarried I swear

But if I help you to the deed

*Tu vis narrare* how you speed

*Y Art* Tell how I speed? ay sir I will to you

Then presently about it Many thanks

For this great kindness Sir Aminadab

*Amin* If my *puella* prove a drab

I'll be reveng'd on both *ambo* shall die

Shall die ' by what? for *ego* I  
 Have never handled, I thank God,  
 Other weapon than a rod,  
 I dare not fight for all my speeches  
*Sed cave*, if I take him thus,  
*Ego sum capers* at untruss [*cacunt*

## SCENE II

*A Room in Justice Reason's House*

*Enter JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR, OLD MASTER LUSAM, MISTRESS ARTHUR, YOUNG MASTER LUSAM, and HUGH*

*O. Art* We, master Justice Reason, come about  
 A serious matter that concerns us near

*O Lus* Aye, marry, doth it, sir, concern us near,  
 Would God, sir, you would take some order for it

*O Art* Why, look ye, Master Lusam, you are such  
 another,

You will be talking what concerns us near,  
 And know not why we come to Master Justice

*O Lus* How, know not I?

*O Art* No, sir, not you

*O Lus* Well, I know somewhat, though I know not that,  
 Then on, I pray you

*Justice* Forward, I pray, yet the case is plain

*O Art* Why, sir, as yet you do not know the case

*O Lus* Well, he knows somewhat, forward, Master  
 Arthur

*O Art* And, as I told you, my unruly son  
 Once having bid his wife home to my house,

There took occasion to be much aggrieved  
About some household matters of his own  
And in plain terms they fell in controversy

*O Lus* 'Tis true sir I was there the self-same time  
And I remember many of the words

*O Art* Lord what a man are you! you were not there  
That time as I remember you were rid  
Down to the North to see some friends of yours

*O Lus* Well I was somewhere forward Master  
Arthur

*Justice* All this is well no fault is to be found  
In either of the parties pray say on

*O Art* Why sir I have not nam'd the parties yet  
Nor touch'd the fault that is complain'd upon

*O Lus* Well you touch'd somewhat forward Master  
Arthur

*O Art* And as I said they fell in controversy  
My son not like a husband gave her words  
Of great reproof despite and contumely  
Which she poor soul digested patiently  
This was the first time of their falling out  
As I remember at the self same time  
One Thomas the Earl of Surrey a gentleman  
Din'd at my table

*O Lus* O I knew him well

*O Art* You are the strangest man this gentleman  
That I speak of I am sure you never saw  
He came but lately from beyond the sea

*O Lus* I'm sure I know one Thomas —forward sir

*Justice* And is this all? make me a *mittimus*

And send the offender straightways to the jail

*O Art* First know the offender, how began the strife  
Betwixt this gentlewoman and my son,  
Since when, sir, he hath us'd her not like one  
That should partake his bed, but like a slave  
My coming was, that you, being in office  
And in authority, should call before you  
My unthrift son, to give him some advice,  
Which he will take better from you than me,  
That am his father Here's the gentlewoman,  
Wife to my son, and daughter to this man,  
Whom I perforce compell'd to live with us

*Justice* All this is well, here is your son, you say,  
But she that is his wife you cannot find

*Y Lus* You do mistake, sir, here's the gentlewoman,  
It is her husband that will not be found

*Justice* Well, all is one, for man and wife are one,  
But is this all?

*Y Lus* Aye, all that you can say,  
And much more than you can well put off

*Justice* Nay, if the case appear thus evident,  
Give me a cup of wine What! man and wife  
To disagree? I pr'ythee, fill my cup,  
I could say somewhat tut, tut, by this wine,  
I promise you 'tis good canary sack

*Mis Art* Fathers, you do me open violence,  
To bring my name in question, and produce  
This gentleman and others here to witness  
My husband's shame in open audience,  
What may my husband think when he shall know

I went unto the Justice to complain  
 But Master Justice here more wise than you  
 Says little to the matter knowing well  
 His office is no whit concern'd herein  
 Therefore with favor I will take my leave

*Justice* The woman saith but reason Master Arthur  
 And therefore give her licence to depart

*O Lus* Here is dry justice not to bid us drink  
 Hark thee my friend I pray thee lend thy cup  
 Now Master Justice hear me but one word  
 You think this woman hath had little wrong  
 But by this wine which I intend to drink—

*Justice* Nay save your oath I pray you do not swear  
 Or if you swear take not too deep an oath

*O Lus* Content you I may take a lawful oath  
 Before a Justice therefore by this wine—

*I Lus* A profound oath well sworn and deeply took  
 'Tis better thus than swearing on a book

*O Lus* My daughter hath been wrong'd exceedingly

*Justice* O sir I would have credited these words  
 Without this oath but bring your daughter hither  
 That I may give her counsel ere you go

*O Lus* Marry God's blessing on your heart for that  
 Daughter give ear to Justice Reason's words

*Justice* Good woman or good wife or mistress if you  
 have done amiss it should seem you have done a fault and  
 making a fault there's no question but you have done  
 amiss but if you walk uprightly and neither lead to the  
 right hand nor the left no question but you have neither  
 led to the right hand nor the left but as a man should



say, walked uprightly, but it should appear by these plaintiffs, that you have had some wrong if you love your spouse entirely, it should seem you affect him fervently, and if he hate you monstrously, it should seem he loathes you most exceedingly, and there's the point at which I will leave, for the time passes away therefore, to conclude, this is my best counsel, look that thy husband so fall in, that hereafter you never fall out

*O Lus* Good counsel, passing good instruction,  
Follow it, daughter Now, I promise you,  
I have not heard such an oration  
Thus many a day What remains to do?

*Y Lus* Sir, I was call'd as witness to this matter,  
I may be gone for ought that I can see

*Justice* Nay, stay, my friend, we must examine you  
What can you say concerning this debate  
Betwixt young Master Arthur and his wife?

*Y Lus* 'Faith, just as much, I think, as you can say,  
And that's just nothing

*Justice* How, nothing? Come, depose him, take his oath,  
Swear him, I say, take his confession

*O Art* What can you say, sir, in this doubtful case?

*Y Lus* Why, nothing, sir

*Justice* We cannot take him in contrary tales,  
For he says nothing still, and that same nothing  
Is that which we have stood on all this while,  
He hath confest even all, for all is nothing  
This is your witness, he hath witness'd nothing  
Since nothing, then, so plainly is confess'd,  
And we, by cunning answers and by wit,

Have wrought him to confess nothing to us  
Write his confession

*O Art* Why what should we write?

*Justice* Why nothing heard you not as well as I  
What he confess d? I say write nothing down  
*Mistress* we have dismiss d you love your husband  
Which whilst you do you shall not hate your husband  
Bring him before me I will urge him with  
This gentleman s express confession  
Against you send him to me I ll not fail  
To keep just nothing in my memory  
And sir now that we have examin d you  
We likewise here discharge you with good leave  
Now Master Arthur and Master Lusain too  
Come in with me unless the man were here  
Whom most especially the cause concerns  
We cannot end this quarrel but come near  
And we will taste a glass of our March beer [exeunt

### SCENE III

*A Room in Mistress Mary s House*

*Enter MISTRESS MARY MISTRESS SPLAY and BRABO*

*Mis Ma* I pr'ythee tell me *Brabo* what planet think st  
thou govern d at my conception that I live thus openly to  
the world?

*Bra* Two planets reign d at once Venus that s you  
And Mars that s I were in conjunction

*Mis Splay* Pr'ythee pr'ythee in faith that conjunction  
copulative is that part of speech that I live by

*Bra* Ha, ha! to see the world! we swaggerers,  
 That live by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,  
 Are now reputed for the tallest men  
 He that hath now a black mustachio  
 Reaching from ear to ear, or turning up,  
*Puncto reverso*, bristling towards the eye,  
 He that can hang two handsome tools at his side,  
 Go in disguis'd attire, wear iron enough,  
 Is held a tall man, and a soldier  
 He that, with greatest grace, can swear gogs-zounds!  
 Or, in a tavern, make a drunken fray,  
 Can cheat at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,  
 Wear velvet on his face, and, with a grace,  
 Can face it out with,—as I am a soldier!  
 He that can clap his sword upon the board,  
 He's a brave man, and such a man am I

*Mis Ma* She that with kisses can both kill and cure,  
 That lives by love, that swears by nothing else  
 But by a kiss, which is no common oath,  
 That lives by lying, and yet oft tells truth,  
 That takes most pleasure when she takes most pains,  
 She's a good wench, my boy, and so am I

*Mis Splay* She that is past it, and prays for them that  
 may—

*Bra* Is an old bawd, as you are, Mistress Splay

*Mis Splay* O, do not name that name, do you not know  
 That I could ne'er endure to hear that name?  
 But, if your man would leave us, I would read  
 The lesson that last night I promis'd you

*Mis Ma* I pr'ythee, leave us, we would be alone

*Bra* And will and must if you bid me begone,  
 I will withdraw and draw on only he  
 That in the world's wide round dare cope with me  
 Mistress, farewell! to none I never speak  
 So kind a word My salutations ore—  
 Farewell and be hang'd! or in the devil's name!  
 What they have been my many frays can tell  
 You cannot fight therefore to you farewell! *[exit]*

*Mis M:* O this same swaggerer is the bulwark of my  
 reputation  
 But Mistress Splay now to your lecture that you promis'd  
 me

*Mis Splay* Daughter oftend for I will tell thee now  
 What in my young days I myself have tried  
 Be rul'd by me and I will make thee rich  
 You God be prais'd ore fair and as they say  
 Full of good parts you have been often try'd  
 To be a woman of good carriage  
 Which in my mind is very commendable

*Mis Ma* It is indeed forward good Mother Splay

*Mis Splay* And as I told you being fair I wish  
 Sweet daughter you were as fortunote  
 When any suitor comes to ask thy love  
 Look not into his words but into his sleeve  
 If thou canst learn what language his purse speaks  
 Be rul'd by that that's golden eloquence  
 Money can make a slaving tongue speak plain  
 If he that loves thee be deform'd and rich  
 Accept his love gold hides deformity  
 Gold can make limping Vulcan walk upright

Make squint eyes straight, a crabbed face look smooth ,  
 Gilds copper noses, makes them look like gold ,  
 Fills age's wrinkles up, and makes a face,  
 As old as Nestor's, look as young as Cupid's  
 If thou wilt arm thyself against all shifts,  
 Regard all men according to their gifts  
 Thus, if thou practice, thou, when I am dead,  
 Wilt say, Old Mother Splay soft laid thy head

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

*Mrs Ma* Soft, who comes here ? begone, good Mistress  
 Splay ,  
 Of thy rules' practice this is my first day  
*Mrs Splay* God, for thy passion ! what a beast am I,  
 To scare the bird that to the net would fly ! [exit  
*Y Art* By your leave, mistress  
*Mrs Ma* What to do, master ?  
*Y Art* To give me leave to love you  
*Mrs Ma* I had rather afford you some love to leave me  
*Y Art* I would you would as soon love me, as I could  
 leave you  
*Mrs Ma* I pray you, what are you, sir ?  
*Y Art* A man, I'll assure you  
*Mrs Ma* How should I know that ?  
*Y Art* 'Tis me, by my word, for I say I am a man ,  
 Or, by my deed, I'll prove myself a man  
*Mrs Ma* Are you not Master Arthur ?  
*Y Art* Not Master Arthur, but Arthur, and your ser-  
 vant, sweet Mistress Mary,

*Mis Ma* Not Mistress Mary but Mary and your hand  
inud sweet Master Arthur

*Y Art* That I love you let my face tell you that I love  
you more than ordioarily let this kiss testify and that I  
love you ferrently and entirely ask this gift and see what  
it will answer you Myself my purse and all being wholly  
at your service

*Mis Ma* That I take your love in good part my thanks  
shall speak for me that I am pleased with your kiss this  
interest of another shall certify you and that I accept  
your gift my prostrate service and self shall witness with  
me My love my lips and sweet self are at your service  
wilt please you to come near sir?

*Y Art* O that my wife were dead! here would I make  
My second choice would she were buried!  
From out her grave this marigold should grow  
Which in my nuptials I would wear with pride  
Die shall she I have doom'd her destiny

*Mis Ma* Tis news Master Arthur to see you in such a  
place  
How doth your wife?

*Y Art* Faith Mistress Mary at the point of death  
And long she cannot live she shall not live  
To trouble me in this my second choice

*Enter AMINAOAB with a bill and head piece*

*Mis Ma* I pray forbear sir for here comes my love  
Good sir for this time leave me by this kiss  
You cannot ask the question at my hand  
I will deny you pray you get you gone

*Y Art* Farewell, sweet Mistress Mary ' [exit

*Mis Ma* Sweet, adieu ' ]

*Amin* Stand to me, bill ' and, head-piecc, sit thou close ' ]  
 I hea my love, my wench, my duck, my dear,  
 Is sought by many sutois, but, with this,  
 I'll keep the door, and enter he that dare ' ]  
 Vinga, be gone, thy twigs I'll turn to steel,  
 These fingers, that were expert in the jerk,  
 Instead of lashing of the trembling *podex*,  
 Must learn pash and knock, and beat and mall,  
 Cleave pates, and *caputs*, he that enters here  
 Comes on his death ' *mors mortis* he shall taste

[he hides himself

*Mis Ma* Alas, poor fool ' the pedant's mad for love ' ]  
 Thinks me more mad that I would marry him  
 He's come to watch me with a rusty bill,  
 To keep my friends away by force of arms  
 I will not see him, but stand still aside,  
 And here observe him what he means to do

*Amin* O, *utinam*, that he that loves her best,  
 Durst offer but to touch her in this place ' ]

*Per Jovem et Junonem* ' *hoc*

Shall pash his coxcomb such a knock,  
 As that his soul his course shall take  
 To Limbo, and Avernus' lake  
 In vain I watch in this dark hole,  
 Would any living durst my manhood try,  
 And offer to come up the stairs this way ' ]

*Mis Ma* O, we should see you make a goodly fray

*Amin* The wench I here watch with my bill,

*Amo amas amari* till

*Qui audeat*—let him come that dare !

Death hell and limbo be his share !

*Enter BRABO with his sword in his hand*

*Bra* Where's Mistress Mary? never a post here

A bar of iron gainst which to try my sword?

Now by my beard a dainty piece of steel

*Amin* O Jove what a qualm is this I feel !

*Bra* Come hither Mall is none here but we two?

When didst thou see the starveling school master? that

rat that shrimp that spindle shank that wren that sheep

biter that lean chitty face that famine that lean envy that

all bones that bare anatomy that Jack a-Lent that ghost

that shadow that moon in the wane

*Amin* I wail in woe I plunge in pain

*Bra* When next I find him here I'll hang him up

Like a dried sausage in the chimney's top

That stock fish that poor John that gut of men !

*Amin* O that I were at home again !

*Bra* When he comes next turn him into the streets

Now come let's dance the shaking of the sheets

*[exunt Mistress Mary and Brabo]*

*Amin* *Qui quæ quod* hence boist'rous bill ! come gentle rod !

Had not grimalkin stamp'd and star'd

Aminadab had little car'd

Or if instead of this brown bill

I had kept my mistress Virga still

And he upon another's back



His points untruss'd, his breeches slack,  
 My countenance he should not dash,  
 For I am expert in the lash  
 But my sweet lass my love doth fly,  
 Which shall make me by poison die  
*Per fidem*, I will rid my life,  
 Either by poison, sword, or knife

[exit]

### ACT III SCENE I

*A Room in Young Arthur's House*

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR and PERKIN*

*Mis Art* Sirrah! when saw you your master?

*Pip* Faith, mistress, when I last look'd upon him

*Mis Art* And when was that?

*Pip* When I beheld him

*Mis Art* And when was that?

*Pip* Marry, when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since when I saw not my master, nor look'd on my master, nor beheld my master, nor had any sight of my master

*Mis Art* Was he not at my father-in-law's?

*Pip* Yes, marry, was he

*Mis Art* Didst thou not entreat him to come home?

*Pip* How should I, mistress? he came not there to-day

*Mis Art* Didst thou not say he was there?

*Pip* True, mistress, he was there, but I did not tell ye when, he hath been there divers times, but not of late

*Mia Act* About your business I here I'll sit and wait  
 His coming home tho' it be ne'er so late  
 Now once again go look him at the Change  
 Or at the church with Sir Aminadah  
 'Tis told me they use often conference;  
 When that is done get you to school again

*Pip* I had rather play the truant at home than go seek  
 my master at school let me see what age am I? some  
 four and twenty and how have I profited? I was five years  
 learning to crish cross from great A and five years longer  
 coming to F there I stuck some three years before I could  
 come to Q and so in process of time I came to e per see  
 and com per se and tittle then I got to a e i o u; after  
 to our father and in the sixteenth year of my age and the  
 fifteenth of my going to school I am in good time gotten  
 to a noun by the same token there my horse went down  
 then I got to a verb there I began first to have a beard  
 then I came to *iste ista istud* there my master whipp'd  
 me till he fetch'd the blood and so forth so that now I  
 am become the greatest scholar in the school for I am  
 bigger than two or three of them But I am gone fare  
 well mistress! [*exit*]

## SCENE II

### *The Street*

*Enter ANSELM and FULLER*

*Full* Love none at all they will forswear themselves  
 And when you urge them with it their replies

*Cf. list-cross the Alphabet.*

Are, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries

*Ans* You told me of a jest concerning that ,  
I pr'ythee, let me hear it

*Ful* That thou shalt

My mistress in a humour had protested,  
That above all the world she lov'd me best ,  
Saying, with simtors she was oft molested,  
And she had lodg'd her heart within my breast ,  
And sware (but me) both by her mask and fan,  
She never would so much as name a man  
Not name a man? quoth I , yet be advis'd ,  
Not love a man but me ! let it be so  
You shall not think, quoth she, my thought's disguis'd  
In flattering language, or dissembling show ,  
I say again, and I know what I do,  
I will not name a man alive but you  
Into her house I came at unaware,  
Her back was to me, and I was not seen ,  
I stole behind her 'till I had her fair,  
Then with my hands I closed both her een ,  
She, blinded thus, beginneth to bethink her  
Which of her loves it was that did hoodwink her  
First she begins to guess and name a man  
That I well knew, but she had known far better ,  
The next I never did suspect till then  
Still of my name I could not hear a letter ,  
Then mad, she did name Robin, and then James,  
'Till she had reckon'd up some twenty names ,  
At length, when she had counted up a score,  
As one among the rest, she hit on me ,

I ask'd her if she could not reckon more  
 And pluck'd away my hands to let her see  
 But when she look'd back and saw me behind her  
 She blush'd and ask'd if it were I did blind her?  
 And since I swear both by her mask and fan  
 To trust no she tongue that can name a man

*Ans* Your great oath hath some exceptions  
 But to our former purpose; you is Mistress Arthur  
 We will attempt another kind of wooing  
 And make her hate her husband if we can

*Ful* But not a word of passion or of love;  
 Have at her now to try her patience

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR*

God save you mistress!

*Mis Art* You are welcome sir

*Ful* I pray you where's your husband?

*Mis Art* Not within

*Ans* Who Master Arthur? him I saw even now  
 At Mistress Mary's the brave courtesan's

*Mis Art* Wrong not my husband's reputation so  
 I neither can nor will believe you sir

*Ful* Poor gentlewoman! how much I pity you  
 Your husband is become her only guest  
 He lodges there and daily diets there  
 He riots revels and doth all things  
 Nay he is held the Master of Misrule  
 Amongst a most loathed and abhorred crew  
 And can you being a woman suffer this?

*Mis Art* Sir sir! I understand you well enough

Admit my husband doth frequent that house  
 Of such dishonest usage, I suppose  
 He doth it but in zeal to bring them home,  
 By his good counsel, from that course of sin,  
 And, like a Christian, seeing them astray  
 In the broad path that to damnation leads,  
 He useth thither to direct their feet  
 Into the narrow way that guides to heaven

*Ans* Was ever woman gull'd so palpably ?  
 But, Mistress Arthur, think you as you say ?

*Mis Art* Sir, what I think, I think, and what I say  
 I would I could enjoin you to believe

*Ans* 'Faith, Mistress Arthur, I am sorry for you,  
 And, in good sooth I wish it lay in me  
 To remedy the least part of these wrongs  
 Your unkind husband daily proffers you

*Mis Art* You are deceived, he is not unkind,  
 Although he bear an outward face of hate,  
 His heart and soul are both assured mine

*Ans* Fie, Mistress Arthur ! take a better spirit,  
 Be not so timorous to rehearse your wrongs  
 I say, your husband haunts bad company,  
 Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton comitizens,  
 There he defiles his body, stains his soul,  
 Consumes his wealth, undoes himself and you,  
 In danger of diseases, whose vile names  
 Are not for any honest mouths to speak,  
 Nor any chaste ears to receive and hear  
 O he will bring that face, admir'd for beauty,  
 To be more loathed than a lep'rous skin !

Divorce yourself now whilst the clouds grow black  
 Prepare yourself a shelter for the storm;  
 Abandon his most loathed fellowship  
 You are young mistress will you lose your youth?

*Mis Art* Tempt no more devil! thy deformity  
 Hath chang'd it self into an angel's shape  
 But yet I know thee by thy course of speech  
 Thou get'st an apple to betray poor I've  
 Whose outside bears a show of pleasant fruit;  
 But the vile branch on which this apple grew  
 Was that which drew poor Eve from Paradise  
 Thy Syren's song could make me drown myself  
 But I am tied unto the mat of truth  
 Admit my husband be inclin'd to vice  
 My virtues may in time recall him home  
 But if we both should desperate run to sin  
 We should abide certain destruction  
 But he's like one that over a sweet face  
 Puts a deformed rizard; for his soul  
 Is free from any such intents of ill  
 Only to try my patience he puts on  
 An ugly shape of black intemperance  
 Therefore this blot of shame which he now wears  
 I with my prayers will purge wash with my tears [Exit

*Ans* Fuller<sup>1</sup>

*Ful* Anselm!

*Ans* How lik'st thou this?

*Ful* As school boys jerks apes whippers lions cocks  
 As Furies do fasting days and devils crosses  
 As maids to have their marriage days put off;

I like it us the thing I most do loath  
 What wilt thou do? for shame, persist no more  
 In this extremity of frivolous love  
 I see, my doctrine moves no precise ears  
 But such as are profess'd innamoratos

*Ans* O, I shall die!

*Ful* Tush! live to laugh a little  
 Here's the best subject that thy love affords,  
 Listen awhile and hear this ho, boy! speak

*Enter AMINADAB*

*Amin* As in presenti, thou loath'st the gift I sent thee,  
*Nolo plus* tarry, but die for the beauteous Mary,  
 Fain would I die by a sword, but what sword shall I die by?  
 Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis puet ibi*  
 Knife I have none to sheath in my breast, or empty my  
     full veins,  
 Here's no wall or post which I can soil with my bruus'd  
     brains,  
 First will I, therefore, say two or three creeds and ave  
     maries,

And after go buy a poison at the apothecary's

*Ful* I pr'ythee, Anselm, but observe this fellow,  
 Do'st not hear him? he would die for love,  
 That mis-shap'd love thou would'st condemn in him,  
 I see in thee I pr'ythee, note him well

*Ans* Were I assur'd that I were such a lover,  
 I should be with myself quite out of love  
 I pr'ythee, let's persuade him still to live

*Ful* That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow,

In desperation would to sooth us up  
 Promise repentant recantation  
 And after fall into that desperate course  
 Both which I will prevent with policy

*Amin* O death! come with thy dart! come death  
 when I bid thee!

*Mors teni teni mors!* and from this misery rid me  
 She whom I lov'd whom I lov'd even she my sweet pretty  
 Mary

Doth but flout and mock and jest and dissimulatory

*Ful* I'll fit him finely in this paper is  
 The juice of mandrake by a doctor mode  
 To cast a man whose leg should be cut off  
 Into a deep a cold and senseless sleep  
 Of such approved operation  
 That who o takes it is for twice twelve hours  
 Breathless and to all men's judgements past all sense  
 This will I give the pedant but in sport  
 For when tis known to take effect in him  
 The world will but esteem it as a jest  
 Besides it may be a means to save his life  
 For being perfect poison as it seems  
 His meaning is some covetous slave for coin  
 Will sell it him though it be held by law  
 To be no better than flat felony

*Ans* Uphold the jest but he hath spy'd us peace!

*Amin* Gentles God save you!

Here is o man I have noted oft most learn'd in physic  
 One man he help'd of the cough another he heal'd of the  
 pthysic



And I will board him thus, *salve, o salve, magister* !

*Ful* *Gratus mihi advenis ! quid tecum vis ?*

*Amin* *Optatum venis, paucis te volo*

*Ful* *Si quid industria nostra tibi faciet, dic, quæso*

*Amin* Attend me, sir,—I have a simple house,

But, as the learned Diogenes saith

In his epistle to Tertullian,

It is extremely troubled with great rats,

I have no *mus* puss, nor grey-ey'd eat,

To hunt them out O, could your learned art

Shew me a means how I might poison them,

*Thus dum suus*, Sir Aminadab

*Ful* With all my heart, I am no rat catcher,

But, if you need a poison, here is that

Will pepper both your dogs, and rats, and cats

Nay, spare your purse, I give this in good will,

And, as it proves, I pray you send to me,

And let me know would you aught else with me ?

*Amin* *Minime quidem*, here's that you say will take  
them,

A thousand thanks, sweet sir, I say to you,

As Tully in his *Æsop's Fables* said,

*Ago tibi gratias*, so farewell ! *vale* !

[*exit*]

*Ful* Adieu ! Come, let us go, I long to see

What the event of this new jest will be

*Enter* YOUNG ARTHUR

*Y Art* Good morrow, gentlemen, saw you not this  
way,

As you were walking, Sir Aminadab ?

*Ans* Master Arthur as I take it

*Y Art* Sir the same

*Ans* Sir I desire your more familiar love

Would I could bid myself unto your house

For I have wish'd for your acquaintance long

*Y Art* Sweet Master Anselm I desire yours too

Will you come dine with me at home to-morrow?

You shall be welcome I assure you sir

*Ans* I fear sir I shall prove too bold a guest

*Y Art* You shall be welcome if you bring your friend

*Ful* O Lord sir we shall be too troublesome

*Y Art* Nay now I will enforce a promise from you  
Shall I expect you?

*Ful* Yes with all my heart

*Ans* A thousand thanks Yonder's the schoolmaster  
So till to-morrow twenty times farewell

*Y Art* I double all your farewells twenty fold

*Ans* O this acquaintance was well scrap'd of me  
By this my love to-morrow I shall see

*[exeunt Anselm and Fuller]*

*Enter AMINADAB*

*Amin* This poison shall by force expel

*Amorem* love *infernum* hell

*Per hoc venenum ego* I

For my sweet lovely lass will die

*Y Art* What do I hear of poison? which sweet means  
Must make me a brave frolic widower

It seems the doating fool being forlorn

Hath got some compound mixture in despair

To end his desperate fortunes and his life,  
 I'll get it from him, and with this make way  
 To my wife's night and to my love's fair day

*Amin* *In nomine domini*, friends, farewell!  
 I know death comes, here's such a smell!

*Pater et mater*, father and mother,  
*Frater et soror*, sister and brother,  
 And my sweet Mury, not these drugs  
 Do send me to the infernal bugs,  
 But thy unkindness, so, adieu!  
 Hob-goblins, now I come to you

*Y Art* Hold, man, I say! what will the madman do?

[*takes away the supposed poison*]

Aye, have I got thee? thou shalt go with me [aside]

No more of that, fie, Sir Minadab,  
 Destroy yourself! If I but hear hereafter  
 You practice such revenge upon yourself,  
 All your friends shall know that for a wench,  
 A paltry wench, you would have kill'd yourself

*Amin* *O tace, quæso*, do not name  
 This frantic deed of mine, for shame  
 My sweet *magister*, not a word,  
 I'll neither drown me in a ford,  
 Nor give my neck such a scope,  
 T' embrace it with a hempen rope,  
 I'll die no way 'till nature will me,  
 And death come with his dart and kill me,  
 If what is past you will conceal,  
 And nothing to the world reveal,  
 Nay, as Quintillian said of yore,

I ll strive to kill myself no more

*I Art* On that condition I ll conceal this deed  
To-morrow pray come and dine with me ;  
For I have many strangers mongst the rest  
Some are desirous of your company  
You will not fail me ?

*Amin* No in sooth  
I ll try the sharpness of my tooth  
Instead of poison I will eat  
Rabbits capons and such meat  
And so as Pythagoras says  
With wholesome fare prolong my days  
But sir will mistress Mall be there ?

*I Art* She shall she shall man never fear

*Amin* Then my spirit becomes strouger  
And I will live and stretch longer ;  
For Ovid said and did not lie  
That poison d men do often die  
But poison henceforth I ll not eat  
Whilst I can other victuals get  
To-morrow if you make a feast  
Be sure sir I will be your guest  
But keep my counsel *cave tu !*  
And till to-morrow sir adieu !  
At your table I will prove  
If I can eat away my love

[*exit*

*Y Art* O I am glad I have thee now devise  
A way how to bestow it cunningly  
It shall be thus to-morrow I ll pretend  
A reconciliation twixt my wife and me

And, to that end, I will invite thus many —  
 First, Justice Reason, as the chief man there ,  
 My father Arthur, Old Lusam, Young Lusam, Master  
     Fuller,

And Master Anselm, I have bid already ,  
 Then will I have my lovely Mary too,  
 Be it but to spite my wife before she die ,  
 For die she shall before to-morrow night  
 The operation of this poison is  
 Not suddenly to kill, they that take it  
 Fall in a sleep, and then 'tis past recure,  
 And thus will I put in her cup to-morrow

*Enter PIPKIN, running*

*Pip* This 'tis to have such a master ! I have sought him  
 at the 'Change, at the school, at every place, but I cannot  
 find him no where O, cry mercy ! my mistress would in-  
 treat you to come home

*Y Art* I cannot come to-night, some urgent business  
 Will all this night employ me otherwise

*Pip* I believe, my mistress would con you as much  
 thank to do that business at home as abroad

*Y Art* Here, take my purse, and bid my wife provide  
 Good cheer against to-morrow, there will be  
 Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance  
 Sirrah, go you to Justice Reason's house ,  
 Invite him first with all solemnity ,  
 Go to my father's, and my father-in-law's ,  
 Here, take this note  
 The rest that come I will invite myself

About it with what quick dispatch thou canst

*Pip* I warrant you master I'll dispatch this business with more honesty than you'll dispatch yours But master will the gentlewoman be there?

*I Art* What gentlewoman?

*Pip* The gentlewoman of the old house that is as well known by the colour she lays on her cheeks as an ale house by the painting is laid on his lattice she that is like *homo* common to all men she that is beholden to no trade but lives of herself

*I Art* Sirrah begone or I will send you hence

*Pip* I'll go but by this hand I'll tell my mistress as soon as I come home that mistress light heels comes to dinner to morrow [exit

*I Art* Sweet Mistress Mary I'll invite myself  
And there I'll frolic sup and spend the night  
My plot is current here 'tis in my hand  
Will make me happy in my second choice  
And I may freely challenge as mine own  
What I am now enforced to seek by stealth  
Love is not much unlike ambition  
For in them both all lets must be removed  
Twixt every crown and him that would aspire  
And he that will attempt to win the same  
Must plunge up to the depth of her head and ears  
And hazard drowning in that purple sea  
So he that loves must needs through blood and fire  
And do all things to compass his desire [exit

## SCENE III

*A Room in Young Arthur's House*

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR and her MAID*

*Mis Art* Come, spread the table, is the hall well  
rubb'd?

The cushions in the windows neatly laid?

The cupboard of plate set out? the casements stuck

With rosemary and flowers? the carpets brush'd?

*Maid* Aye, forsooth, mistress

*Mis Art* Look to the kitchen-maid, and bid the cook  
take down the oven stone, the pies be burn'd here, take  
my keys, and give him out more spice

*Maid* Yes, forsooth, mistress

*Mis Art* Where's that knave Pipkin? bid him spread  
the cloth,

Fetch the clean diaper napkins from my chest,

Set out the gilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make himself handsome, get him a clean band

*Maid* Indeed, forsooth, mistress, he is such a sloven,

That nothing will sit handsome about him,

He had a pound of soap to scour his face,

And yet his brow looks like the chimney stock

*Mis Art* He'll be a sloven still maid, take this apron,  
And bring me one of linen, quickly, maid

*Maid* I go, forsooth

*Mis Art* There was a cut'sy, let me see't again,  
Aye, that was well —[*exit Maid*] I fear my guests will come

Ere we be ready What a spite is this

*Within* Mistress †

*Mis Art* What's the matter?

*Within* Mistress I pray take Pipkin from the fire  
We cannot keep his fingers from the roast

*Mis Art* Bid him come hither what a knave is that!  
Fie fie never out of the kitchen!  
Still broiling by the fire †

*Enter* PIPKIN

*Pip* I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire  
Till the broth be enough

*Enter* MAID *with an apron*

*Mis Art* Well sirrah get a napkin and a trencher  
And wait to-day So let me see my apron

*Pip* Mistress I can tell ye one thing my master's  
wench  
Will come home to-day to dinner

*Enter* JUSTICE REASON *and his man* HURCH

*Mis Art* She shall be welcome if she be his guest  
But here's some of our guests are come already  
A chair for Justice Reason sirrah!

*Justice* Good morrow Mistress Arthur † you are like a  
good housewife  
At your request I am come home What a chair!  
Thus age seeks ease Where is your husband mistress?  
What a cushion too †



*Pip* I pray you, ease your tail, sir

*Justice* Marry, and will, good fellow, twenty thanks

*Pip* Master Hugh, as weleome as heart can tell, or tongue can think

*Hugh* I thank you, Master Pipkin, I have got many a good dish of broth by your means

*Pip* According to the ancient courtesy you are welcome, according to the time and place you are heartily weleome when they are busied at the board, we will find ourselves busied in the buttry, and so, sweet Hugh, according to our scholars' phrase, *gratuloi adventum tuum*

*Hugh* I will answer you with the like, sweet Pipkin, *gratias*

*Pip* As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can, good Hugh But here comes more guests

*Enter* OLD MASTER ARTHUR, and OLD MASTER LUSAM

*Mis Art* More stools and cushions for these gentlemen

*O Art* What, Master Justice Reason, are you here?  
Who would have thought to have met you in this place?

*O Lus* What say mine eyes, is Justice Reason here?  
Mountains may meet, and so, I see, may we

*Justice* Well! when men meet, they meet,  
And when they part they oft leave one another's company,  
So we, being met, are met

*O Lus* Truly, you say true,  
And Master Justice Reason speaks but reason  
To hear how wisely men of law will speak!

*Enter ANSELM and FULLER*

*Ans* Good morrow gentlemen !

*Mis Art* What ! are you there ?

*Ans* Good morrow mistress and good morrow all !

*Justice* If I may be so bold in a strange place

I say good morrow and as much to you

I pray gentlemen will you sit down ?

We have been young like you and if you live

Unto our age you will be old like us

*Ful* Be rul'd by reason but who's here ?

*Enter AMINADAB*

*Amin* *Salvete omnes* ! and good day

To all at once as I may say

First Master Justice next Old Arthur

That gives me pension by the quarter

To my good mistress and the rest

That are the founders of this feast

In brief I speak to *omnes* all

That to their meat intend to fall

*Justice* Welcome Sir Aminadab O my son

Hath profited exceeding well with you

Sit down sit down by Mistress Arthur's leave

*Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR YOUNG MASTER LUSAN and  
MISTRESS MARY*

*I Art* Gentlemen welcome all whilst I deliver

Their private welcomes wife be it your charge

To give this gentlewoman entertainment

*Mis Art* Husband, I will Oh, this is she usurps  
 The precious interest of my husband's love,  
 Though, as I am a woman, I could well  
 Thrust such a lewd companion out of doors,  
 Yet, as I am a true obedient wife,  
 I'd kiss her feet to do my husband's will [aside  
 You are entirely welcome, gentlewoman,  
 Indeed, you are, pray do not doubt of it

*Mis Ma* I thank you, Mistress Arthur, now, by my  
 little honesty,

It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman [aside

*Y Art* Gentles, put o'er your legs, first, Master  
 Justice,

Here you shall sit

*Justice* And here shall Mistress Mary sit by me

*Y Art* Pardou me, sir, she shall have my wife's place

*Mis Art* Indeed, you shall, for he will have it so

*Mis Ma* If you will needs, but I shall do you wrong to  
 take your place

*O Lus* Aye, by my faith, you should

*Mis Art* That is no wrong which we impute no wrong  
 I pray you, sit

*Y Art* Gentlemen all, I pray you, seat yourselves  
 What, Sir Aminadab, I know where your heart is

*Amin* Mum, not a word, *par vobis*, peace  
 Come, gentles, I'll be of this mess

*Y Art* So, who gives thanks?

*Amin* Sir, that will I

*Y Art* I pray you to it by and by where's Pipkin?  
 Wait at the board, let Master Reason's man

Be had into the buttry bnt first give him  
 A naphin and a trencher Well said Hugh  
 Wait at your master's elbow —now say grace

*Amin Gloria Deo* sirs preface

Attend me now whilst I say grace  
 For bread and salt for grapes and malt  
 For flesh and fish and every dish  
 Mutton and beef of all meats chief  
 For cow heels chutterlings tripes and souse  
 And other meat that s in the house  
 For racks for breasts for legs for loins  
 For pies with raisins and with prunes  
 For fritters pan-cakes and for frys  
 For ven son pasties and minc d pies  
 Sheeps head and garlick brawn and mustard  
 Wafers spied cakes tart and custard  
 For capons rabbits pigs and geese  
 For apples caraways and cheese  
 For all these and many mo

*Benedicamus Domino* !

*All Amen*

*Justice* I con you thanks but Sir Aminadab  
 Is that your scholar? now I promise yoo  
 He is a toward stripling of his age

*Pip* Who I forsooth? yes indeed forsooth I am his  
 scholar I would you should well think I have profited  
 under him too you shall bear if he will pose me

*O Art* I pray you let s hear him

*Amin Huc ades Pipkin*

*Pip Adsum*

*Amin* *Quot casus sunt?* how many cases are there?

*Pip* Marry, a great many

*Amin* Well answer'd, a great many, there are six,  
Six, a great many, 'tis well answer'd,  
And which be they?

*Pip* A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a candle-case

*Justice* I know them all, again, well answer'd  
Pray God, my youngest son profit no worse

*Amin* How many parsons are there?

*Pip* I'll tell you as many as I know, if you'll give me leave to reckon them

*Ans* I pr'ythee, do

*Pip* The parson of Fenchurch, the parson of Pancras, and the parson of—

*Y Art* Well, sir, about your business —now will I Temper the cup my loathed wife shall drink

[*aside, and exit*]

*O Art* Daughter, methinks you are exceeding sad

*O Lus* 'Faith, daughter, so thou art exceeding sad

*Mis Art* 'Tis but my countenance, for my heart is merry

Mistress, were you as merry as you are welcome,  
You should not sit so sadly as you do

*Mis Ma* 'Tis but because I am seated in your place,  
Which is frequented seldom with true mirth

*Mis Art* The fault is neither in the place nor me

*Amin* How say you, lady, to him you last did he by?  
All this is no more, *prohibeo tibi*

*Mis Ma* I thank you, sir Mistress, this daught shall be,

To him that loves both you and me

*Mis Art* I know your meaning

*Ans* Now to me

If she have either love or charity

*Mis Art* Here Master Justice thus to your grave years

A mournful draught God wot half wine half tears [*aside*

*Justice* Let come my wench here youngsters to you  
all

You are silent here & that will make you talk

Wenches methinks you sit like puritans

Never a jest abroad to make them laugh?

*Ful* Sir since you move speech of a puritan

If you will give me audience I will tell ye

As good a jest as ever you did hear

*O Art* A jest? that's excellent!

*Justice* Before hand let's prepare ourselves to laugh

A jest is nothing if it be not good

Now now I pray you when begins this jest?

*Ful* I came unto a puritan to woo her

And roughly did salute her with a kiss

Away! quoth she and rudely push'd me from her

Brother by yea and nay I like not this

And still with amorous talk she was saluted

My artless speech with Scripture was confuted

*O Lux* Good good indeed the best that e'er I heard

*O Art* I promise you it was exceeding good

*Ful* Oft I frequented her abode by night

And courted her and spake her wondrous fair

But ever somewhat did offend her sight

Either my double ruff or my long hair

My scarf was vain, my garments hung too low,  
My Spanish shoe was cut too broad at toe

*All* Ha, ha! the best that ever I heard

*Ful* I parted for that time, and came again,  
Seeming to be conform'd in look and speech,  
My shoes were sharp-toed, and my band was plain,  
Close to my thigh my metamorphos'd breech,  
My cloak was narrow cap'd, my hair cut shorter,  
Off went my scarf, thus march'd I to the porter

*All* Ha, ha! was ever heard the like?

*Ful* The porter, spying me, did lead me in,  
Where his fair mistress sate reading of a chapter,  
Peace to this house, quoth I, and those within,  
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,  
And ever as I spake, and came her nigh,  
Seeming divine, turn'd up the white of eye

*Justice* So, so, what then?

*O Lus* Forward, I pray, forward, sir

*Ful* I spake divinely, and I call'd her sister,  
And by this means we were acquainted well  
By yea and nay, I will, quoth I, and kiss'd her,  
She blush'd, and said, that long-tongu'd men would tell,  
I seem'd to be as secret as the night,  
And said, on sooth, I would put out the light

*O Art* In sooth he would, a passing, passing jest

*Ful* O, do not swear, quoth she, yet put it out,  
Because I would not have you break your oath  
I felt a bed there, as I grop'd about,  
In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both  
Swear you, in troth, quoth she? had you not sworn,

I had not don t but took it in foul scorn  
 Then you will come quoth I? though I be loath  
 I ll come quoth she be t but to keep your oath  
*Justice* 'Tis very pretty; but now when s the jest?  
*O Art* O forward to the jest in any case  
*O Lus* I would not for an angel lose the jest  
*Ful* Here s right the dunghill cock that finds a pearl  
 To talk of wit to these is as a man  
 Should cast out jewels to a herd of swine  
 Why in the last words did consist the jest  
*O Lus* Aye in the last words? ha ha ha!  
 It was an excellent admir'd jest  
 To them that understood it

*Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR with two cups of wine*

*Justice* It was indeed I must for fashion s sake  
 Say as they say but otherwise O God! [*aside*]  
 Good Master Arthur thanks for our good cheer

*Y Art* Gentlemen welcome all now hear me speak—  
 One special cause that mov d me lead you hither  
 Is for an ancient grudge that hath long since  
 Continued twixt my modest wife and me  
 The wrongs that I have done her I recant  
 In either hand I hold a sev'ral cup  
 This in the right hand wife I drink to thee  
 This in the left hand pledge me in this draught  
 Burying all former hatred so have to thee [*he drinks*]

*Mis Art* The welcom st pledge that yet I ever took  
 Were this wine poison or did taste like gall  
 The honey sweet condition of your draught



Would make it drink like neectar I will pledge you,  
Weie it the last that I should ever drink

*Y Art* Make that account thus, gentlemen, you see  
Our late discord brought to a unity

*Amin Ecce, quam bonum et quam jucundum  
Est habitare fratres in unum*

*O Art* My heart doth taste the sweetness of your pledge,  
And I am glad to see this sweet accord

*O Lus* Glad, quotha, there's not one amongst us,  
But may be exceeding glad

*Justice* I am, aye, marry, am I, that I am

*Y Lus* The best accord that could betide their loves

*Ans* The worst accord that could betide my love

[all about to rise]

*Amin* What, rising, gentles? keep your place,  
I'll close up your stomachs with a grace,

*O Domine et chare Pater,*

That giv'st us wine instead of water,

And from the pond and river clear,

Mak'st nappy ale, and good March beer,

That send'st us sundry sorts of meat,

And every thing we drink or eat,

To maids, to wives, to boys, to men,

*Laus Deo sancto, Amen*

*Y Art* So, much good do ye all, and, gentlemen,  
Accept your welcomes better than your cheer

*O Lus* Nay, so we do, I'll give you thanks for all  
Come, Master Justice, you do walk our way,  
And Master Arthur, and old Hugh your man,  
We'll be the first will strain civility

*Justice* God be with you all!

*[exeunt O Art O Lus and Justice Reason*

*Amin Proximus ego sum* I'll be the next

And man you home how say you lady?

*I Art* I pray you do good Sir Aminadab

*Mis Ma* Sir if it be not too much trouble to you

Let me entreat that kindness at your hands

*Amin* Entreat! sic! no sweet lass command

*Sic* so *nunc* now take the upper hand

*[exit Mis Ma escorted by Amin*

*I Art* Come wif this meeting was all for our sakes

I long to see the force my poison takes *[aside*

*Mis Art* My dear dear hu band in exchange of hate

My love and heart shall on your service wait

*[exeunt I Art Mis Art and Pip/in*

*Ans* So doth my love on thee but long no more

To her rich love thy service is too poor

*Ful* For shame no more! you had best expostulate

Your love with every stranger leave these sighs

And change them to familiar conference

*I Lus* Trust me the virtues of young Arthur's wife

Her constancy modest humility

Her patience and admired temperance

Have made me love all womankind the better

*Re enter PIP/in*

*Pip* O my mistress! my mistress! she's dead! she's gone! she's dead! she's gone!

*Ans* What's that he says?

*Pip* Out of my way! stand back, I say! all joy from earth is fled!

She is this day as cold as clay, my mistress she is dead!

O Lord, my mistress! my mistress! [*exit*

*Ans* What, Mistress Arthur dead? my soul is vanish'd,  
And the world's wonder from the world quite banish'd

O, I am sick, my pain grows worse and worse,

I am quite struck through with this late discourse

*Ful* What! faint'st thou, man? I'll lead thee hence, for  
shame!

Swoon at the tidings of a woman's death!

Intolerable, and beyond all thought!

Come, my love's fool, give me thy hand to lead,

This day one body and two hearts are dead

[*exeunt Anselm and Fuller*

*Y Lus* But now she was as well as well might be,

And on the sudden dead, joy in excess

Hath over-run her poor disturbed soul

I'll after, and see how Master Arthur takes it,

His former hate far more suspicious makes it [*exit*

*Enter HUGH, and after him, PIPKIN*

*Hugh* My master hath left his gloves behind where he sat in his chair, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such an old snudge, he'll not lose the droppings of his nose

*Pip* O, mistress! O, Hugh! O, Hugh! O, mistress! Hugh, I must needs beat thee, I am mad! I am lunatic! I must fall upon thee my mistress is dead! [*beats Hugh*

*Hugh* O, Master Pipkin, what do you mean? what do you mean, Master Pipkin?

*Pip* O Hugh! O mistress! O mistress! O Hugh!

*Hugh* O Pipkin! O God! O God! O Pipkin!

*Pip* O Hugh I am mad! bear with me I cannot eluse  
O death! O mistress! O mistress! O death! [exit

*Hugh* Death quotha he hath almost made me dead  
with beating

*Re enter JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR and OLD MASTER LUSAM*

*Justice* I wonder why the knave my man stays thus  
And comes not back see where the villain loiters

*Re enter PIPKIN*

*Pip* O Master Justice! Master Arthur! Master Lusam!  
wonder not why I thus blow and bluster my mistress is  
dead! dead is my mistress! and therefore hang yourself  
O my mistress my mistress! [exit

*O Art* My son a wife dead!

*O Lus* My daughter!

*Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR mourning*

*Justice* Mistress Arthur! here comes her husband

*Y Art* O here the woeful st husband comes alive  
No husband now the wight that did uphold  
That name of husband is now quite o erthrown  
And I am left a hapless widower

*O Art* Fain would I speak if grief would suffer me

*O Lus* As Master Arthur says so say I  
If grief would let me I would weeping die  
To be thus hapless in my aged years!  
O I would speak but my words melt to tears

*Y Art* Go in, go in, and view the sweetest corpse,  
 That e'er was laid upon a mournful room  
 You cannot speak for weeping sorrow's doom  
 Bad news are rife, good tidings seldom come [*exunt*

## ACT IV SCENE I

### *The Street*

#### *Enter ANSELM*

*Ans* What frantic humour doth thus haunt my sense,  
 Striving to breed destruction in my spirit ?  
 When I would sleep, the ghost of my sweet love  
 Appears unto me in an angel's shape  
 When I'm awake, my fantasy presents,  
 As in a glass, the shadow of my love  
 When I would speak, her name intrudes itself  
 Into the perfect echoes of my speech  
 And though my thought beget some other word,  
 Yet will my tongue speak nothing but her name  
 If I do meditate, it is on her,  
 If dream of her, or if discourse of her,  
 I think her ghost doth haunt me, as in times  
 Of former darkness old wives' tales report

#### *Enter FULLER*

Here comes my better genius, whose advice  
 Directs me still in all my actions  
 How now, from whence come you ?

*Ful* Faith from the street in which as I pass'd by  
 I met the modest Mistress Arthur's corpse  
 And after her as mourners first her husband  
 Next Justice Reason then old Master Arthur  
 Old Master Lusam and young Lusam too  
 With many other kinsfolks neighbours friends  
 And others that lament her funeral  
 Her body is by this laid in the vault

*Ans* And in that vault my body I will lay  
 I pray thee leave me thither is my way

*Ful* I am sure you jest you mean not as you say

*Ans* No no I'll but go to the church and pray

*Ful* Nay then we shall be troubled with your humour

*Ans* As ever thou didst love me or as ever  
 Thou didst delight in my society  
 By all the rights of friendship and of love  
 Let me entreat thy absence but one hour  
 And at the hour's end I will come to thee

*Ful* Nay if you will be foolish and past reason  
 I'll wash my hands like Pilate from thy folly  
 And suffer thee in these extremities

[*exit*]

*Ans* Now it is night and the bright lamps of heaven  
 Are half burnt out now bright Adalbora  
 Welcomes the cheerful day star to the east  
 And harmless stillness hath possess'd the world  
 This is the church — this hollow is the vault  
 Where the dead body of my saint remains  
 And this the coffin that enshroues her body  
 For her bright soul is now in paradise  
 My coming is with no intent of sin

Or to defile the body of the dead,  
 But rather take my last farewell of her,  
 Or languishing and dying by her side,  
 My airy soul post after her's to heaven

[*comes to Mistress Artur's tomb*]

First, with this latest kiss I seal my love  
 Her lips are warm, and I am much deceiv'd  
 If that she stir not O, this Golgotha,  
 This place of dead men's bones, is terrible,  
 Presenting fearful apparitions !  
 It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,  
 And makes my hair start up on end with fear !  
 Come to thyself, faint heart,—she sits upright !  
 O, I would hide me, but I know not where  
 Tush, if it be a spirit, 'tis a good spirit,  
 For, with her body living, ill she knew not,  
 And, with her body dead, ill cannot meddle

*Mis Art* Who am I ? or, where am I ?

*Ans* O, she speaks, and, by her language, now I know  
 she lives

*Mis Art* O, who can tell me where I am become ?  
 For, in this darkness, I have lost myself,  
 I am not dead, for I have sense and life  
 How come I then in this coffin buried ?

*Ans* Anselm, be bold, she lives, and destiny  
 Hath train'd thee hither to redeem her life

*Mis Art* Lives any 'mongst these dead ? none but my-  
 self

*Ans* O, yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,  
 Lives and survives at your return to life

Nay start not I am Anselm one who long  
 Hath doted on your fair perfection  
 And loving you more than became me well  
 Was hither sent by some strange providence  
 To bring you from these hollow vaults below  
 To be a liver in the world again

*Mis Art* I understand you and I thank the heavens  
 That sent you to revive me from this fear  
 And I embrace my safety with good will

*Enter THE AGES and BOYS*

*Ages* *Mane citus lectum fuge mollem discute somnum  
 Templa petas supplex et veneratum deum*  
 Shake off thy sleep get up betimes go to the church and  
 pray  
 And never fear God will thee hear and keep thee all the  
 day

Good counsel boys observe it mark it well  
 This early rising thus *diluculo*  
 Is good both for your bodies and your minds  
 'Tis not yet day give me my trider box;  
 Meantime unloose your satchels and your books  
 Draw draw and take you to your lessons boys

*1st Boy* O Lord master what's that in the white sheet?

*Ages* In the white sheet my boy? *Dic ubi* where?

*1st Boy* *Vide* master *vide illic* there

*Ages* O *Domine Domine* keep us from evil

A charm from flesh the world and the devil' [*exeunt*]

*Mis Art* O tell me not my husband was ingrate  
 Or that he did attempt to poison me



Or that he laid me here, and I was dead,  
These are no means at all to win my love

*Ans* Sweet mistress, he bequeath'd you to the earth,  
You promis'd him to be his wife 'till death,  
And you have kept your promise but now, since  
The world, your husband, and your friends suppose  
That you are dead, grant me but one request,  
And I will swear never to solicit more  
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest love

*Mis Art* So your demand may be no prejudice  
To my chaste name, no wrong unto my husband,  
No suit that may concern my wedlock breach,  
I yield unto it, but to pass the bounds of modesty and  
chastity,

First will I bequeath myself again  
Unto this grave, and never part from hence,  
Than taint my soul with black impurity

*Ans* Take here my hand and faithful heart to gage  
That I will never tempt you more to sin  
This my request is,—since your husband doats  
Upon a lewd lascivious courtezan,—  
Since he hath broke the bonds of your chaste bed,  
And, like a murd'rer, sent you to your grave,  
Do but go with me to my mother's house,  
There shall you live in secret for a space,  
Only to see the end of such lewd lust,  
And know the difference of a chaste wife's bed,  
And one whose life is in all looseness led.

*Mis Art* Your mother is a virtuous matron held  
Her counsel, conference, and company,

May much avail me there a space I'll stay  
 Upon condition as you said before  
 You never will move your unchaste suit more

*Ans* My faith is pawn'd O never had chaste wife  
 A husband of so lewd and unchaste life ! [*exeunt*

## SCENE II

*A Room in Mistress Mary's House*

*Enter* MISTRESS MARY MISTRESS SPLAY and BRABO

*Bra* Mistress I long have serv'd you even since  
 These bristled hairs upon my grave like chin  
 Were all unborn when I first came to you  
 These infant feathers of these ravens wings  
 Were not once begun

*Mis Splay* No indeed they were not

*Bra* Now in my two mustachios for a need  
 Wanting a rope I well could hang myself  
 I pry thee mistress for all my long service  
 For all the love that I have borne thee long  
 Do me this favor now to marry me

*Enter* YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

*Mis Ma* Marry come up! you blockhead! you great  
 ass!

What! wouldst thou have me marry with a devil?  
 But peace no more here comes the silly fool  
 That we so long have set our lime twigs for  
 Begone and leave me to entangle him

[*exeunt* Mistress Splay and Brabo

*Y Art* What, Mistress Mary ?

*Mis Ma* O good Master Arthur, where have you been  
this week, this month, this year ?

This year, said I ? where have you been this age ?

Unto a lover, ev'ry minute seems time out of mind

How should I think you love me, that can endure to stay  
so long from me ?

*Y Art* I'faith, sweetheart, I saw thee yesternight

*Mis Ma* Aye, true, you did, but since you saw me not,  
At twelve o'clock you parted from my house,  
And now 'tis morning, and new stricken seven,  
Seven hours thou staid'st from me, why didst thou so ?  
They are my seven years' 'prentiership of woe

*Y Art* I pr'ythee, be patient, I had some occasion  
That did enforce me from thee yesternight

*Mis Ma* Aye, you are soon enfore'd, fool that I am,  
To doat on one that nought respecteth me '  
'Tis but my fortune, I am born to bear it,  
And ev'ry one shall have their destiny

*Y Art* Nay, weep not, wench, thou wound'st me with  
thy tears

*Mis Ma* I am a fool, and so you make me too,  
These tears were better kept than spent in waste  
On one that neither tends them nor me,  
What remedy ? but if I chance to die,  
Or to miscarry with that I go withal,  
I'll take my oath\* that thou art cause thereof,  
You told me, that when your wife was dead,

\* Printed death in all the editions

You would forsake all others and take me

*I Art* I told thee so and I will keep my word  
And for that end I came thus early to thee  
I have procur'd a licence and this night  
We will be married in a lawless church

*Mis Ma* These news revive me and do somewhat ease  
The thought that was new gotten to my heart  
But shall it be to-night?

*Y Art* Aye wench to-night  
A se nnight oad odd days since my wife died  
Is past already and her timeless death  
Is but a nine days talk come go with me  
And it shall be dispatched presently

*Mis Ma* Nay then I see thou lov'st me and I find  
By this last motion thou art grown more kind

*Y Art* My love and kindness like my age shall grow  
And with the time increase and thou shalt see  
The older I grow the kinder I will be

*Mis Ma* Aye so I hope it will but as for mine  
That with my age shall day by day decrease [aside  
Come shall we go?

*Y Art* With thee to the world's end  
Whose beauty most admire and all commend [exunt

### SCENE III

*The Street near the House of Anselm's Mother*

*Enter ANSELM and FULLER*

*Ans* 'Tis true as I relate the circumstance  
And she is with my mother safe at home

But yet, for all the hate I can allege  
Against her husband, nor for all the love  
That on my own part I can urge her to,  
Will she be won to gratify my love.

*Ful* All things are full of ambiguity,  
And I admire this wond'rous accident  
But, Anselm, Arthur's about a new wife, a *bona robā*,  
How will she take it when she hears this news?

*Ans* I think, even as a virtuous matron should,  
It may be, that report may, from thy mouth,  
Beget some pity from her flinty heart,  
And I will urge her with it presently

*Ful* Unless report be false, they are link'd already,  
They are fast as words can tie them. I will tell thee  
How I, by chance, did meet him the last night —  
One said to me, this Arthur did intend  
To have a wife, and presently to marry,  
Amidst the street I met him as my friend,  
And to his love a present he did carry,  
It was some ring, some stonacher, or toy,  
I spake to him, and bade God give him joy  
God give me joy, quoth he, of what, I pray?  
Marry, quoth I, your wedding that is toward  
'Tis false, quoth he, and would have gone his way  
Come, come, quoth I, so near it and so froward  
I urg'd him hard by our familiar loves,  
Pray'd him, withal, not to forget my gloves  
Then he began —your kindness hath been great,  
Your courtesy great, and your love not common,  
Yet so much favor pray let me entreat,

To be excus'd from marrying any woman  
 I knew the wench that is become his bride  
 And smil'd to think how deeply he had lied  
 For first he swore he did not court a maid  
 A wife he could not she was elsewhere tied  
 And as for such as widows were he said  
 And deeply swore none such should be his bride  
 Widow nor wife nor maid I ask'd no more  
 Knowing he was betroth'd unto a whore

*Ans* Is it not Mistress Mary that you mean?  
 She that did dine with us at Arthur's house?

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR*

*Ful* The same the same — here comes the gentle  
 woman

Oh Mistress Arthur I am of your counsel  
 Welcome from death to life

*Ans* Mistress this gentleman hath news to tell ye  
 And as you like of it so think of me

*Ful* Your husband hath already got a wife  
 A huffing wench a faith whose rustling silks  
 Make with their motion music unto love  
 And you are quite forgotten

*Ans* I've sworn to move this my unchaste demand no  
 more

*Ful* When doth your colour change?  
 When do your eyes sparkle with fire to revenge these  
 wrongs?  
 When doth your tongue break into rage and wrath  
 Against that seum of manhood your vile husband?

He first misus'd you

*Ans* And yet can you love him ?

*Ful* He left your chaste bed, to defile the bed  
Of sacred marriage with a courtezan

*Ans* Yet can you love him ?

*Ful* And not content with this,  
Abus'd your honest name with sland'rous words,  
And fill'd your hush'd house with unquietness

*Ans* And can you love him yet ?

*Ful* Nay, did he not, with his rude fingers, dash you on  
the face,

And double-dye your coral lips with blood ?  
Hath he not torn those gold wires from your head,  
Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,  
And kept them to play music to the gods ?  
Hath he not beat you, and with his rude fists  
Upon that crimson temperature of your cheeks,  
Laid a lead colour with his boist'rous blows ?

*Ans* And can you love him yet ?

*Ful* Then did he not,  
Either by poison, or some other plot,  
Send you to death, where, by his providence,  
God hath preserved you by wond'rous miracle ?  
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd  
Your place with an unmodest courtezan ?

*Ans* And can you love him yet ?

*Mis Art* And yet, and yet, and still, and ever whilst I  
breathe this air

Nay, after death, my unsubstantial soul,  
Like a good angel, shall attend on him,

And keep him from all harm  
 But is he married? much good do his heart  
 Pray God she may content him better far  
 Than I have done long may they live in peace  
 Till I disturb their solace but because  
 I fear some mischief doth hang o'er his head  
 I'll weep my eyes dry with my present care  
 And for their healths make hoarse my tongue with prayer  
[*exit*]

*Ful* Ar't sure she is a woman? if she be  
 She is create of nature's purity

*Ans* O yes I too well know she is a woman  
 Henceforth my virtue shall my love withstand  
 And of my striving thoughts get the upper hand

*Ful* Then thus resolv'd I straight will drink to thee  
 A health thus deep to drown thy melancholy [*exunt*]

## ACT V SCENE I

*A Room in Mistress Maja's House*

*Enter MISTRESS MARY YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR BRABO and  
 MISTRESS SPLAY*

*Mrs Ma* Not have my will? yes I will have my will  
 Shall I not go abroad but when you please?  
 Can I not now and then meet with my friend  
 But at my coming home you will controul me?  
 Marry come up!



*Y Art* Where art thou, patience ?  
 Nay, rather, where's become my former spleen ?  
 I had a wife would not have us'd me so

*Mis Ma* Why, you Jacksauce ! you cuckold ! you  
 what not !

What, am I not of age sufficient  
 To go and come still when my pleasure serves,  
 But must I have you, sir, to question me ?  
 Not have my will ! yes, I will have my will

*Y Art* I had a wife would not have us'd me so,  
 But she is dead

*Bra* Not have her will, sir ! she shall have her will  
 She says she will, and, sir, I say she shall  
 Not have her will ! that were a jest indeed,  
 Who says she shall not ? if I be dispos'd  
 To man her forth, who shall find fault with it ?  
 What's he that dare say black's her eye ?  
 Though you be married, sir, yet you must know,  
 That she was ever born to have her will

*Mis Splay* Not have her will ! God's passion ! I say  
 still,  
 A woman's nobody that wants her will,

*Y Art* Where is my spirit ? what, shall I maintain  
 A strumpet with a Brabo and her bawd,  
 To beard me out of my authority ?  
 What, am I from a master made a slave ?

*Mis Ma* A slave ? nay, worse, dost thou maintain my  
 man,  
 And thus my maid ? 'tis I maintain them both  
 I am thy wife, I will not be drest so

While thy gold lasts but then most willingly  
 I will bequeath thee to flat beggary  
 I do already hate thee do thy worst  
 Nay touch me if thou dar'st what shall he beat me?

*Bra* I'll make him seek his fingers amongst the dogs  
 That dares to touch my mistress never fear  
 My sword shall smooth the wrinkles of his brows  
 That bends a frown upon my mistress.

*I Art* I had a wife would not have us'd me so  
 But God is just

*Mis Ma* Now Arthur if I knew  
 What in this world would most torment thy soul  
 That I would do would all my evil usage  
 Could make thee straight despair and hang thyself!  
 Now I remember —where is Arthur's man  
 Pipkin? that slave! go turn him out of doors  
 None that loves Arthur shall have house room here

*Enter PIPKIN*

Yonder he comes Brabo discard the fellow

*I Art* Shall I be overmaster'd in my own?  
 Be thyself Arthur —strumpet! he shall stay

*Mis Ma* What! shall he Brabo? shall he Mistress  
 Splay?

*Bra* Shall he? he shall not breathes there any living  
 Dares say he shall when Brabo says he shall not?

*Y Art* Is there no law for this? she is my wife  
 Should I complain I should be rather mock'd  
 I am content keep by thee whom thou list  
 Discharge whom thou think'st good do what thou wilt

Rise, go to bed, stay at home, or go abroad  
 At thy good pleasure, keep all companies,  
 So that, for all this, I may have but peace  
 Be unto me as I was to my wife,  
 Only give me, what I deny'd her then,  
 A little love, and some small quietness  
 If he displease thee, turn him out of doors

*Pip* Who, me? Turn me out of doors? Is thus all the wages I shall have at the year's end, to be turned out of doors? You, mistress! you are a

*Mis Splay* A what? speak, a what? touch her and touch me, taint her and taint me, speak, speak, a what?

*Pip* Marry, a woman that is kin to the frost

*Mis Splay* How do you mean that?

*Pip* And you are a-kin to the Latin word, to understand

*Mis Splay* And what's that?

*Pip* *Subaudi, subaudi*, and, sir, do you not use to pink doublets?

*Mis Splay* And why?

*Pip* I took you for a cutter, you are of a great kindred, you are a common cozener, every body calls you cousin, besides, they say you are a very good warrener, you have been an old coney catcher but, if I be turn'd a begging, as I know not what I am born to, and that you ever come to the said trade, as nothing is impossible, I'll set all the commonwealth of beggars on your back, and all the congregation of vermin shall be put to your keeping, and then, if you be not more bitten than all the company of beggars besides, I'll not have my will zounds! turn'd out of doors! I'll go and set up my trade, a dish to drink in,

that I have within a wallet that I'll make of an old shirt  
 then my speech for the Lord's sake I beseech your wor-  
 ship then I must have a lame leg I'll go to foot! all and  
 break my shins and I am provided for that

*Bra* What! stands the villain prating? hence you  
 slave! *[Exit Pipkin]*

*I Art* Art thou yet pleas'd?

*Mis Ma* When I have had my humour

*I Art* Good friends for manners sake awhile  
 withdraw

*Bra* It is our pleasure sir to stand aside

*[Mistress Splay and Bra's stand aside]*

*I Art* Mary what cause hast thou to use me thus?

From nothing I have rais'd thee to much wealth;

'Twas more than I did owe thee many a pound

Nay many a hundred pound I spent on thee

In my wife's time; and once but by my means

Thou hadst been in much danger but in all things

My purse and credit ever bare thee out

I did not owe thee this I had a wife

That would have laid herself beneath my feet

To do me service; her I set at naught

For the entire affection I I owe thee

To show that I have lov'd thee have I not

Above all women made chief choice of thee?

An argument sufficient of my love;

What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

*Mis Ma* It is my humour

*I Art* O but such humours honest wives should  
 purge

I'll shew thee a far greater instance yet  
Of the true love that I have borne to thee  
'Thou knew'st my wife was she not fair ?

*Mis Ma* So, so

*Y Art* But more than fair, was she not virtuous ?  
Endued with the beauty of the mind ?

*Mis Ma* 'Faith, so they said

*Y Art* Hark, in thine ear ! I'll trust thee with my life,  
Than which what greater instance of my love  
Thou knew'st full well how suddenly she died —  
T' enjoy thy love, even then I poison'd her

*Mis Ma* How ! poison'd her ? accursed murderer !  
I'll ring this fatal 'larum in all ears,  
Than which what greater instance of my hate ?

*Y Art* Wilt thou not keep my counsel ?

*Mis Ma* Villain, no ! thou'lt poison me, as thou hast  
poison'd her

*Y Art* Dost thou reward me thus for all my love ?  
Then, Arthur, fly, and seek to save thy life !

O, difference 'twixt a chaste and unchaste wife ! [Exit

*Mis Ma* Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight

*Bra* Why, what's the matter, mistress ?

*Mis Ma* 'This villain Arthur poison'd his first wife,  
Which he, in secret, hath confess'd to me,  
Go and fetch warrants from the justices  
T' attach the murtherer; he once hung'd and dead,  
His wealth is mine pursue the slave that's fled

*Bra* Mistress, I will, he shall not pass this land,  
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand

[Exit

## SCENE II

*The Street before the House of Anselm's Mother**Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR*

*Mis Art* O what are the vain pleasures of the world  
 That in their actions we affect them so ?  
 Had I been born a servant my low life  
 Had steady stood from all these miseries  
 The waving reeds stand free from every gust  
 When the tall oaks are rent up by the roots  
 What is vain beauty but an idle breath ?  
 Why are we proud of that which so soon changes ?  
 But rather wish the beauty of the mind  
 Which neither time can alter sickness change  
 Violence deface nor the black hand of envy  
 Smudge and disgrace or spoil or make deform'd  
 O had my riotous husband borne this mind  
 He had been happy I had been more blest  
 And peace had brought our quiet souls to rest

*Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR*

*Y Art* O whither shall I fly to save my life  
 When murder and despair dogs at my heels ?  
 O misery ! thou never foundst a friend  
 All friends forsake men in adversity  
 My brother hath denied to succour me  
 Upbraiding me with name of murderer  
 My uncle double bars their doors against me

My father hath denied to shelter me,  
 And curs'd me worse than Adam did vile Eve  
 I that, within these two days, had more friends  
 Than I could number with arithmetic,  
 Have now no more than one poor cypher is,  
 And that poor cypher I supply myself  
 All that I durst commit my fortunes to,  
 I have tried, and find none to relieve my wants  
 My sudden flight, and fear of future shame,  
 Left me unfurnish'd of all necessities,  
 And these three days I have not tasted food

*Mis Art* It is my husband; O, how just is heaven!  
 Poorly disguis'd, and almost hunger-starv'd!  
 How comes this change?

*Y Art* Dost no man follow me?  
 O how suspicious guilty murder is!  
 I starve for hunger, and I die for thirst  
 Had I a kingdom I would sell my crown  
 For a small bit of bread I shame to beg,  
 And yet, perforce, I must or beg or starve  
 This house, belike, 'longs to some gentlewoman,  
 And here's a woman, I will beg of her,  
 Good mistress, look upon a poor man's wants  
 Whom do I see? tush! Arthur, she is dead  
 But that I saw her dead and buried,  
 I would have sworn it had been Arthur's wife,  
 But I will leave her, shame forbids me beg  
 Of one so much resembles her

*Mis Art* Come hither, fellow! wherefore dost thou  
 turn

Thy guilty looks and blushing face aside ?

It seems thou hast not been brought up to this

*Y Art* You say true mistress then for charity

And for her sake whom you resemble most

Pity my present want and misery

*Mis Art* It seems thou hast been in some better plight,

Sit down I prythee men though they be poor

Should not be scorn'd to ease thy hunger first

Eat these conserves and now I prythee tell me

What thou hast been thy fortunes thy estate

And what she was that I resemble most

*Y Art* First look that no man see or overbear us

I think that shape was born to do me good

*Mis Art* Hast thou known one that did resemble me ?

*Y Art* Aye mistress I cannot chuse but weep

To call to mind the fortunes of her youth

*Mis Art* Tell me of what estate or birth was she

*Y Art* Born of good parents and as well brought up

Most fair but not so fair as virtuous

Happy in all things but her marriage

Her riotous husband which I weep to think

By his lewd life made them both miscarry

*Mis Art* Why dost thou grieve at their adversities ?

*Y Art* O blame me not that man my kinsman was,

Nearer to me a kinsman could not be

As near allied was that chaste woman too

Nearer was never husband to his wife

He whom I term'd my friend no friend of mine

Proving both mine and his own enemy

Poison'd his wife O the time he did so !



Joyed at her death, inhuman slave to do so '  
 Exchang'd her love for a base strumpet's lust ,  
 Foul wretch ' accused villain ' to exchange so

*Mis. Art* You are wise, and blest, and happy, to repent  
 so

But what became of him and his new wife ?

*Y Art* O hear the justice of the highest heaven  
 This strumpet, in reward of all his love,  
 Pursues him for the death of his first wife ,  
 And now the woeful husband languisheth,  
 Flies upon, pursu'd by her fierce hate ,  
 And now, too late, he doth repent his sin,  
 Ready to perish in his own despair,  
 Having no means but death to rid his care

*Mis Art* I can endure no more, but I must weep ,  
 My blabbing tears cannot my counsel keep *[aside*

*Y Art* Why weep you, mistress ? if you had the heart  
 Of her whom you resemble in your face,—  
 But she is dead, and, for her death,  
 The sponge of either eye  
 Shall weep red tears 'till every vein is dry

*Mis Art* Why weep you, friend ? your rainy drops pray  
 keep,

Repentance wipes away the drops of sin  
 Yet tell me, friend, he did exceeding ill,  
 A wife, that lov'd and honor'd him, to kill  
 Yet say, one like her, far more chaste than fair,  
 Bids him be of good comfort, not despair  
 Her soul's pleas'd with his repentant tears,  
 Wishing he may survive her many years

Fain would I give him money to supply  
 His present wants but fearing he should fly  
 And getting over to some foreign shore  
 These rainy eyes should never see him more  
 My heart is full I can no longer stny  
 But what I am my love must needs bewray *[aside]*  
 Farewell good fellow and take this to spend;  
 Say one like her commends her to your friend *[exit]*

*I Art* No friend of mine I was my own soul's foe  
 To murder my chaste wife that lov'd me so!  
 In life she lov'd me dearer than her life  
 What husband here but would wish such a wife?  
 I hear the officers with hue and cry  
 She sav'd my life but now and now I die  
 And welcome death! I will not stir from hence  
 Death I deerv'd I'll die for this offence

*Enter BRABO with OFFICERS MISTRESS SPLAY and HUGH*

*Bra* Here is the murderer; and Reason's man  
 You have the warrant sirs lay hands on him  
 Attach the slave and lead him bound to death

*Hugh* No by my faith Master Brabo you have the  
 better heart at least you should have I am sure you have  
 more iron and steel than I have do you lay hands on him  
 I promise you I dare not

*Bra* Constables forward forward officers  
 I will not thrust my finger in the fire  
 Lay hands on him I say why step you back?  
 I mean to be the hindmost least that any  
 Should run away and leave the rest in peril

Stand forward are you not asham'd to fear ?

*Y Art* Nay, never strive, behold, I yield myself  
I must commend your resolution,  
That, being so many, and so weapon'd,  
Dare not adventure on a man unarm'd  
Now, lead me to what prison you think best  
Yet, use me well, I am a gentleman

*Hugh* Truly, Master Arthur, we will use you as well as  
heart can think, the justices sit to-day, and my master is  
chief you shall command me

*Bra* What<sup>1</sup> hath he yielded? if he had withstood us,  
This cun telave of mine had cleft his head,  
Resist he durst not, when he once spy'd me  
Come, lead him hence how lik'st thou this, sweet witch?  
This fellow's death will make our mistress rich

*Mis Splay* I say, I care not who's dead or alive,  
So, by their lives or deaths, we two may thrive

*Hugh* Come, bear him away [*ea cun'*

### SCENE III

*A Room in Justice Reason's House*

*Enter* JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR, and OLD MAS-  
TER LUSAM

*Justice* Old Master Arthur, and Master Lusam, so it is  
that I have heard both your complaints, but understood  
neither, for, you know, *Legere et non intelligere negligere*  
*est*

*O Art* I come for favour, as a father should,

Pitying the fall and ruin of his sun

*O Lus* I come for justice as n father should  
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter

*Justice* You come for favour and yuu come for justice  
Justice with favour is not partial

And using that I hope to please you both

*O Art* Good Master Justice think upon my son

*O Lus* Good Master Justice think upon my daughter

*Justice* Why so I do I think upon them both  
But can do neither of you good

For he that lives must die and she that s dead  
Cannot be revived

*O Art* Lusam thou seek st to rob me of my son  
My only son

*O Lus* He robb d me of my daughter my only daughter

*Justice* And robbers are flat felons by the law

*O Art* Lusam I say thou art a blood sucker  
A tyraat a remorseless caanibal

Old as I am I'll prove it on thy bones

*O Lus* Am I a blood sucker or cannibal?  
Am I a tyrant that do thirst for blood?

*O Art* Aye if thou seek st the ruin of my son  
Thou art a tyrant and a blood sucker

*O Lus* Aye if I seek the ruin of thy son I am indeed

*O Art* Nay more thou art n dotard  
And in the right of my accused son  
I challenge thee the field Meet me I say  
To-morrow morning beside Islington

And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar st

*O Lus* Meet thee with my sword and buckler

There's my glove  
 I'll meet thee, to revenge my daughter's death  
 Call'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore years  
 I never handled weapon but a knife,  
 To cut my meat, yet will I meet thee there  
 God's precious ' call me dotard?

*O Art* I have cause,  
 Just cause, to call thee dotard, have I not?

*O Lus* Nay, that's another matter, have you cause?  
 Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,  
 To be call'd dotard of one that hath cause

*Justice.* My masters, you must leave this quarrelling,  
 for quarrellers are never at peace, and men of peace, while  
 they are at quiet, are never quarrelling so you, whilst you  
 fall into brawls, you cannot chuse but jar Here comes  
 your son accused, and his wife the accuser, stand forth  
 both Hugh, be ready with your pen and ink to take their  
 examinations and confessions

*Enter* MISTRESS MARY, BRABO, YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR,  
 MISTRESS SPLAY, HUGH, and OFFICERS

*Y Art* It shall not need, I do confess the deed,  
 Of which this woman here accuseth me,  
 I poison'd my first wife, and, for that deed,  
 I yield me to the mercy of the law

*O Lus* Villain! thou mean'st my only daughter,  
 And in her death depriv'dst me of all joys

*Y Art* I mean her I do confess the deed,  
 And, though my body taste the force of law,  
 Like an offender, on my knce, I beg

Your anery oul will pardon me her death

*O Lus* Nay if he kneeling do confess the deed  
No reason but I should forgive her death

*Justice* But so the law must not be satisfied  
Blood must have blood and men must have death  
I think that cannot be dispens'd withal

*Mis Ma* If all the world else would forgive the deed  
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law

*I Art* I had o wife would not have us'd me so  
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tongue  
To be offensive to my patient ears  
But in exchan<sup>ce</sup> for her I did prefer  
A devil before a saint night before day  
Hell before heaven and dross before tried gold  
Never was bargain with such damage sold

*Bra* If you want witness to confirm the deed  
I heard him speak it and that to his face  
Before this presence I will justify  
I will not part hence till I see him swing

*Mis Splay* I heard him too pity but he should die  
And like o murderer he sent to hell  
To poison her and make her belly swell

*Mis Ma* Why stay you then? give judgment on the  
slave

Whose shameless life deserves o shameful grave

*Y Art* Death's bitter pangs are not so full of grief  
As this unkindness every word thou speak'st  
Is a sharp dagger thrust quite through my heart  
As little I deserve this at thy hands  
As my kind patient wif deserv'd of me

I was her torment, God hath made thee mine ,  
Then, wherefore at just plagues should I repine ?

*Justice* Where did'st thou buy this poison ? for such  
drugs

Are felony for any man to sell

*Y Art* I had the poison of Aminadab ,  
But, innocent man, he was not accessory  
To my wife's death , I clear him of the deed

*Justice* No matter, fetch him, fetch him, bring him  
To answer to this matter at the bar  
Hugh, take these officers and apprehend him.

*Bra* I'll aid him too , the schoolmaster, I see,  
Perhaps may hang with him for company

*Enter ANSELM and FULLER*

*Ans* This is the day of Arthur's examination  
And trial for the murder of his wife ,  
Let's hear how Justice Reason will proceed,  
In censuring of his strict punishment

*Ful.* Anselm, content , let's thrust in 'mong the throng

*Enter AMINADAB and the OFFICERS*

*Amin* O, *Domine* ! what mean these knaves,  
To lead me thus with bills and glaves ?  
O, what example would it be,  
To all my pupils for to see,  
To tread their steps all after me,  
If, for some fault, I hanged be ,  
Somewhat surely I shall mar,  
If you bring me to the bar

But peace betake thee to thy wits

For yonder Justice Reason sits

*Justice* Sir Dab Sir Dab here's one accuseth you

To give him poison being ill employ'd

Speak how in this case you can clear yourself

*Amin* *Hei mihi!* what should I say? the poison given I  
deny

He took it perforce from my hands and *Domine* why not?

I got it of a gentleman he most freely gave it

Ask he knew me my means was only to have it

*Y Art* Tis true I took it from this man perforce

And snatch'd it from his hand by rude constraint

Which proves him in this act not culpable

*Justice* Aye but who sold the poison unto him?

That must be likewise known speak schoolmaster

*Amin* A man *verbosus* that was a fine *generosus*

He was a great guller his name I take to be Fuller

See where he stands that unto my hands convey'd a powder

And like a knave sent her to her grave obscurely to shroud  
her

*Justice* Lay hands on him are you a poison seller?

Bring him before us sirrah what say you?

Sold you a poison to this honest man?

*Ful* I sold no poison but I gave him one  
To kill his rats

*Justice* Ha ha! I smell a rat

You sold him poison then to kill his rats?

The word to kill argues a murderous mind

And you are brought in compass of the murder



So set him by, we will not hear him speak  
That Arthur, Fuller, and the schoolmaster,  
Shall by the judges be examined

*Ans* Sir, if my friend may not speak for himself,  
Yet let me his proceedings justify

*Justice* What's he that will a murder justify?  
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him, I say,  
For justifiers are all accessaries,  
And accessaries have deserv'd to die.  
Away with him! we will not hear him speak,  
They all shall to the High Commissioners

*Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR*

*Mis Art* Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while,  
I bring a warrant to the contrary,  
And I will please all parties presently

*Y Art* I think my wife's ghost haunts me to my  
death,

Wretch that I was, to shorten her life's breath!

*O Art* Whom do I see, my son's wife?

*O Lus* What, my daughter?

*Justice* Is it not Mistress Arthur that we see,  
That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

*Mis Art* This man's condemn'd for pois'ning of his wife,  
His poison'd wife yet lives, and I am she,  
And, therefore, justly I release his bands  
This man, for suff'ring him these drugs to take,  
Is likewise bound, release him for my sake  
This gentleman that first the poison gave,  
And this his friend, to be releas'd I crave

Murder there cannot be where none is kill'd  
 Her blood is sav'd whom you suppos'd was spill'd  
 Father in law I give you here your son  
 The act to do which you suppos'd was done  
 And father now joy in your daughter's life  
 Whom heaven hath still kept to be Arthur's wife

*O Art* O welcome welcome daughter! now I see  
 God by his power both preserved thee

*O Lus* And tis my wench whom I suppos'd was dead  
 My joy revives and my sad woe is fled

*I Art* I know not what I am nor where I am  
 My soul's transported to an ecstasy  
 For hope and joy confound my memory

*Mis Ma* What do I see? lives Arthur's wife again?  
 Noy then I labour for his death in vain

*Bra* What secret force did in her nature lurk,  
 That in her soul the poison would not work?

*Mis Splay* How can it be the poison took no force?  
 She lives with that which would have kill'd a horse!

*Mis Art* Noy shun me not be not ashom'd at all  
 To heaven not me for grace and pardon fall  
 Look on me Arthur blush not at my wrongs

*Y Art* Still fear and hope my grief and woe prolongs  
 But tell me by what power thou didst survive?  
 With my own hands I temper'd that vile draught  
 That sent thee breathless to thy grandsire's grave  
 If that were poison I receiv'd of him

*Amin* That *ego nescio* but this dram  
 Receiv'd I of this gentleman  
 The colour was to kill my rats

But 'twas my own life to dispatch

*Ful* Is it even so? then this ambiguous doubt,  
 No man can better than myself decide,  
 That compound powder was of poppy made and mandrakes,  
 Of purpose to cast one into a sleep,  
 To ease the deadly pain of him, whose leg  
 Should be saw'd off, that powder gave I to the school-  
 master

*Amm* And that same powder, even that *idem*,  
 You took from me, the same *per fidem*

*Y Art* And that same powder I commix'd with wine,  
 Our godly knot of wedlock to untwine

*O Art* But, daughter, who did take thee from thy grave?

*O Lus* Discourse it, daughter

*Ans* Nay, that labour save,  
 Pardon me, Master Arthur, I will now  
 Confess the former frailty of my love  
 Your modest wife with words I tempted oft,  
 But neither ill I could report of you,  
 Nor any good I could forge for myself,  
 Would win her to attend to my request,  
 Nay, after death, I lov'd her in so much,  
 That to the vault where she was buried,  
 My constant love did lead me through the dark,  
 There ready to have ta'en my last farewell  
 The parting kiss I gave her I felt warm,  
 Briefly I bare her to my mother's house,  
 Where she hath since liv'd the most chaste and true,  
 That since the world's creation eye did view

*Y Art* My first wife, stand you here, my second there,

And in the midst myself he that will chuse  
A good wife from a bad come learn of me  
That have tried both in wealth and misery  
A good wife will be careful of her fame  
Her husband's credit and her own good name  
And such art thou A bad wife will respect  
Her pride her lust and her good name neglect  
And such art thou A good wife will be still  
Industrious apt to do her husband's will;  
But a bad wife cross spiteful and madling  
Never keep home but always be a gadling;  
And such art thou A good wife will conceal  
Her husband's dangers and nothing reveal  
That may procure him harm and such art thou  
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlock's vow  
On this hand virtue and on this hand sin;  
Thus who would strive to lose or this to win?  
Here lives perpetual joy here burning woe  
Now husbands choose on which hand you will go  
Seek virtuous wives all husband will be blest  
Fair wives are good but virtuous wives are best  
They that my fortunes will peruse shall find  
No beauty like the beauty of the mind

[*exunt*]

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Church Street

# THE BALL

A COMEDY

WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

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LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BAI DWYN NEWCASTLE-STREET

MDCCCXXIV

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Maurice For church use.

# THE BALL

A COMEDY

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WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

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LONDON

PRINTED BY THOMAS COTES FOR ANDREW CROOKE AND  
WILLIAM COOKE

1639





## THE BALL

THIS excellent old Comedy was licensed to be acted on the 16th of November 1639 and the representation appears from the MSS of Sir Henry Herbert the Master of the Revels to have given great offence In the play of *The Ball* says he written by Shirley and acted by the Queen's Players there were divers personated so lively both of Lords and others of the Court that I took it ill and would have forbidden the Play but that Biston [Christopher Beeston] promised many things which I found fault withal should be left out and that he would not suffer it to be done by the Poet any more who deserves to be punished and the first that offends in this kind of Poets or Players shall be sure of public punishment From an allusion to this Play in the following passage in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure* it appears not unlikely that the admonition of the Master of the Revels induced the poets to leave out some of the more obnoxious parts in the publication of it.

Y<sup>e</sup> th<sup>e</sup> gam<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> u<sup>e</sup> h<sup>e</sup> wh<sup>ic</sup>h co<sup>u</sup>sum<sup>e</sup> m<sup>u</sup>  
Y<sup>e</sup> f<sup>o</sup>r m<sup>u</sup> than p<sup>ro</sup>se y<sup>e</sup> e<sup>l</sup> l<sup>e</sup> th<sup>e</sup> gl<sup>o</sup>r<sup>y</sup>  
Y<sup>e</sup> meeti<sup>ng</sup> call'd *The Ball* to wh<sup>ic</sup>h p<sup>ro</sup>p<sup>er</sup>  
A to th<sup>e</sup> C<sup>o</sup>rt f<sup>o</sup>r Pleas<sup>u</sup>re all y<sup>e</sup> gall<sup>an</sup>ts  
A d<sup>i</sup>l<sup>e</sup>des th<sup>e</sup> th<sup>e</sup> bou<sup>nd</sup> d<sup>y</sup> s<sup>h</sup>o<sup>u</sup>ld  
Of Ven<sup>er</sup> d<sup>e</sup> m<sup>u</sup>l<sup>t</sup> C<sup>o</sup>p<sup>y</sup> d<sup>e</sup> h<sup>ig</sup>h d<sup>e</sup> pl<sup>as</sup>

Titled the Faculty of Love translated  
 Into more civil strain there was a point  
 And had the Poet not been belidled in respect  
 Expression of your enigma be'd be't  
 Some darks he'd been clearing up at the deed too  
 In time he may repent or break a sweat too  
 To see the reason of the olden stage."

According to Sir Henry Herbert, in the passage above quoted, *The Ball* was written by Shirley, and from internal evidence we should say, that if not the whole yet the greater part was written by him. There is more nicety and discrimination in the characters than Chapman was capable of, and the humour is chiefly of that kind in which Shirley delights and excels.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED

---

LORD RAINBOW  
SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT  
SIR MARMADUKE TRAVERS  
COLONEL WINFIELD  
MR BOSTOCK  
MR FRESHWATER  
MR BARKER  
MONSIEUR LE FRISKE  
GUDGEON *Servant to Freshwater*  
SOLOMON *Servant to Lucina*  
*Servants &c*  
LADY LUCINA  
LADY ROSAMOND  
LADY HONORIA  
MISTRESS SCUTILLA  
*Venus Diana Cupid*



## THE BALL

### ACT I SCENE I

*Enter SIR MARMADUKE TRAVERS and MR BOSTOCK*

*Bos* Whither so fast Sir Marmaduke? a world

*Mar* My honorable blood! would I could stay  
To give thee twenty I am now engag'd  
To meet a noble gentleman

*Bos* Or rather  
A gentlewoman let her alone and go  
With me

*Mar* Whither?

*Bos* I'll shew thee a lady of fire

*Mar* A lady of the lake were not so dangerous

*Bos* I mean a spirit in few words because  
I love thee I'll be open I am going  
To see my mistress

*Mar* I'll dispense with my

Occasion to see a handsome lady,  
I know you'll chuse a rare one

*Bos* She is a creature  
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,  
And an estate besides—thou canst not chuse,  
But know her name, the Lady Lucina

*Man* Is she your mistress?

*Bos* Mine! whose but mine?  
Am I not nobly born? does not my blood  
Deserve her?

*Mar* To tell you truth, I was now going thither,  
Though I pretended an excuse, and with  
A compliment from one that is your rival

*Bos* Does she love any body else?

*Man* I know not,  
But she has half a score, upon my knowledge,  
Are suitors for her favour

*Bos* Name but one,  
And if he cannot shew as many coats—

*Mar* He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes  
His game well

*Bos* Be an understanding knight,  
And take my meaning, if he cannot shew  
As much in heraldry—

*Mar* I do not know how rich he is in fields,  
But he is a gentleman

*Bos* Is he a branch of the nobility?  
How many lords can he call cousin? else  
He must be taught to know he has presum'd  
To stand in competition with me

THE BALL

*Mar* You will not kill him?

*Bos* You shall pardon me

I have that within me must not be provok'd  
There be some living now that have been kill'd  
For lesser matters

*Mar* Some living that have been kill'd!

*Bos* I mean some living that have seen examples  
Not to confront nobility and I  
Am sensible of my honour

*Mar* His name is

Sir Ambrose

*Bos* Lamount a knight of yesterday  
And he shall die to-morrow name another

*Mar* Not so fast sir you must take some breath

*Bos* I care no more for killing half a dozen  
Knights of the lower house I mean that are not  
Descended from nobility than I do  
To kick any footman and Sir Ambrose were  
knight of the Sun king Oberon should not save him  
Nor his queen Mab

*Enter SIR AMBROSE LANMOUNT.*

*Mar* Unluckily he is here sir

*Bos* Sir Ambrose

How does thy knighthood? ha!

*Amb* My nymph of honour well I joy to see thee

*Bos* Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to  
Lady Lucina

*Amb* I have ambition  
To be her servant



*Bos* Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend  
Thy judgement

*Amb* Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too

*Bos* Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.  
But I could never see you there

*Mar* I hope,  
Sir, we may live

*Bos* I'll tell you, gentlemen,  
Cupid has given us all one livery,  
I serve that lady too, you understand me  
But who shall carry her, the fates determine,  
I could be knighted too

*Amb* That would be no addition to  
Your blood

*Bos* I think it would not, so my lord told me,  
Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my other  
Cousin, there's a spark his predecessors  
Have match'd into the blood, you understand  
He put me upon this lady, I proclaim  
No hopes, pray let's together, gentlemen,  
If she be wise I say no more, she shall not  
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me  
To draw a sword, I have vow'd that

*Mar* You did but jest before

*Amb* 'Twere pity that one drop  
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground  
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die

*Mar* As I believe them not immortal, sir

*Amb* Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,  
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes

THE BALL

To furnish the barren parts of Christendom

*Enter Solomon*

*Sol* Sir Marmaduke! in private my lady would  
Speak with you *[aside to Sir Marmaduke]*

*Amb* 'Tis her servant what's the matter?

*Bos* I hope he is not sent for

*Sol* But come alone I shall be troubled  
With their inquiries but I'll answer 'em

*Amb* Solomon! *[takes him aside]*

*Sol* My lady would speak with you sir

*Amb* Me?

*Sol* Not too loud I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke

*Mar* This is good news *[aside]*

*Bos* I do not like this whispering

*Sol* *[to Sir Amb]* Forget not the time and to come alone

*Amb* This is excellent *[aside]*

*Bos* Solomon dost not know me? *[takes him aside]*

*Sol* My business is to you sir these  
kept me off my lady I mean

Has a great mind to speak with you

Little do these imagine how she humours you

*Bos* If I fail may the surgeon

When he opens the next vein let not all my honorable  
blood

There's for thy pains what thou shalt be hereafter

Time shall declare but this must be conceal'd

*[exit Solomon]*

*Amb* You look pleasant

*Mar* No no I have no cause you smile Sir Ambrose

*Amb* Who, I?—The Colonel

*Enter the COLONEL*

*Mar* But of our file, another of her suitors

*Amb* Noble Colonel

*Col* My honoured knights, and men of lusty kindred

*Bos* Good morrow

*Col* Morrow to all gentlemen I'll tell you  
Who is return'd

*Amb* From whence?

*Col* A friend of ours that went to travel

*Mar* Who, who?

*Col* I saw him within these three minutes, and know  
not how I lost him again, he's not far off d'ye keep a ca-  
talogue of your debts?

*Bos* What debts?

*Col* Such dulness in your memory! there was  
About six months ago a gentleman  
That was persuaded to sell all his land,  
And to put the money out most wisely,  
To have five for one at his return from Venice  
The shotten herring is hard by

*Amb* Jack Freshwater! I'll not see him yet.

*Bos* Must we pay him?

*Col* It will be for your honour, marry, we,  
Without much stain, may happily compound,  
And pay him nothing

*Enter FRESHWATER, MONSIEUR LE IRISK, and GUDGEON*  
Here comes the thing!

THE BALL.

With what formality he treads and talks  
And manœveth a toothpick like a statesman

*Amb* How he's transform'd!

*Mar* Is not his soul Italian?

*Bos* I'll not bid him welcome home

*Amb* Nor I

*Mar* What's the other rat that's with him?

*Col* D'ye not know him 'tis the court dancing weasel

*Mar* A dancer and so gay!

*Col* A mere French footman sir does he not look  
Like a thing come off o' th' saltcellar?

*Mar* A dancer?

I would allow him gay about the legs  
But why his body should exceed decorum  
Is a sin o' th' state

*Fres* That's all

[to *Le Frishe*]

I can inform you of their dance in Italy  
Marry that very morning I left Venice  
I had intelligence of a new device

*Le Fris* For the dance Monsieur?

*Fres* Si signor I know nat

What countryman invented but they say  
There be chopinoes made with such rare art  
That worn by a lady when she means to dance  
Shall with their very motion sound forth music  
And by a secret sympathy with their tread  
Strike any tune that without other instrument  
Their feet both dance and play

*Le Fris* Your lodging Monsieur?

That when I have leisure I may dare

Present an humble *serviteur*

*Fres* I do lie

At the sign of *Donna Margaretta de Pia*

In the Strand

*Gud* At the Magget a Pie in the Strand, sir

*Le Fris* At de Magdepie, bon, adieu, *serviteur* [exit

*Amb* He will not know us

*Gud* D'ye see those gentlemen ?

*Fres* Thou Pantalone,\* be silent

*Col* I'll speak to him

You're welcome home, sir

*Fres* Signior ! [exit

*Col* He will not know me, this is excellent

He shall be acquainted better, ere I part

With any sums

*Amb* Next time we'll not know him

*Bos* Would all my creditors had this blessed ignorance !

*Mar* Now, colonel, I'll take my leave

[*exeunt Sir Marmaduke and Sir Ambrose*

*Bos* I am engag'd too

*Col* Well

*Bos* I shall meet you anon,

I am to wait upon a cousin of mine

*Col* A countess ?

\* *Pantalone* In the old edition this word is spelt *Platalone*, which is most probably an error of the press. That a person who pretends to have just returned from Venice, and who affects, in consequence, a knowledge of the Italian language, should sprinkle his conversation with Italian, is likely enough. The character of Pantalone (an old man) was common on the Italian stage, and is, it is conjectured, used here in the sense of *Dotard*

THE BALL

*Bos* My lord

*Enter LORD RAINBOW and BARKER*

*Lord R* Cousin <sup>1</sup>

*Bos* Your lordship honours me in this acknowledgement

*Lord R* Colonel <sup>1</sup>

*Bos* D'ye not know me sir?

*Bar* You're not a proclamation that every man is bound to take notice of and I cannot tell who you are by instinct

*Lord R* A kinsman of mine Frank

*Col* Good morrow to your lordship

*Lord R* Colonel your humble servant hark you  
Frank <sup>1</sup> [*exeunt Lord Rainbow and Barker*]

*Bos* You are acquainted with my lord then

Is he not a complete gentleman? his family  
Came in with the Conqueror

*Col* You had not else been kin to him

*Bos* A poor slip a scion from that honorable tree

*Col* He is the ladies' idol they have not leisure

To say their prayers for him a great advancer  
Of the new ball

*Bos* Nay he's right right as my leg colonel

*Col* But t'other gentleman you do not know his inside

*Bos* I have seen him he looks philosophical

*Col* Who! he's the wit whom your nobility

Are much oblig'd to for his company

He has a railing genius and they cherish it

Flings dirt in every face when he's in the humour

And they must laugh and thank him he is dead else

*Bos* Will the lords suffer him?

Present an humble *serviteur*

*Fres* I do he

At the sign of *Donna Margaretta de Pia*

In the Strand

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Flings dirt in every face when he s t the humour

And they must laugh and thank him he is dead else

*Bos* Will the lords suffer him?



*Col* Or lose their mirth, he's known in every science,  
 And can abuse 'em all, some have supposed  
 He has a worm in's brain, which at some time  
 O' the moon doth ravish him into perfect madness,  
 And then he prophecies, and will depose  
 The emperor, and set up Bethlem Gabor \*

*Bos* He's dead, I hope he will not conjure for him

*Col* His father shall not 'scape him nor his ghost,  
 Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must have free passage,  
 He's gone! and I lose time to talk of him  
 Farewell! Your countess may expect too long

*Bos* Farewell! colonel

[*exunt*]

## SCENE II

*Enter LADY ROSAMOND, and LADY HONORIA*

*Ros* Why do you so commend him?

*Hon* Does he not

Deserve it? Name a gentleman in the kingdom,  
 So affable, so moving in his language,  
 So pleasant, witty, indeed every thing  
 A lady can desire

*Ros* Sure thou dost love him,  
 I'll tell his lordship, when I see him again,  
 How zealous you are in his commendation

*Hon* If I be not mistaken, I have heard  
 Your tongue reach higher in his praises, madam,

\* Bethlem Gabor, the famous Prince of Transylvania, being proclaimed King of Hungary, was opposed by the Emperor, and obliged to conclude a peace in 1624

Howe'er you now seem cold but if you tell him  
 My opinion as you shall do him no pleasure  
 You can do me no injury I know  
 His lordship has the constitution  
 Of other courtiers—they can endure  
 To be commended

*Ros* But I pry thee tell me  
 Is it not love whence this proceeds? I have  
 I must confess discours'd of his good parts  
 Desir'd his company

*Hon* And had it?

*Ros* Yes and had it

*Hon* All night

*Ros* You are not I hope jealous  
 If I should say all night I need not blush  
 It was but at a ball but what of this?

*Hon* Even what you will

*Ros* I hope you have no patent  
 To dance alone with him if he have privilege  
 To kiss another lady she may say  
 He does salute her and return a curtesey  
 To shew her breeding but I'll now be plainer  
 Although you love this lord it may be possible  
 He may dispose his thoughts another way

*Hon* He may o

*Ros* Who can help it? he has eyes  
 To look on more than one and understands  
 Perhaps to guide and place his love upon  
 The most deserving object

*Hon* Most deserving?

This language is not level with that friendship  
You have profess'd, this touches a comparison

*Ros* Why do you think all excellence is throng'd  
Within your beauty ?

*Hon* You are angry, lady ,  
How much does this concern you to be thus  
Officious in his cause, if you be not  
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection ,  
I must interpret this no kind respect  
To me

*Ros* Angry ! ha, ha !

*Hon* You then transgress against civility

*Ros* Good madam, why ? because  
I think and tell you that another lady  
May be as handsome in some man's opinion ,  
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold  
Proportion with you, on some entreaty ?

*Enter LORD RAINBOW*

*Lord R* They're loud, I'll not be seen yet

*Ros* What is it that exalts you above all  
Comparison ? my father was as good  
A gentleman, and my mother has as great  
A spirit

*Hon* Then you love him too ?

*Ros* 'Twill appear  
No greater miracle in me, I take it  
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may  
Affect him with a better consequence

*Hon* Your consequence perhaps may be denied too  
 Why there are no such wonders in your eye  
 Which other compositions do not boast of  
 My lord no doubt hath in his travels clapp'd  
 As modest cheeks and kiss'd as melting lips

*Ros* And yet mine are not pale

*Hon* It may be they blush for the teeth behind them

*Ros* I have read

No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath

*Hon* 'Tis not perfum'd

*Ros* But I have heard your tongue exalted much  
 Highly commended

*Hon* Not above your forehead

When you have brush'd away the hairy pent'erush  
 And made it visible

*Lord R* I'll now interrupt 'em

They'll fall by the ears else presently [*he comes forward*]

*Hon* My lord

*Lord R* What in contention ladies?

*Ros* Oh my lord you're welcome

*Lord R* Express it in discovery of that

Made you so earnest I am confident

You were not practising a dialogue

To entertain me

*Hon* Yet it did concern you

*Ros* Do not you blush? sic madam

*Pent'er* A i pri ted pent'her A i th riginal ed t I i probabl  
 th th i te ded to write pe t I meanl g ye thouse th h gl g  
 oof d porches f h e bel g th ally th t bed w th ru hes i th gh  
 I ha er se th w d sed bef

*Lord R* Nay, an' you come to blush once, and fie, madam,  
I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,

And thus

*[He kisses them both]*

*Hon* You were kiss'd first, discover now  
At your discretion

*Ros* My lord, we were in jest

*Hon* It might have turn'd to earnest, if your lordship  
Had not interpos'd

*Lord R* Come, out with it

*Ros* We had a difference

*Lord R* Well said

*Ros* About a man in the world, you had best name him

*Hon* You have the better gift nt telling secrets

*Lord R* Yet again, come I'll help it out, there is  
A gentleman in the world, some call a lord

*Ros* Did your lordship overhear us?

*Lord R* Nay, nay, you must stand to 't—one whom you  
Love, it will appear no greater miracle  
In you, I take it, one, no doubt, that hath  
Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd  
As melting lips, thus far I'm right, but what  
Name this most happy man doth answer to,  
Is not within my circle

*Hon* Yet you know him

*Ros* Not to return your lordship longer in the dark,  
Confident you'll not accuse my modesty  
For giving you a truth, you shall not travel  
Beyond yourself to find his name, but do not  
Triumph, my lord

*Lord R* Am I so fortunate?

Then love I do forgive thee and will cherish  
 The flame I did suspect would ruin me  
 You two divide my love only yon two  
 Be gentle in your empire heavenly ladies !  
 No enemy abroad can threaten you  
 Be careful then that you maintain at home  
 No civil wars

*Hon* How d ye mean my lord ?

*Lord R* You are pleas d to smile upon me gentle lady  
 And I have took it in my heart more than  
 Imaginary blessings with what pleasure  
 Could I behold this beauty and consume  
 My understanding to know nothing else  
 My memory to preserve no other figure

*Ros* My lord I am not worth your flattery

*Lord R* I flatter you ? Venus herself he judg<sub>e</sub>  
 To whom you are so like in all that s fair  
 Twere sin hut to be modest

*Ros* How my lord ?

*Lord R* Do not mistake me twere  
 A sin but to be modest in your praises  
 Here s a hand nature hew me such another  
 A brow a cheek a lip and every thing  
 Happy am I that Cupid s blind

*Ros* Why happy ?

*Lord R* If he could see he would forsake his mistress  
 To be my rival and for thy embraces  
 Be banish d heaven

*Hon* My lord I ll take my leave

*Lord R* If you did know how great a part of me

Will wither in your absence, you would have  
More charity, one accent of unkind  
Language from you doth wound me more than all  
The malice of my destinies, oh, dear madam,  
You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant,  
Say, rather, you will dwell for ever here,  
And let me stay and gaze upon  
Your heavenly form

*Hon* I can be patient  
To hear your lordship mock me, these are but  
A coarse reward for my good thoughts

*Lord R* This'tis to use plain dealing, and betray the inside  
Of our hearts to women, did you think well of me  
So late, and am I forfeited already  
Am I a Christian?

*Hon* Yes, I hope, my lord

*Lord R* Make me not miserable then, dear madam,  
With your suspicion, I dissemble with you!  
But you know too well what command your beauty  
Has upon me

*Hon* Give me leave,  
My lord, to wonder you can love me,  
With such a flame you have express'd, yet she  
Your mistress

*Lord R* You are both my mistresses

*Ros* I like not this so well

*Lord R* There is no way but one to make me happy

*Hon* I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect  
What you desire

*Ros* Or I

*Lord R* It is within

Your powers

*Hon* Speak it my lord

*Lord R* Since it is so

That I m not able to determine which  
My heart so equal unto both would chuse  
My suit is to your virtues to agree  
Between yourselves whose creatura I shall be  
You can judge better of your worths than I  
My allegiance shall be ready if you can  
Conclude which shall have the supremacy  
Take pity on your servant gentle ladies  
And reconcile a heart too much divided  
So with the promise of my obedience  
To her that shall be fairest wisest sweetest  
Of you two when I next present a lover  
I take distracted leave

[*exit*

*Hon* Why this is worse than all the rest

*Ros* He s gone

And has referr d himself to us

*Hon* This will

Ask counsel

*Ros* And some time I would be loth  
To yield

*Hon* And I Cupid instruct us both

[*ex eunt*



## ACT II SCENE I

*Enter BARKER, FRESHWATER, and GUDGEON*

*Bar* And what made you undertake this voyage,  
Sweet Signior Freshwater ?

*Fres* An affection  
I had to be acquainted with some countries

*Gud* Give him good words

*Bar* And you return fraught home with the rich devices,  
Fashions of steeples, and the situations  
Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel  
What price are oats in Venice ?

*Fres* Signior,  
I kept no horses there, my man and I—

*Bar* Were asses

*Fres* How, signior ?

*Gud* Give him good words, a pox take him

*Bar* Had not you land once ?

*Fres* I had some duty acres

*Gud* I am his witness

*Fres* Which I reduced into a narrow compass,  
Some call it selling

*Gud* He would sell bargains of a child

*Fres* And 'twas a thriving policy

*Bar* As how ?

*Fres* It was but two hundred pound per annum, sir,  
A lean revenue

*Bar* And did you sell it all ?

*Fres* I did not leave an acre rod or perch;  
That had been no discretion when I was selling  
I would sell to purpose; do you see this roll?  
I have good security for my money sir  
Not an egg here but has five chickens in it  
I did most politickly disburse my sums  
To have five for one at my return from Venice  
And now I thank my stars I am at home

*Bar* And so by consequence in three months your estate  
Will be five times as much or quintupled

*Fres* Yes signior quintupled  
I will not purchase yet I mean to use  
This trick seven years together first  
I'll still put out and quintuply as you call it;  
And when I can in my exchequer tell  
Two or three millions I will fall a purchasing

*Bar* Kingdoms I warrant

*Fres* I have a mind to buy  
Constantinople from the Turk and give it  
The emperor

*Bar* What think you of Jerusalem?  
If you would purchase that and bring it nearer  
The Christian pilgrims would be much oblig'd to you  
When did you wash your socks?

*Fres* I wear none signior

*Bar* Then tis your breath to your lodging and perfume  
it!

You'll tell the sweeter bes to them that will  
Lose so much time to ask about your travel  
You will not sell your debts?



*Fres* Nay nay he'll not spare a lord  
 But were not I best call in my monies Gudgeon?  
 My estate will not hold out I must be more  
 Familiar with my gentlemen

*Enter LORD RAINBOW*

*Lord R* Jack Freshwater! welcome from Venice

*Fres* I thank your honour

*Lord R* Was it not Frank Barker that parted from you?

*Fres* Yes my lord

*Lord R* What's the matter?

*Fres* There is a sum my lord

*Lord R* Where is it signior?

*Fres* There was a sum my lord deliver'd  
 From your poor servant Freshwater

*Lord R* I remember  
 But I have business now come home to me  
 The money's safe you were to give me five  
 For one at your return

*Fres* I five? Your lordship has forgot the cinquepace

*Lord R* Something it is but when I am at leisure  
 We will discourse of that and of your travel  
 Farewell signior [*exit*]

*Fres* Is't come to this? if lords play fast and loose  
 What shall poor knights and gentlemen?  
 Hum tis he

*Enter COLONEL.*

*Col* A pox upon him! what makes he in my way?

*Fres* Noble colonel

*Col* *Que dites vous, monsieur ?*

*Fres* *Que dites vous !*

*Col* *Oui, Je ne parle pas Anglois \**

*Fres* There were five English pieces

*Col* *Je ne parle pas Anglois, me speak no word English,*

*Votre serviteur* [exit

*Fres* Adieu five pieces,

Gudgeon gape, is't not he ?

They will not use me o'thus fashion

Did he not speak to me i'the morning ?

*Gud* Yes, sir

*Fres* I think so

*Gud* But then you would not know him in Italian,  
And now he will not know you in French

*Fres* Call you this selling of land, and putting out money  
To multiply estate ?

*Gud* To quintuply five for one, large interest

*Fres* Five for one ! 'tis ten to one if I get my principal

*Gud* Your roll is not at the bottom yet, try the rest

*Fres* I have signior, farewell [exeunt

*Enter SCUTILLA and SOLOMON*

*Scu* Didst speak with the colonel ?

*Sol* I met him opportunely after all the rest,

\* The printer has made strange words out of the French introduced in different parts of the dialogue, but, it is presumed, the author intended that the Colonel should speak it correctly

And told him how much it would concern  
His livelihood to make haste

*Scu* He must not be seen yet you know where  
To attend for him give him access by  
The garden to my chamber and bring  
Me nimbly knowledge when he is there

*Sol* I shall forsooth [exit

## SCENE II

*Enter* MONSIEUR LE FRISKE LADY ROSAMOND LADY LUOINA  
and LADY HONORIA

*Le Fris* Very well an dat be skirvy you run trot trot  
trot psha follow me *fout madame* can you not tell so  
often learning?—*Madame* you snoot it now *Plait it?*

*[to another Lady who dances*

Excellent better den excellent psha—you be laughed  
When you come to de ball I teach tree hundred never  
Forgot so much me sweat taking pain and fiddling  
Ladies

*Luc* Fiddling ladies you mnlecatcher *[she strikes him*

*Le Fris* *Pourquoi?* fur telling you

Dance not well you enmmitt faut and beat me for my  
Diligence begar you dance ynur pleasure

*Hon* No *Monsieur Le Friske* put not up your pipe my  
lady

Was but in jest and you must take it fur a favour

*Le Fris* I veare nn favnurs in dat place should any gen  
tleman

Of England give me blow, diable, me teach him French  
*Passage*

*Ros* Nay, you shall not be so angry, I must have a co-  
 rante

Pray, madam, be reeoncil'd

*Luc* Come, monsieur, I am sorry

*Le Fris* Sorre, tat is too much, *par ma foi* ' I kiss tat  
 white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets', *allez, allez*,  
 look up your countenance, your English man spoil you,  
 he no teach you look up, psha, carry your body in the  
 swimming fashion, and den *allez Mademoiselle*, ha, ha, ha'  
 So, *fort bon*, exeellent, begar [*they dance*

*Luc* Nay, a country dance, Seutilla, you are idle,  
 You know we must be at the ball anon, come

*Le Fris* Where is the ball this night?

*Luc* At my Lord Rainebow's

*Le Fris* Oh, he dance finely, begar, he deserve the ball  
 of de world fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance,  
 lop, lop with de lame leg, as they want crushes, begar,  
 and look for argent in the ground, psha

[*they dance a new country dance*

Ha' ha' *fort bon*

*Ros* Now, madam, we take our leave

*Luc* I'll recompense this kind visit does your eoach  
 stay?

*Hon* Yes, madam,

Your ladyship will be too much troubled

*Luc* I owe more service

*Scu* Monsieur, you'll begone too

*Le Fris* I have more lady, my scholars

*Scu* Is that the way of your instrument?

*Le Fris* *A la mode de France* *fi' fi!* *adieu*

*Madame* *notre serviteur*

*Adieu* *dem! Monsieur* †      [*to Scutilla* —*exeunt* all but  
*Scutilla*

*Enter* *SOLO ION* and *COLONEL*

*Scu* Sir you are welcome

*Col* I thank you lady

*Scu* The time's too narrow to discourse at large  
But I intend you a service  
You have deserv'd it

In your own nobleness to one I call n kinsman  
Whose life without your charity had been  
Forfeit to his general's anger 'twas not  
Without his cause you after quit your regiment

*Col* He was my friend forget it

*Scu* You were sent for  
By the Lady Lucina

*Col* Whose command I wait

*Scu* 'Twas my desire to prepare you for  
The entertainment be but pleas'd to obscure  
Yourself behind these hangings n few minutes  
I hear her you may trust me

*Col* Without dispute I obey you lady

*Fit fit* i th ginal ed ti wh h I hav altered as abo e if th  
emendati be tright thas tlast som m an g

† Th whol f th ente ce i gi en to L Fri k wheth correctly t  
I d bt.—If howe t be p perly as gned to him th last lin w mo t  
lik ly tended to be addressed to Scutilla



*Enter LADY LUCINA*

*Luc* Now, Scutilla, we are ripe and ready  
To entertain my gamesters, my man said  
They promis'd all to come, I was afraid  
These ladies in their kind departure would not  
Bequeath me opportunity, and the mirth  
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,  
I would not willingly have lost it for a jewel  
Of some value

*Scu* Then your purchase holds

*Luc* If they hold their affections, and keep touch,  
We'll have some sport

*Enter SOLOMON*

*Sol* Sir Marmaduke Travers

*Luc* Away, Scutilla, and  
Laugh not loud between our acts, we'll meet  
Again like music, and make our selves merry

*Scu* I wait near you. *[exit Solomon]*

*Enter SIR MARMADUKE*

*Luc* Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had  
Your visit without a summons

*Mar* Lady, you gave  
One feather to the wings I had before,  
Can there be at last a service to employ  
Your creature?

*Luc.* Something hath pleaded for you in your absence

*Mar.* Oh let me dwell upon your hand, my stars  
Have then remembered me again

*Luc* How do the fens †

Goes the draining forward and your iron mills?

*Mar* Draining and iron mills? I know not madam

*Luc* Come you conceal your industry and care  
To thrive you need not be so close to me.

*Mar* By this hand lady—have I any iron mills?

*Luc* I am nbus d else nay I do love  
One that has wind mills in his head

*Mar* How madam?

*Luc* Projects and proclamations did not you  
Travel to Yarmouth to learn how to cast  
Brass buttons? nay I like it it is an nge  
For men to look about them Shall I trust  
My estate to one that has no thrift a fellow  
But with one face? my husband shall be a Janus  
He cannot look too many ways and is  
Your patent for making vinegar confirm d?  
What a face you put upon t nay ne er dissemble  
Come I know all you ll thank that friend of yours  
That satisfied my enquiry of your worth  
With such a welcome character but why  
Do I betray myself so fast? beshrew  
His commendations

*Mar* How is this? some body  
That meant me well and knew her appetite  
To wealth hath told this of me I'll make use on t  
Well madam I desir'd these things more private/  
Till something worth a mine which I am now  
Promoving had been perfect to salute you  
But I perceive you hold intelligence

In my affairs, which I interpret love,  
And I'll requite it will you be content,  
Be a Countess for the present

*Luc* I shall want

No honour in your love

*Mar* When shall we marry?

*Luc* Something must be prepar'd

*Mar* A licence, and say no more

How blest am I! do not blush,

I will not kiss your lip, till I have brought it [exit

*Luc* Ha, ha, Scutilla?

*Scu* Be secret still [to the Colonel

*Luc* Can'st thou not laugh?

*Scu* Yes, madam, you have kept your word,  
The knight's transported, gone

To prepare things for the wedding

*Luc* How did'st thou like the iron mill?

*Scu* And the brass buttons—rarch, have you devices  
To jeer the rest?

*Luc* All the regiment of them, or I'll break my bow-  
strings

*Scu* Sir Ambrose Lamount

*Luc* Away, and let the swallow enter

*Enter Sir Ambrose and Solomon*

*Luc* Why, sirrah, I did command you give access to none  
But Sir Ambrose Lamount,  
Whom you know I sent for  
Audacious groom!

*Sol* It is Sir Ambrose, madam [exit Solomon

*Luc* It is Sir Ambrose Cnxcomb ' it is not  
 Cry mercy noble sir I took you muffled  
 For one that every day solicits me  
 To bestow my little dog upon him but you're welcome  
 I think I sent for you

*Amb* It is my happiness  
 To wait your service lady

*Luc* I hear say you have vow'd to die a batchelor  
 I hope it is not true sir

*Amb* I die a batchelor '

*Luc* And that you'll turn religious knight

*Amb* I turn religious knight ' who has abus'd me?

*Luc* I would only know the truth 't were great pity  
 For my own part I ever wish'd you well  
 Although in modesty I have been silent  
 Pray what's o'clock?

*Amb* How's this?

*Luc* I had a dream last night me thought I saw you  
 Dance so exceedingly rarely that I fell  
 In love

*Amb* In love with me?

*Luc* With your legs sir

*Amb* My leg is at your service to come over

*Luc* I wonder'd at my self but I consider'd  
 That many have been caught with handsome faces  
 So my love grew

*Amb* Upwards

*Luc* What followed in my dream  
 I have forgot

*Amb* Leave that to foolish waking

*Luc* Since the morning  
 I find some alteration, you know  
 I have told you twenty times, I would not love you,  
 But whether 'twere your wisdom, or your fate,  
 You would not be satisfied, now, I know not,  
 If something were procur'd, what I should answer

*Amb* A licence? say no more

*Luc* Would my estate were doubled

*Amb* For my sake

*Luc* You have not purchas'd since you fell in love?

*Amb* Not much land

*Luc* Revels have been some charge to you, you were  
 ever

A friend to ladies, pity, but he should rise  
 By one, has fallen with so many, had you not  
 A head once?

*Amb* A head? I have one still

*Luc* Of hair, I mean

Favours have glean'd too much, pray, pardon me,  
 If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,\*  
 Or stay till the next crop, but, I blush, sir,  
 To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps  
 Construe me in a wrong sense, but, you may use  
 Your own discretion till you know me better,  
 Which is my soul's ambition

*Amb* I am blest

\* *They should go look their bracelets*—that is, that they should thin, or, as is before expressed, glean their bracelets. *To look* is still used in the North of England, in the sense of 'to thin or weed young wheat,' &c

*Col* Cunning gipsy ! she ll use me thus too  
When I come to t

*Amb* Lady I know your mind when I see you next [*exit*

*Luc* You'll see me again ha ha ha Scutilla ?

*Scu* Here madam almost dead with stifling my laughter  
Why he s gone for a license you did enjoin him no  
Silence

*Luc* I wou d have em all meet and brag o their several  
Hopes they will not else be sensible and quit me o their  
Tedious visitation —Who s next?

I would the Colonel were come  
I long to have a bout with him

*Enter SOLOMON*

*Sol* Mr Bostock madam

*Luc* Retire and give the jay admittance [*exit Solomon*

*Enter BOSTOCK*

*Bos* Madam I kiss your fair hand

*Luc* Oh Mr Bostock

*Bos* The humblest of your servants

*Luc* 'Twill not become your birth and blood to stoop  
To such a title

*Bos* I must confess dear lady  
I carry in my veins more precious honour  
Than other men blood of a deeper crimson  
But you shall call me any thing

*Luc* Not I sir  
It would not become me to change your title  
Although I must confess I could desire

You were less honorable

*Bos* Why, I pr'y thee,  
Is't a fault to spring from the nobility?  
There be some men have sold well favour'd lordships,  
To be ill-favour'd noblemen, and though  
I wear no title of the state, I can  
Adorn a lady

*Luc* That is my misfortune,  
I would you could not, sir

*Bos* Are you the worse  
For that? consider, lady

*Luc* I have considered,  
And I could wish with all my heart you were  
Not half so noble, nay, indeed, no gentleman

*Bos* How, lady?

*Luc* Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts,  
I would you were a fellow of two degrees  
Beneath a footman, one that had no kindred,  
But knights o'the post, nay, worse, pardon me, sir,  
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,  
You were a son o'the people rather than—

*Bos* Good madam, give me your reason

*Luc* Because I love you

*Bos* Few women wish so ill to whom they love

*Luc* They do not love like me then

*Bos* Say you so?

*Luc* My wealth's a beggar, nay the title of  
A lady which my husband left, is a shadow  
Compar'd to what you bring to ennoble me,  
And all the children you will get, but I,

Out of my love desire you such a one  
That I might add to you that you might be  
Created by my wealth made great by me  
Then should my love appear but as you are  
I must receive addition from you

*Bos* No body hears why hark you lady ! could  
You love me if I were less honorable ?

*Luc* Honorable ! why you cannot be so base  
As I would have you that the world might say  
My marriage gave you somewhat

*Bos* Say you so ?  
Under the roof that will do you a pleasure  
The lords do call me cousin but I am

*Luc* What ?

*Bos* Suspected

*Luc* How ?

*Bos* Not to be lawful I came in at the wicket  
Some call it the window

*Luc* Can you prove it ?

*Bos* Say no more

*Luc* Then I prefer you before all my suitors  
Sir Ambrose Lamouat and Sir Marmaduke  
Travers are all mountchanks

*Bos* What say you to the Colonel ?

*Luc* A lancepresado !\* how my joy transports me !

*La epresado la ependo I priando*,—a lance corporal till he is graduated  
military officers. *La ependo Me A f on f th h racter J llywood*  
*Ryal Al g d Loy I S hfect*—a lancepresado occurs in *Massinger's Me*  
*f Hon*—Of this term *Me Gifford* has a fine edition of the poet and in  
work given the full weight of planati from the *Soldier's Account*—Th



But shall I trust to this, do not you flatter?  
 Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,  
 When we are married? you men are too cunning  
 With simple ladies

*Bos* Do but marry me,  
 I'll bring the midwife

*Luc* Say no more, provide  
 What you think necessary, and all shall be  
 Dispatch'd

*Bos* I guess your meaning, and thus seal  
 My best devotion *[salutes her and exit]*

*Scu* Away now, and present yourself  
*[aside to the Colonel]*

*Luc* Oh Scutilla, hold me, I shall fall  
 In pieces else, ha, ha, ha!

*Scu* Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder  
 At you, you wound him rarely up

*Luc* Have not I choice of precious husbands? now an?  
 The Colonel were here, the task  
 Were over

*Scu* Then you might go play  
 Madam, the Colonel

*Enter COLONEL*

*Luc* Is he come once more? withdraw—bid him march  
 hither

*Col* Now is my turn —*[aside]* Madam!

lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *lineepesado* or *prezado*, who is a leader or governor of half a file, and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four "

*Luc* You're welcome sir I thought you would have gone  
And not grac'd me so much as with a poor  
Salute at parting

*Col* Good! whither?

*Luc* To the wars

*Col* She jeers me already no lady I'm already  
Engag'd to a siege at home and till that service  
Be over I enquire no new employments

*Luc* For honour's sake what siege?

*Col* A citadel

That several forces are set down before  
And all is entrench'd

*Luc* What citadel?

*Col* A woman

*Luc* She cannot hold out long

*Col* O tend was sooner taken than her fort  
Is like to be for any thing I perceive

*Luc* Is she so well provided?

*Col* Her provision

May fail her but she is devilish obstinate;  
She fears nor fire nor famine

*Luc* What's her name?

*Col* Lucina

*Luc* Ha ha ha! alas poor colonel!  
If you'll take my advice remove your siege  
A province will be sooner won in the  
Low Countries ha ha ha!

*Col* Lady you sent for me

*Luc* 'Twas but to tell you my opinion in this business  
You'll sooner circumsise the Turk's dominions

Than take this toy you talk of, I do know it  
 Farewell, good soldier, ha, ha, ha<sup>1</sup> and yet 'tis pity,  
 Is there no stratagem, no trick, no undermine?  
 If she be given so desperate, your body  
 Had need to be well victuall'd there's a city  
 And suburbs in your belly, and you must  
 Lay in betimes to prevent mutiny  
 Among the small guts, which with wind of 'venge else  
 Will break your guard of buttons, ha, ha, ha<sup>1</sup>  
 Come, we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room, Sentilla  
[exit

*Col* So, so, I did expect no good,  
 Why did not I strike her? but I'll do something,  
 And be with you to bring't before you think of't,  
 Malice and Mereury assist me [exit

### ACT III SCENE I

*Enter LORD RAINBOW and BARKER*

*Bar* So, so, you've a precious time on't

*Lord R* Who can help it, Frank, if ladies will  
 Be wild, repentance tame 'em<sup>1</sup> for my part,  
 I court not them, till they provoke me to't

*Bar* And do they both affect you?

*Lord R* So they say,  
 And did justify it to my face

*Bar* And you did praise their modesty?

*Lord R* I confess I prais'd them  
 Both, when I saw no remedy

*Bar* You did and they believ'd?

*Lord R* Religiously

*Bar* Do not

Do not believe it my young lord they'll make  
Fools of a thousand such they do not love you

*Lord R* Why an't shall please your wisdom?

*Bar* They are women

That's a reason and may satisfy you

They cannot love a man

*Lord R* What then?

*Bar* Themselves

And all little enough they have a trick  
To conjure with their eyes and perhaps raise  
A masculine spirit but lay none

*Lord R* Good Cato

Be not over wise now what's the reason  
That women are not sainted in your calendar?  
You have no frosty constitution

*Bar* Would you were half so honest

*Lord R* Why a woman

May love thee one day

*Bar* Yes when I make legs

And faces like such fellows as you are

*Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE*

*Lord R* Monsieur Le Friske

*Le Fris* Serviteur

*Lord R* Nay Frank thou shalt not go

*Bar* I'll come again when you have done your jig

*Le Fris* Ah! monsieur

*Lord R* Come, you shall sit down, this fellow will make thee laugh

*Bar* I shall laugh at you both, an' I stay

*Lord R* Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has a great mind to learn to dance

*Le Fris* He command my service  
Please your lordship begin, tat he may  
See your profit, *allez*—ha!

*Lord R* How like you this, Frank?

*Bar* Well enough for the dog-days, but have  
You no other dancing for the winter, a man  
May freeze and walk thus

*Le Fris* It be all your grace, monsieur, your  
Dance be horseplay, begar, for de stable, not  
De chamber, your ground *passage*, ha!  
Never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble  
De leg mush, ha, *plait il*, you learn,  
Monsieur?

*Lord R* For mirth's sake, an' thou lovest me

*Le Fris* Begar, I teach you, presently, dance with all de  
grace of de body for your good and my profit

*Bar* Pardon me, my lord

*Le Fris* Oh not, *pardonnez moi*

*Lord R* Do but observe his method

*Bar* I shall never endure it, pox upon him

*Le Fris* 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four,  
five, the cinquepace, *allez*, monsieur, stand upright an  
begar

*Lord R* Let him set you in t'other posture

*Le Fris* My broder, my lord, know well, for de htle kat de

fiddle and me for de posture of de hody hegar de king  
has no too sush subjects ha' dere be one foote two foote  
have you tree foote' hegar you have more den I have den

*Bar* I shall break hi fiddle

*Lord R* Thou art so humorous

*Le Fris* One been two ha you go too fast you be at  
Dover hegar and me be at Greenwish de toder leg psha

*Bar* A pox upon your legs I'll no more

*Le Fris* *Pourquoi?*

*Lord R* Ha ha ha' I would some ladies were here to  
laugh

At thee now you will not be so rude to meddle with  
The monsieur in my lodging

*Bar* I'll kick him to death and bury him in a base viol—  
Jackalant!

*Le Fris* Jackalant' hegar you be Jackenape if I had  
my weapon you durst no affront me I be as good gentle  
man an for all my fiddle as you call me a Jack a de lent'

*Lord R* Rail upon him monsieur I'll secure thee ha  
ha ha'

*Le Fris* Because your leg have de poe or someting dat  
make em no vell and frisk you make a fool of a monsieur  
My lord use me like gentleman an I care no rush for you  
be desperate kill me and me complaine to de king and  
teach new dance galliard to de gibbet you be hangd in  
English fashion

*Bar* Go you re an impertinent lord and I will be re  
ven'd

[*exit*]

*Lord R* Ha ha' good Diogenes Come monsieur  
You and I will not part yet

*Le Fris* My lord, if you had not been here, me would have broken his head with my fiddle

*Lord R* You might sooner have broke your fiddle, but strike up

*Le Fris* *Allez, ah, bon* [exeunt dancing

## SCENE II

*Enter Bostock*

*Bos* I spy Sn Marmaduke coming after me  
This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions,  
He'll interrupt me, and I have not finish'd  
Things fit for my design

*Enter SIR AMBROSI*

*Amb* 'Tis Mr Bostock, little does he think  
What I am going upon, I fear I shall not  
Contain my joys

*Bos* Good fortune to Sn Ambrose

*Amb* Sn, you must pardon me, I cannot wait  
Upon you now, I have business of much consequence

*Bos* I thought to have made the same excuse to you,  
For at this present I am so engag'd

*Amb* We shall meet shortly

*Both* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bos* Poor gentleman, how is he begul'd

*Amb* Your nose is wip'd, hum, 'tis Sir Marmaduke,

*Enter SIR MARMADUKE and COLONEL*

I must salute him.

*Bos* The colonel? there s na going back

*Mar* What misfortune s this? but tis no matter  
Noble sir how is t?

*Amb* As you see sir

*Col* As I could wish noble Mr Bostock

*Bos* Your humble servant colonel

*Col* Nay nay a word

*Mar* I shall not forbear jeering these poor things  
They shall be mirth

*Col* What! oll met so happily? and how my  
Sparks of honour?

*Amb* Things so tickle me  
I shall break out

*Col* When saw you our mistress lady Lucino?

*Amb* My suit is cold there Mr Bostock carries  
The lady clean before him

*Bos* No no no it is Sir Marmaduke

*Mar* I glean my smiles after Sir Ambrose

*Col* None of you see her to-day?  
I may as soon marry the moon and get  
Children on her I see her not this three days  
Tis very strange I was to present my service  
This morning

*Mar* You ll march away with all

*Col* I cannot tell but there s small sign of victory  
And yet methinks you should not be neglected  
If the fens go forward and your iron mills

*Mar* Has she betray d me?

*Col* Some are industrious  
And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons



*Mar* Colonel ' softly

*Col* How will you sell your vinegar a pint?  
The patent's something sauey

*Amb* The colonel jeers him

*Bos* Excellent ' ha, ha '

*Col* Had not you a head once,  
Of hair I mean, favours have glean'd too much,  
If ladies will have bracclets, let 'em stay  
Till the next crop

*Amb* Hum, the very language she us'd to me

*Bos* Does he jeer him too, nay, nay, pr'ythee spare  
him, ha! ha!

*Col* You may do much, and yet I could desire  
You were less honorable, for though you have  
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady  
Out of her love could wish you were a thing  
Beneath a footman, and that you had no kindred  
But knights o'the post

*Bos* Good colonel '

*Col* Nay, pardon me,  
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,  
You were a son o'the people

*Bos* Colonel '

How the devil came he by this?

*Col* Under the rose there was a gentleman  
Came in at the wicket these are tales of which  
The Greeks have store, fair hopes, gentlemen!

*Mar* How came you by this intelligence?

*Col* Nay, I'll no whispering, what I say to one  
Will concern every man, she has made

You conceals

*Amb* It does appear

*Col* And more than does appear yet  
I had my share

*Bos* That's some comfort I was afraid

*Col* But you shall pardon me I'll conceal  
The particulars of her bountiful abuses  
To me let it suffice I know we are all  
Jeer'd most abominably I stood behind  
The hangings when she sign'd your several passes  
And had my own at last worse than the constables  
That this is true you shall have more than oath;  
I'll join you to revenge and if you will not  
I will do it alone

*Mar* She is a devil

*Amb* Damn her then till we think on something else  
Let's all go back and rail upon her

*Bos* Agreed on pox upon her!

*Mar* We cannot be too bitter she's a hell cat

*Amb* Dye hear? listen to me our shames are equal  
Yet if we all discharge not once upon her  
We shall but make confusion and perhaps  
Give her more cause to laugh let us chuse one  
To curse her for us all

*Col* 'Tis the best way and if you love me gentlemen  
Engage me I deserve this favour for my  
Discovery I'll swear her into hell

*Mar* Troth I have no good vein I'm content

*Bos* Gentlemen noble colour'd as you respect  
A wounded branch of the nobility

Make it my office, she abus'd me most, and if  
The devil do not furnish me with language,  
I'll say he has no malice

*Col* If they consent

*Mar Amb* With all our hearts

*Bos* I thank you, gentlemen

*Col* But let us all together I'll not be barr'd  
Now and then to interpose an oath,  
As I shall find occasion

*Bos* You'll relieve me  
When I take breath, then you may help, or you,  
Or any to confound her

*Col* Let's away

*Bos* Never was witch so tortur'd *[exeunt*

### SCENE III

*Enter FRESHWATER, GUDGEON, and SOLOMON*

*Sol* Noble Mr Freshwater, welcome from travel

*Fres* Where be the ladies?

*Sol* In the next room, sir,  
My lady Rosamond is sitting for her picture  
I presume you will be welcome

*Fres* An English painter?

*Sol* Yes, sir

*Fres* Pr'ythee, let me see him *[he gives Freshwater  
access to the chamber and returns*

*Sol* This way, honest Gudgeon,  
How are matters abroad? a touch of

Thy travel what news?

*Gud* First let me understand the state of things  
At home

*Sol* We have little alteration since thou went st  
The same news are in fashion  
Only gentlemen are fain to ramble and stumble  
For their flesh since the breach o the bankside

*Gud* Is my aunt defunct?

*Sol* Yet the viragos have not lost their spirit some of  
Them have challen'd the field every day where  
Gentlemen have met them oh the dog days but  
Shrewdly twas a villainous dead vacation

*Gud* Is Pauls alive still?

*Sol* Yes yes a little sick o the stone she voids some  
Every day but she is naw in physie  
And may in time recover

*Gud* The Exchange stands?

*Sol* Looser than a church  
There is no fear while the merchants have but faith  
A little of thy travels for the time is precious what  
Things have you seen or done since you left England?

*Gud* I have not leisure to discourse of particulars but  
first

My master and I have run France through and through

*Sol* Through and through? how is that man?

*Gud* Why once forward and once backward that's  
through and through

*Sol* 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through  
backward

*Gul* Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses

*Enter FRESHWATER and LADY ROSAMOND*

*Fres.* Madam, I did not think your ladyship  
Had so little judgment

*Ros* As how, signior ?

*Fres* As to let an Englishman draw  
Your picture, and such rare monsieurs in town

*Ros* Why not English ?

*Fres* Oh, by no means, madam,  
They have not active pencils

*Ros* Think you so ?

*Fres* You must encourage strangers while you live,  
It is the character of our nation ,  
We are famous for dejecting our own countrymen

*Ros* Is that a principle ?

*Fres* Who teaches you to dance ?

*Ros* A Frenchman, signior

*Fres* Why, so , 'tis necessary ,  
Trust while you live the Frenchman with your legs,  
Your faces with the Dutch , if you mislike  
Your face, I mean if it be not sufficiently  
Painted, let me commend upon my credit  
A precious workman to your ladyship

*Ros* What is he ?

*Fres* Not an Englishman, I warrant you ,  
One that can please the ladies every way ,  
You shall not sit with him all day for shadows,  
He has regalias, and can present you with

Suckets of fourteen pence a pound canary  
 Prunellas Venice glasses Parmasan  
 Sugars Bologna sausages all from Antwerp  
 But he will make ollapodridos most incomparably

*Ros* I have heard of him a noble lady  
 Told me the other day that sitting for  
 Her picture she was stifled with a strange  
 Perfume of horns

*Fres* A butcher told me of em—very likely

*Ros* When I have need  
 Of this rare artist I will trouble you  
 For my directions leaving this discourse  
 How thrives your catalogue of debtors signior?

*Fres* All have paid me but—

*Ros* You shall not name me in the list of any  
 That are behind be idle my debt a purse  
 For clearing the account [*gives him a purse with money in it*]

*Fres* You are just madam  
 And bountiful though I came hither with  
 Simple intencion to present my service  
 It shall be crost Gudgeon remember too  
 Her ladyship's name

*Ros* My cousin has the  
 Same provision for you

*Enter BARKER and LADY HONORIA*

*Gud* [*to Freshwater* ]—Sir! master Barker

*Fres* Madam I'll take my leave; I'll find another  
 Time to attend my lady there's no light

I cannot abide this fellow *[exit with Gud]*

*Hon* Madam, master Barker hath some design  
Which he pretends concerns us both

*Ros* He's welcome, what is it?

*Bar* My lord commends him to ye

*Ros* Which lord, sir?

*Bar* The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing lord,  
The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings,  
Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things,  
Would have himself commended

*Ros* So, sir

*Bar* He loves you both, he told me so,  
And laughs behind a visard at your frailty  
He cannot love that way you do imagine,  
And ladies of the game are now no miracles

*Hon* Although he use to rail thus, yet we have  
Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue  
Has been too liberal

*Ros* I find it too, and blush within to think  
How much we are deceived, I may be even  
With this May-lord

*Hon* But does his lordship think  
We were taken with his person?

*Bar* You would not, an' you knew as much as I

*Hon* How, sir?

*Bar* I have been acquainted with his body,  
Have known his baths and physie

*Hon* Is't possible? I am sorry now at heart  
I had a good thought on him, he shall see't,  
For I will love some other in revenge,

*[exit]*

And presently if any gentleman  
Have but the grace to smile and court me up to t  
*Bar* Hum!

*Hon* A bubble of nobility! a giddy  
Fantastic lord! I want none of his titles  
Now in my imagination he appears  
Ill favour'd and not any part about him  
Worth half a commendation would he were here

*Bar* You'd make more of him

*Hon* That I might examine  
And do my judgment right between you two now!  
How much he would come short! you have an eye  
Worth forty of his nose of another making  
I saw your teeth e'en now compar'd to which  
His are of the complexion of his comb  
I mean his box and will in time be yellower  
And ask more making clean you have a show  
Of something on your upper lip a witch  
Has a philosopher's beard to him his chin  
Has just as many hounds as hairs that ever  
My eyes distinguish'd yet you have a body  
And not unpromising in his slashes one  
May see through him and for his legs they both  
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking  
They're a lord's I will be sworn I dote upon him!  
I could wish somewhat but I'm sorry sir  
To trouble you so much all happy thoughts  
Possess you

[*exit*]

*Bar* How is this? if I have wit  
To apprehend this lady does not hate me



I have profess'd a cynic openly ,  
This language melts, I'll visit her again

*Re-enter HONORIA*

*Hon* Sir, I have a small request to you

*Bar* Lady, command

*Hon* If you think I have power  
Or will to deserve from you any courtesy,  
Pray, learn to dance

*Bar* To dance?

*Hon* At my entreaty, sir, to dance  
It was the first thing took me with his lordship  
You know not what may follow , fare you well [exit

*Bar* What pretends\* this, to dance? there's something  
in't

I've reveng'd myself already upon my lord,  
Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter  
Something must be resolv'd [exit

*Enter LADY LUCINA and SCUTILLA*

*Luc* Enough, enough, of conscience, let's reserve  
Part of the mirth to another time, I shall  
Meet some other hot worships at the ball,  
Unless their apprehension prompt them  
Earlier, to know their folly in pursuing me

*Enter SOLOMON*

*Sol* Madam, the gentlemen, that were here this morning

\* *Intends, or means*

In single visits ore come all together  
And pray to speak with you

*Luc* They re met olready give them access

*Scu* I wonder what they ll say [exit Solomon]

*Enter BOSTOCK SIR VIBROSE COLONEL and SIR MARMADUCE*

*Col* Be confident she shall endure it

*Iuc* So so

How d ye gentlemen? you re very welcome

*Amb* 'Tis no matter for that we do not come to be  
Welcome neither will we be welcome; speak Mr Bostock

*Bos* We come to mortify you

*Iuc* You will use no violence

*Bos* But of our tongues; and in the names of these  
Abused gentlemen and myself I spit  
Defiance Stand further off and be attentive  
Weep or do worse repentance wet thy linen  
And leave no vein for the doctor!

*Iuc* They re mad

*Scu* There is no danger madam let us hear them  
If they scold we two shall be hard enough for them  
An they were twenty

*Bos* Thou basilisk!

*Iuc* At first sight?

*Bos* Whose eyes shoot fire and poison  
Malicious as a witch and much more cunning;  
Thou that dost ride men

*Iuc* I ride men!

*Bos* Worse than the night mare let thy tongue be  
silent

And take our scourges patiently, thou hast  
 In thy own self all the ingredients  
 Of wickedness in thy sex, able to furnish  
 Hell, if it were insufficiently provided  
 With falsehood, a she fiend of thy own making;  
 Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not  
 So much a Jew as thou art, thou hast made  
 Us asses, dost thou hear?

*Amb* He speaks for us all

*Bos* But it is better we be all made such,  
 Than any one of us be monster'd worse,  
 To be an ox, thy husband

*Scu Luc* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bos* Dost thou laugh, crocodile?

*Col* That was well said

*Bos* Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,  
 And let the devil lay thee on thy back,  
 I care not

*Mar* Admirable Bostock!

*Col* That spirit of flesh and blood was well infore'd

*Bos* You thought us animals, insensible  
 Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine?

*Amb* Aye, come to that

*Bos* And that we lov'd, lov'd with a pox, your plusnomy,  
 Know, we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art  
 Thyself a son of the earth

*Amb* How! she a son?

*Bos* 'Twas a mistake, but she knows my meaning,  
 I begin to be a weary, gentlemen,  
 I'll breathe awhile

*Col* 'Tis time and that you may  
Not want encouragement take that

*[gives him a box on the ear]*

*Bos* Gentlemen! colonel! what d'ye mean?

*Col* You shall know presently; dare but lift thy voice  
To fright this lady or but ask thy pardon  
My sword shall rip thy body for thy heart  
And nail it on her threshold; or if you  
The proudest offer but in looks to justify  
The baseness of this wretch your souls shall answer it

*Mar* How's this?

*Col* O impudence unheard! Pardon madam  
My tedious silence the affront grew up  
So fast I durst not trust my understanding  
That any gentleman could attempt so much  
Dishonour to a lady of your goodness  
Was this your project to make me appear  
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrilege?  
Was it for this you pray'd my company?  
You tadpoles! tis your presence charms my sword  
Or they should quickly pay their forfeit lives  
No altar could protect them

*Amb* We are betray'd

*Mar* Was it not his plot to have us rail?

*Col* Say shall I yet be active?

*Luc* By no means

This is no place for blood nor shall any† cause  
Engage to such a danger

*Col* Live to be

Your own vexations then till you be mad,  
 And then remove yourselves with your own garters !  
 You shall not go before I know from whose  
 Brain this proceeded, you are the mirth  
 Was ever evil lady so abus'd  
 In her own house b' ingrateful horse-leeches ?  
 Could your corrupted natures find no way  
 But this to recompense her noble favours,  
 Her courteous entertainments ? would any  
 Heathens done like to you ? admit she was  
 So just to say she could see nothing in you  
 Worthy her dearest thoughts, as, to say truth,  
 How could a creature of her wit and judgment  
 Not see how poor and miserable things  
 You are at best ? must you [be] impudent ?  
 In such a loud, and peremptory manner,  
 Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling ?  
 Gentlemen ! rather lunds, scarce fit to mix,  
 Unless you mend your manners, with her drudges

*Luc* This shews a nobleness, does't not, Sentilla ?

*Bos* Why, sir, did not you tell us ?

*Col* What did I tell you ?

*Bos* Nothing

*Col* Begone, lest I forget myself

*Bos* I have a token to remember you

A palsy upon your fingers, noble colonel !

*Man* Was this his stratagem ! we must begone

[*exeunt Sir Maimaduke, Bostock, and Sir Ambrose*]

*Luc* Sir, I must thank ye, and desire your pardon

For what has past to your particular

*Col* You're more than satisfied my service in  
Th' acknowledgment disdain cannot provoke  
Me to be so insolent

*Luc* Again I thank you

*Col* I can forget your last neglect if you  
Think me not too unworthy to expect  
Some favour from you

*Luc* How d'ye mean?

*Col* Why

As a servant should that is ambitious  
To call you mistress till the happier title  
Of wife crown his desires

*Luc* I must confess

This has won much upon me but two words  
To such a bargain you're a gentleman  
I'm confident would adventure for me

*Col* As far as a poor life could speak my service

*Luc* That's fair and far enough I make not any  
Exception to your person

*Col* Body enough

I hope to please a lady

*Luc* But—

*Col* To my fortune

*Luc* To that the least I have estate for both

*Col* Though it hold no comparison with yours  
It keeps me like a gentlemaa

*Luc* I have a scruple

*Col* You honour me in this

There's hope if I can take away that care

You may be mine

*Luc* Sir, can you put me in security  
That you have been honest ?

*Col* Honest, how d'ye mean ?

*Luc* Been honest of your body you gentlemen  
Out of the wars, live lazy, and feed high,  
Drink the rich grape, and, in canary, may  
Do strange things, when the wine has wash'd away  
Discretion

*Col* What is your meaning, lady ?

*Luc*. I do not urge you for the time to come,  
Pray understand, have you been honest hitherto ?  
And yet, because you shall not trouble friends  
To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied,  
If you will take your own oath that you are

*Col* Honest of my body ?

*Luc* Yes, sir, it will become me to be careful  
Of my health, I'll take your own assurance,  
If you can clear your body by an oath,  
I'll marry none but you, before this gentlewoman

*Col* Your reason why you use me thus ?

*Luc* I wonder you will ask, do not I hear  
How desperate some have been, what pain, what physic ?

*Col* This is a tale of a tub, lady

*Luc* You rid no match without a shirt, to shew  
The complexion of your body, I have done, sir  
When you resolve to swear you're honest, I  
Vow to be yours, your wife, I am not hasty,  
Think on't, and tell me, when we meet again  
Anon, to-night, to-morrow, when you please,

So farewell noble colonel come Scutilla

*[exunt Lucina and Scutilla]*

*Col* Is't come to this? I'm jeer'd again is't possible  
To be honest at these years? a man of my  
Complexion and acquaintance? was ever  
Gentleman put to this oath before in this fashion?  
If I have the grace now to forswear myself  
Something may be done and yet tis doubtful  
She'll have more tricks if widows be thus coltish  
The devil will have a task that goes a wooing *[exit]*

#### ACT IV SCENE I

*Enter LORD RAINBOW and BOSTOCK*

*Bos* Such an affront my lord! I was ashamed on't  
A mere conspiracy to betray our faines  
But had you seen how poorly they behaved  
Themselves such craven knights a pair of drone bees!  
In the midst of my vexation if I could  
Forbear to laugh I have no blood in me  
They were so far from striking that they stood  
Like images things without life and motion  
Fear could not make so much as their tongue tremble  
Left all to me

*Lord R* So so what then did you?

*Bos* The lady laugh'd too and the colonel  
Increased his noise to see how she derided  
The poor knights



*Lord R* Leave their character, and proceed  
To what you did

*Bos* You shall pardon me, my lord,  
I am not willing to report myself,  
They and the lady, and the colonel  
Can witness I came on

*Lord R* But how came you off, cousin? that must com-  
mend you

*Bos* I have my limbs, my lord, no sign of loss  
Of blood you see, but this was fortune, how  
The colonel came off's uncertain

*Lord R* Do not you know?

*Bos* No, I left him, I think 'tis time

*Lord R* You did not kill him?

*Bos* Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it not,  
But wounds fall out sometimes when the sword's in  
These are poor things to brag of, I have sav'd  
Myself, you see

*Lord R* If it be so, I'll call you cousin still, my satimst

*Enter BARKER*

Hark! You shall beat this fellow

*Bos* Shall I, my lord, without cause?

*Lord R* He shall give you cause presently, how now,  
Gum'd taffeta!

*Bar* I pay for what I wear,  
My satin lord, your wardrobe does not keep  
Me warm, I do not run o'the ticket with  
The mercer's wife, and lecher out my debts  
At country houses

*Lord R* There's something else you do not

*Bar* I do not use to flatter such as you are  
Whose bodies are so rotten they'll scarce keep  
Their souls from breaking out I write no odes  
Upon your mistress to commend her postures  
And tumbling in a coach towards Paddington  
Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants  
And try what operation the eggs have  
At your return I am not taken with  
Your mighty nonsense glean'd from heathenish plays  
Which leave a curse upon the author for 'em  
Though I have studied to redeem you from  
The infection of such books which martyr sense  
Worse than in almanack

*Lord R* Excellent satire!

But lash not on stop here or I shall kick  
Your learned worship

*Bar* But do oot I advise you do not

*Lord R* Why do not?

*Bar* It will fall heavy on somebody if your lordship  
kick me I shall not spare your cousin there

*Lord R* On that condition what do you think of that?

*Bar* What do you think? [kicks him  
to Bostock]

*Bos* Excellently well followed by my troth la  
He'll pitch the bar well I warrant he does  
So follow his kick

*Bar* Let it go round [kicks Bostock]

*Bos* Good right as my leg again

*Lord R* Your leg ! 'twas he that kick'd you

*Bos* D'ye think I do not feel it ?

*Lord R* Why d'ye not use your toes then ?

*Bos* What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe ? d'ye hear, sir,

You're good company, but, if thou lovest me ?—

*Bar* Love you ? why, d'ye hear, sir,

I, I,—

What a pox should any man see in you,

Once to think of you ! love a squirt !

Shall I tell thee what thou art good for ?

*Bos* Aye

*Bar* For nothing

*Bos* Good again, my lord, observe him, for nothing

*Bar* Yes, thou wilt stop a breach in a mud wall,

Or serve for a Priapus in the garden to

Fright away crows, and keep the corn, bean shatter,

Thou wilt

*Bos* Ha, ha, ha !

*Bar* Or thou wilt serve, at shrove-tide, to have thy legs

Broken with penny truncheons in the street,

'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,

And such a capon unprefer'd

*Bos* Ha, ha, ha !

*Bar* Cry mercy, you're a kinsman to the lord,

A gentleman of high and mighty blood

*Lord R* But cold enough, will not all this provoke him ?

*Bar* Dost hear ? for all this I will undertake

To thrash a better man out of a wench

That travels with her butter milk to market  
 Between two dorsers \* any day of the week  
 My twice sod tail of green fish I will do t  
 Or lose my inheritance Tell me, and do not stammer  
 When wert thou eudgel d last? what woman beat thee?

*Bos* Excellent Barker!

*Bar* Thou art the town top

A boy will set thee up and make thee spin  
 Home with an eel-skin do not marry do not  
 Thy wife will coddle thee and serve thee up  
 In plates with sugar and rose water to  
 Him that hath the grace to cuckold thee  
 And if Pythagoras transmigration  
 Of souls were true thy spirit should be tenant  
 To a horse

*Bos* Why to a horse?

*Bar* A switch and spnr would do some good upon you  
 Why dost thou interfere? get the grincomes † go  
 And straddle like a gentleman that would  
 Not shame his kindred but what do I  
 Lose time with such a puppy?

*Bos* Well go thy ways I'll justify thy wit  
 At my own peril

*Bar* I would speak with you [to Lord Rainbow  
 Be not too busy with your lordship's legs  
 I'll tell you somewhat

*Lord R* Speak to the purpose then

*Bar* I bestow'd

A visit on the ladies which you wot of,  
 They have their wits still, and resolve to keep them,  
 They will not hang themselves for a young lord,  
 Nor grow into consumption; other men  
 Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and handsome legs too,  
 So fare you well, my lord, I left your kick  
 With your cousin to buy otto [exit

*Lord R* Very well

But hark you, cousin Bostock you have a mind  
 And modest constitution, I expected  
 You would have lifted up your leg

*Bos* To kick him?

Why, an' you would have given a thousand pound,  
 I could not do't for laughing, beside,  
 He was your friend, my lord

*Lord R* Did you spare him  
 For that consideration?

*Bos* Howsoever,  
 What honour had it been for me to quarrel,  
 Or wit, indeed? If every man should take  
 All the abuses that are meant, great men  
 Would be laugh'd at, some fools must have their jests,  
 Had he been any man of blood or valour,  
 One that profess'd the sword, such as the Colonel,  
 Less provocation would have made me active

*Enter SIR AMBROSE and SIR MARMADUKE*

*Lord R* The eagles take no flies, is that it? how now  
 Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend Sir Marmaduke?  
 You are strangers

*Mar* Your lordship's pardon Mr Bustock

*Bos* Now shall I be put to it this talking will undo me

*Lord R* Pr'ythee tell me is the Colonel alive still?

*Amb* Alive my lord? yes yes he's alive

*Bos* Did your lordship think absolutely he was dead?

*Lord R* But he is shrewdly wounded?

*Amb* No my lord

He is very well but 'twas your kinsman's fortune

*Bos* Pr'ythee ne'er speak on't

*Lord R* What?

*Mar* To have a blow a box on the ear

*Lord R* How?

*Mar* With his fist and an indifferent round one

*Bos* Yes yes he did strike me I could have told you  
that;

But wherefore did he strike? ask them that

*Mar* If you would know my lord he was our orator

To rail upon the lady for abusing us

Which I confess he did with lung and spirit

When in the conclusion the Colonel

Struck him to the ground

*Bos* He did so 'tis a truth

*Lord R* And did you take it?

*Bos* Take it! he gave it me my lord; I asked not  
for it

But 'tis not yet reveng'd

*Amb* 'Tis truth we suffer'd

A little but the place protected him

*Bos* It was no place, indeed

*Mar* Now, since you had the greatest burthen in  
The affront,

*Bos* The blow?

*Mar* Right, we would know whether your resolution  
Be first to question him, for our cause appears  
Subordinate, and may take breath till you  
Have call'd him to account

*Bos* I proclaim nothing,  
And make no doubt the Colonel will give me  
Satisfaction like a gentleman

*Amb* We are answer'd, and take our leave, my lord

*Lord R* We shall meet at the ball anon, gentlemen

*Man* Your lordship's servants now to our design

[*exeunt*]

*Bos* My lord, I take my leave too

*Lord R* Not yet, cousin, you and I have not done

*Bos* What you please, cousin

*Lord R* You have cozen'd me too much

*Bos* I, my good lord?

*Lord R* Thou most unheard of coward!

How dare you boast relation to me?

Be so impudent as to name, or think upon me,

Thou stain to honour! Honour! thou 'rt beneath

All the degrees of baseness quit thy father,

Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony

Some serving-man leap'd thy mother or some juggler

That conjures with old bones, some woman's tailor,

When he brought home her petticoat, and took measure

Of her loose body, or I'll cullice thee

With a bottom

*Bos* Good my lord!

*Lord R* Be so bawd!

In presence of your mistress! tis enough  
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected  
And I'll have satisfaction

*Bos* My lord!

*Lord R* For using of my name in ordinaries  
I th list of others whom you make your privilege  
To domineer and win applause sometimes  
With tapsters and threadbare tobacco merchants  
That worship your gold lace and ignorance  
Stand bare and bend their hams when you belch out  
My lord and t other cousin in a bawdy house  
Whom with a noise you curse by Jack and Tom  
For failing you at Fish-street or the Steel yard

*Bos* My very good lord

*Lord R* Will you not draw?

*Bos* Not against your honour but you shall see

*Lord R* And vex my eyes to look on such a land rat;  
Were all these shames forgotten how shall I  
Be safe in honour with that noble lady  
To whom I sinfully commended thee;  
Though twere not much, enough to make her think  
I am as base as thou art and the Colonel  
And all that have but heard thee call me cou in

*I'll cuffle th with bott m that is I'll pou d thee with a bottom  
r ball f th end. C ill r cuffler is a gravy made f om meal po nded i  
morta*



What cure for this, you malt-worm! oh, my soul,  
 How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppy!  
 D'ye hear me thunder and lightning what  
 Nobility my predecessors boasted,  
 Or any man from honour's stock descended?  
 How many marquesses and earls are number'd  
 In their great family? what coats they quarter?  
 How many battles our forefathers fought?  
 'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry  
 To build their glories at their fathers' cost,  
 But at their own expense of blood or virtue,  
 To raise them living monuments, our birth  
 Is not our own act, honour upon trust  
 Our ill deeds forfeit, and the wealthy sums  
 Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be  
 Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly  
 But what our actions make us worthy of,  
 And are you not a precious gentleman?  
 Thou art not worth my steel—redeem this love  
 Some generous way of undertaking, or  
 Thou shalt be given up to boys, and ballads,  
 The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more black  
 Than bastard, go to the Colonel

*Bos* I will, my lord

*Lord R* But now, I think o't, 'twill be necessary  
 That first you right my honour with the lady  
 You shall carry a letter, you will do't?

*Bos* I'll carry any thing

*Lord R* Expect it presently

*Bos* Such another conjuring will make me

[*exit*]

Believe I am illegitimate indeed  
 This came from keeping company with the blades  
 From whom I learnt to roar and run away  
 I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward  
 But ev'ry man's not born to be a Hercules  
 Some must be beat that others may be valiant [exit

## SCENE II

*Enter ROSAMOND and HONORIA whispering SIR MARVIOURNE  
 and SIR AMBROSE follow in*

*Ros* Let it be so they will else be troublesome

*Mar* This cannot I hope displease you lady 'tis  
 No new affection I protest although  
 This be the first occasion I took  
 To express it [to Rosamond

*Ros* You did ill in the expression  
 Although your bashfulness would not permit you  
 To speak in your own cause you might have sent  
 Your meaning I can make a shift to read  
 A scurvy hand but I shall tell you sir

*Mar* Pr'ythee do

*Hon* Is't possible your heart hath been tormented  
 In love's flame and I the cause? [to Sir Ambrose

*Amb* Your beauty hath the power  
 To melt a Scythian's bo'on those divine  
 Beams would make soft the earth when rugged winter  
 Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost your eye  
 Will make the frigid region temperate  
 Should you but smile upon't account it then

No wonder if it turn my breast to ashes -

*Ros* I see you are in love by your mention,\*  
And, 'cause I pity a gentleman should lose  
His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret

[*she whispers to Sir Marmaduke*]

*Mar* The lady Honoria ?

*Ros* What misfortune 'twas  
You did not first apply yourself to her  
That can reward your love, and hath a heart  
Spacious to entertain you, she does love you  
Upon my knowledge, strangely, and so  
Commends you in your absence

*Mar* Say you so, lady ?

Pardon, I beseech you, the affliction  
I profess to your ladyship, 'twas but  
A compliment, I am sorry, I protest

*Ros* Oh, 'tis excus'd, sir, but I must tell you,  
Perhaps you will not find her now so tractable,  
Upon the apprehension she was slighted,  
But to prescribe you confidence were to  
Suspect your art, and bold discretion

*Hon* 'Tis as I tell you, sir - no lady in  
The world can speak more praises of your body  
She knows not yet your mind [to *Sir Ambrose*]

*Amb* Is't possible ?

*Hon* And yet because she saw your compliments  
Directed so unhappily to me,  
I know not how you'll find her on the sudden,

\* A line seems to be wanting here

But tis not half an hour since you possess  
The first place in her thoughts

*Amb* Shall I presume

You will excuse the love I did present  
Your ladyship? it was not from my heart  
I hope you will conceive so

*Hon* A slight error

*Amb* I am nsham d of't

*Hon* 'Tis sufficient

That you recant no more neglect

[*Sir Ambrose addresses Rosamond*]

*Ros* You are pleasant

*Amb* Be you so too I ll justify thou shalt  
Have cause

*Ros* To wonder at you what s your meaning sir?

*Amb* Sweet lady

What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ d  
Your eyes shoot clearer light

*Ros* You are deceiv d  
I am not melancholy

*Amb* Be for ever banish d

The imagination of what can happen  
To cloud so rare n beauty! you re in love

*Ros* In love! who told you so?

*Amb* But that s no wonder

We all may love but you have only power  
To conquer where you place affection  
And triumph o er your wishes

*Hon* [*To Sir Marmaduke*] I love you! you re strangely  
sir mistaken

Put your devices on some other lady

I've been so far from any affection to you  
That I have laboured, I confess, t'unsettle  
The opinion of my lady Rosamond,

Who, I confess, loves you, and that extremely

*Mar* How! she love me? then I have made fine work

*Hon* What cunning she is mistress of, to hide  
Her strange affections, or what power she has,  
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know not

*Ros* [*To Sir Ambrose*] Are you so dull?  
Why, this was but to try your constancy,  
I've heard her swear you are the properest knight,  
The very Adonis, why, she has got your picture,  
And made it the only saint within her closet  
I blush at your credulity

*Amb* Is't e'en so?

I have undone myself with her already,  
Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave you

*Ros* With all my heart

*Hon* We are reliev'd, [*aside to Rosamond*]

*Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE*

Monsieur Le Friske

*Le Fris* *Tes humble serviteur, madame*, me sweat with  
de hast to wait upon your ladyships, I pray, give me de  
leve dispatch presently, for I must figanes to be done

*Ros* Gentlemen, let your passions breathe awhile,  
A little music may correct the error,  
And you may find yourselves

*Le Fris* *Allez*

*Amb* With all my heart, Sir Maimaduke, let's help

To exercise the ladies

*Mar* A good motion

*Le Fris* And begar noting in the world mor profet  
your body den de motion ʒ *la mode de France*

*Mar* I am for any frisk

*Le Fris* Ha! de frisk you jump upon my name and  
begar you have my nature to de right hey and all de world  
is but frisk

*Hon* A country dance then

*Le Fris* Ah *monsieur madame! alle.* [they dance  
*Fort bon tres excellent* begar! so I crave your patience  
*madame* gentlemen you be at de ball *ma foi* you see dat  
was never in dis world

*Ros* What *monsieur?*

*Le Fris* What do you think dat is? me tell you begar  
you see me play de part of de Cupid

*Hon* A French Cupid?

*Le Fris* Begar French Cupid why? dere is no love like  
de French love dat is Cupid love is hot and de French  
is hot

*Ros* How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid  
*monsieur?*

*Le Fris* My lord give me command me have device and  
de masque for de ladies and me no trust little jacknape to  
play young Cupid but myself

*Hon* Cupid is a child you have a beard *monsieur*

*Le Fris* Me care not de baire for dat begar de little  
god may have de little beard Venus lus moder have de  
mole and Cupid her shuld may have de black mussell

*Hon* But *monsieur* we read Cupid was fair and

You are black, how will that agree ?

*Le Fris* Cupid is fair, and *monsieur* is black, why, *monsieur* is black den, and Cupid is fair, what is dat? a fair lady love de servant of de black complexion de *bon air*, the colour is not de mush, Vuleau was de blacksmith, and Cupid may be de black gentleman, his son legitimate

*Amb* 'Tis the way to make Cupid, the boy, no bastard

*Le Fris* But do you no publish this invention, me meet you at de ball, arm'd with quiver and de bow

*Hon* You will not shoot us, I hope you'll spare our hearts

*Le Fris* Begar, me shut you if me can, and your arts shall bleed one, two, tree gallou, *adieu, madame, serviteur, gentlemen, tres humble [servitem]*

*Amb* Adieu, *monsieur*! Now, madam, with your favour, I must renew my suit

*Hon* You'd better buy a new one,  
Nay, then we shall be troubled [exit

*Amb* You'll withdraw,  
I'll follow you [exit

*Mar* Come, come, I know you love me

*Ros* You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight,  
But I have pardoned you for love already [exit

*Mar* This shall not serve you turn, I came hither  
Not to be jeer'd, and one of you shall love me [exit

### SCENE III

*Enter* BOSTOCK, LADY LUCINA, and SCUTILLA

*Luc* O impudence! dares he return ?

*Scu* It seems so

*Bos* Most gracious madam my cousin your lord  
Rainebow \*

Commends himself in black and white [*gives her a letter*

*Luc* To me?

*Bos* D ye think tis from myself?

*Scu* You might have done t in black and blue

*Bos* Scutilla how does thy poor soul? thou  
Hast no husband nor children to commend me to

*Scu* The poor soul s well I hope your body is  
Recover'd does not your left cheek burn still?  
We have so talk'd of you

*Luc reads* — I am sorry any gentleman that has  
relation to me should be so forgetful of your honour and  
his own but though he have forfeited opinion let me  
continue innocent in your thoughts I have sent you a  
small jewel to expiate my offence for commending him  
I expect your ladyship at the ball where you shall make  
many happy to kiss your hand and in their number the  
true admirer of your virtues RAINBOW

My lord is honorable

*Bos* A slight jewel madam

[*he presents a set of diamonds*

O th prese t d the tw f ll wing occas In wh h th am f th  
i d occurs h i called Lord Lo ealk H i ge rally t od ced as th  
Lo d b t twice in th preceding ce es h i called Lord Rai bow Th  
d tity f h double-named lordship u q esta nabl Th aim sort f  
m tak mad j th first sce f et V wher Sur Ambros d S  
At read k re called & L net and S Steeph



*Luc* I am his servant

*Bos* Nay, faith! my lord is right, I have not met  
The Colonel since you know when

*Scu* You have more reason to remember

*Bos* I would be so bold to ask you a question

*Luc* In the mean time give me leave, we are none  
But friends I know you're valiant

*Bos* No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself

*Scu* That's more

*Luc* But will you answer me? why did not you strike  
him again?

*Scu* That might have caus'd blood

*Bos* You're r'the right

*Luc* You did not fear him?

*Bos* But blood is not alike, terms were not even,  
If I had killed him there had been an end

*Luc* Of him

*Bos* Right, madam, but, if he had wounded me,  
He might have kill'd, heaven knows, how many

*Scu* Strange!

*Bos* D'ye not conceive it? so many drops of mine,  
So many gentlemen, nay, more, who knows  
Which of these might have been a knight, a lord

*Luc* Perhaps a prince

*Bos* Princes came from the blood,  
And should I hazard such a severation  
Against a single life? 'tis not I fear  
To fight with him by these hults, but what wise gamester  
Will venture a hundred pounds to a flaw'd sixpence?

*Scu* Madam the Colonel

*Bos* An he were ten Colonels I ll not endure his company

Sweet lady you and I ll retire

*Scu* An you were less honorable

*Bos* He should not seek me then

*Scu* He should rather hardly find you I m your  
servant *[exeunt Scutilla and Bostock]*

*Enter COLONEL*

*Luc* I was wishing for you sir —

Your judgment of the e diamonds

*Col* The stones are pretty

*Luc* They were a lord s sent me for a token

You cannot chuse but know him the lord Rainebow

*Col* So so so I am like to speed

*Luc* Is not he a pretty gentleman?

*Col* And are you sure he s honest?

*Luc* As lords go now a days that are in fashion  
But cry you mercy you have put me in mind

I did propound a business to you sir

*Col* And I came prepar'd to answer you

*Luc* Tis very well I ll call one to be a witness

*Col* That was not I remember in our covenant  
You shall not need

*Luc* I ll fetch you a book to swear by

*Col* Let it be *Venus and Adonis* then

Or Ovid s wanton Elegies Aristotle s

Problems Guy of Warwick or Sir Bevis

Or if there be a play book you love better

I'll take my oath upon your epilogue

*Luc* You're very merry, well, swear how you please

*Col* In good time,

You do expect now I should swear I'm honest?

*Luc* Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition,

If you reflect upon my promise

*Col* What?

*Luc* To marry you, which act must make you lord  
Of me and my estate, a round possession,  
Some men have gone to hell for a less matter

*Col* But I will not be damn'd for twenty thousand  
Such as you are, had every one a million,  
And I the authority of a parliament  
To marry with ye all, I would not buy  
This flesh, now I have sworn

*Luc* I think so, Colonel  
Bless me! twenty thousand wives! 'twould ne'er  
Come to my turn, and you'd not live to give  
The tithe benevolence

*Col* They would find pages, fools, or gentlemen ushers

*Luc* Then, upon the matter,  
You being not willing, sir, to take your oath,  
I may be confident you are not honest

*Col* Why, look upon me, lady, and consider  
With some discretion, what part about me  
Does look so tame you should suspect me honest,  
How old d'ye think I am?

*Luc* I guess at thirty

*Col* Some in the world doubted me not so much,  
At thirteen I was ever plump and forward,

My dry nurse swore at seven I kiss'd like one  
Of five and twenty setting that aside  
What's my profession?

*Luc* A soldier

*Col* So —examine a whole army and find  
One soldier that hates a handsome woman!  
We cannot march without our law and baggage  
And is't possible when we come where women's pride  
And all temptation to wantonness abounds  
We should lose our activity? \*

*Luc* You soldiers are brave fellows

*Col* When we have our pay  
We row no chastity till we marry lady  
'Tis out of fashion indeed with gentlemen  
To be honest and ne age together 'tis sufficient  
We can provide to take our pleasures too  
Without infection a sound body is  
A treasure I can tell you yet if that  
Would satisfy you I should make no scruple  
To swear but otherwise you must pardon us  
As we must pardoo you

*Luc* Us sir!

*Col* Yes you; as if you ladies had not your vagaries  
And martial discipline as well as we  
Your outworks and redoubts your court of guard  
Your sentries and perducs sallies retreats

The present arrangement of this speech differs from the quarto, in which I conceive it is incorrectly printed

Parties, and stratagems , women are all honest,  
Yes, yes, exceeding honest , let me ask you  
One question , I'll not put you to your oath ,  
I do allow you Hyde Park and Spring Garden  
You have a recreation called the ball,  
A device transported hither by some ladies  
That affect tennis , what d'ye play a set ?  
There's a foul racket kept under the line,  
Strange words are bandied, and strange revels, madam

*Luc* The world imagines so

*Col* Nay, you're all talk'd of

*Luc* But if men had more wit and honesty,  
They would let fall their stings on something else ,  
This is discours'd, but when corantos\* fail,  
Or news at ordinaries, when the phlegmatic Dutch  
Have ta'en no fisher boats, or our coal ships land  
Safe at Newcastle, you're fine gentlemen  
But, to conclude of that we met for , your honesty,  
Not justified by an oath, as I expected,  
Is now suspended , will you swear yet ?

*Col* Why, I thought you had been a Christian widow ,  
Have I not told you enough , you may meet one  
Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,  
Some silk-worm of the city, or the court ,  
There be enough will swear away their soul  
For your estate, but I have no such purpose  
The wars will last, I hope

\* A coranto is a quick dance

*Luc* So o Scutilla !

*Enter SCUTILLA*

You were present when I promised the Colonel  
To be his wife upon condition  
He could secure my opinion by his oath  
That he was honest I am bound in honour  
Not to go back you've done it I am yours sir  
Be you a witness to this solemn contract

*Col* Are you in earnest lady ? I have not sworn

*Luc* You have given better truth  
He that can make this conscience of an oath  
Assures his honesty

*Col* In mind

*Luc* What's past  
I question not if for the time to come  
Your love be virtuous to me

*Col* Most religious  
Or let me live the soldiers dishonour  
And die the scorn of gentlemen I have not  
Space enough in my heart to entertain thee

*Luc* Is not this better than swearing ?

*Col* I confess it

*Luc* Now I may call you husband

*Col* No title can more honour me

*Luc* If't please you I'll shew you then my children

*Col* How ! your children ?

*Luc* I have six that call me mother

*Col* Hast faith ?

*Luc* The elder may want softness to acknowledge you

But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd  
To ask your blessing, does this trouble you?

*Col* Trouble me? no, but it is the first news, lady,  
Of any children

*Luc* Nay, they are not like  
To be a burthen to us, they must trust  
To their own portions left them by their father

*Col* Where?

*Luc* But of my estate I cannot keep  
Any thing from them, and I know you are  
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the orphans,  
'Tis but six thousand pound in money, Colonel,  
Among them all, beside some trifling plate  
And jewels worth a thousand more

*Col* No more?

*Luc* My jointure will be firm to us, two hundred  
*Per annum*

*Col* Is it so? and that will keep  
A country house, some half-a-dozen cows,  
We shall have cheese and butter-milk, one horse  
Will serve me and your man to ride to markets

*Luc* Can'st be content to live i'the country, Colonel?

*Col* And watch the pease, look to the hay, and talk  
Of oats and stubble, I have been brought up to't,  
And, for a need, can thrash

*Luc* That will save somewhat

*Col* I'the year, beside my skill in farrowing pigs  
O 'tis a wholesome thing to hold the plough,  
And wade up to the calf i'the dirty furrows  
Worse than sleeping in a trench or quagmire,

You have not heard me whistle yet

*Luc* No indeed

*Col* Why there's it she does counterfeit Well lady  
Be you in jest or earnest this is my  
Resolution I'll marry you on you'd forty children  
And not a foot of land to your jointure heaven  
Will provide for us and we do our endeavours  
Where be the children? come how many boys?

*Luc* As many as you can get sir

*Col* How?

*Luc* No more

Since you're so noble know I tried your patience  
And now I am confirm'd my estate is yours  
Without the weight of children or of debts  
Love me and I repent not

*Col* Say'st thou so?

I would we had a priest here

*Luc* There remains to take away one scruple

*Col* Another gimerack?

*Luc* I have none 'tis your doubt sir  
And ere we marry you shall be convinc'd  
Some malice has corrupted your opinion  
Of that we call the ball

*Col* Your dancing business

*Luc* I will entreat your company to-night  
Where your own eyes shall lead you to accuse  
Or vindicate our fames

*Col* With all my heart

*Sen* Madam Mr Bostock

Expects within



*Luc* You shall be reconcil'd to him

*Col* With Bostock? willingly, then to the ball,  
Which, for your sake, I dare not now suspect,  
Where union of hearts such empire brings,  
Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as kings [*exunt*

## ACT V SCENE I

*Enter LI IRISK, and SERVANTS with perfumes*

*Le Fris* Bon, fort bon, here a little, dere a little more  
My lord hire dis house of the city merchant, begar, it  
smell masty, and he will have all sweet for de ladies per-  
fume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose  
to make all smoke anon, begar

*Enter LADY ROSAMOND, HONORIA, and IRLSHWATER*

*Tres humble serviteur, madame!*

*Hon* Where is my lord?

*Le Fris* He wait on yon presently, —Monsieur de Fresh-  
water

*Fris* Monsieur Le Friske, these ladies were pleas'd  
To command my attendance hither

*Le Fris* Welcome to de ball, *par ma foi*, you pardon,  
monsieur, I have much trouble in my little head, I can no  
stay to complement, *a votre service!* [*exit*

*Fris* In all my travels, I have not seen a more

Convenient structure

*Ros* Now you talk of your travels signior till my lord

Come you shall do us a special favour to  
Discourse what passages you have seen abroad

*Hon* Were you ever abroad before signior?

*Fres* I hardly ever was at home and yet  
All countries to the wise man are his own  
Did you never travel ladies?

*Ros* We are no ladies errant tis enough  
For such as you that look for state employment

*Fres* Yet there be ladies have your languages  
And married to great men prove the better statesmen

*Ros* We have heard talk of many countries

*Fres* And you may hear talk but give me the man  
That has measur'd them talk's but talk

*Hon* Have you seen a fairer city than London?

*Fres* London is nothing—

*Ros* How nothing?

*Fres* To what it will be a hundred years hence

*Ros* I have heard much talk of Paris

*Hon* You have been there I'm sure

*Enter LORD RAINBOW*

*Fres* I tell you madam I took shipping at  
Gravesend and had no sooner past  
The Cantons and Grisons making some stay  
In the Valteline but I came to Paris a pretty  
Hamlet and much in the situation like Dunstable  
Tis in the province of Aleontara some three leagues

Distant from Seville, from whence we have our oranges

*Lord R* Is the fellow mad?

*Ros* I have heard Seville is in Spain

*Fres* You may hear many things,

The people are evil that live in Spain, or there

May be one town like another, but if Seville

Be not in France, I was never at Seville in my life

*Hon* Proceed, sir

*Fres* Do not I know Paris? it was built by the youngest  
son

Of king Priam, and was call'd by his name, yet some

Call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there

Play so well upon the lute

*Lord R* What a rascal is this!

*Fres* Here I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the  
University, which some call the Louvre, where the  
Students made very much of me, and carried me  
To the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the  
Bank-side, a very pretty comedy, call'd Match me  
In London

*Ros* Is't possible?

*Fres* But there be no such comedians as we have here,  
Yet the women are the best actors, they play  
Their own parts, a thing much desir'd in England  
By some ladies, uns o'court gentlemen, and others,  
But that, by the way

*Hon* See, sir

*Fres* I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a  
Villainous scent of omons, which the wind brought from  
St Omers

*Ros* Onions would make you sleep well

*Fres* But the scent is not to be endur'd I smelt  
Of em when I came to Rome and hardly scap'd the  
Inquisition for't

*Hon* Were you at Rome too signior?

*Fres* 'Tis in my way to Venice I'll tell you madam I  
was very  
Loth to leave their country

*Ros* Which country?

*Fres* Where was I last?

*Hon* In France

*Fres* Right for I had a very good son where mine  
ho t

Was a notable good fellow and a cardinal

*Ros* How a cardinal? O impudence!

*Fres* Oh the catches we sang! and his wife a pretty  
woman

And one that warms a bed one o the best in Europe

*Hon* Did you ever hear the like?

*Ros* I did before suspect him

*Fres* But mine host —

*Hon* The cardinal?

*Fres* Right — had a shrewd pate and his ears were  
ometh'g

Of the longest for ooe upon the oath of a w——

Walloon that —— from Spain to the Low

Countries and the other from Lapland into Germany

*Ros* Say you so?

*Fres* A parlous head and yet loving to his guest  
As mine host Bankes as red in the gills and as merry

A       , but anger him, and he sets all Christendom  
 Together by the ears   Well, shortly after I left  
 France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to  
 Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very  
 Hot travelling, and went a pilgrimage to Rome,  
 Where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's  
 Theatre, here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite,  
 In whose chamber I lay, and drank cider

*Lord R*   Nay, now he is desperate

*Hon*   Do not interrupt him

*Fies*   What should I trouble you with many stories?  
 From hence

I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and cloth'd  
 In silk, from thence I went to Florence, from whence we  
 Have the art of working custards, which we call  
 Florentines, Milan, a rich state of  
 Haberdashers, Piedmont, where I had excellent venison.  
 And Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles,  
 Which our physicians ride upon, and first brought from  
 Thence when they commenc'd doctor

*Ros*   Very good

*Fies*   I saw little in Mantua beside dancing upon the  
 ropes,

Only their strong beer, better than any I       ,  
 Ever drank at the Trumpet, but Venice, of all  
 The Champaign countries, do not mistake, they are the  
 Valiantest gentlemen under the sun

*Ros*   Is that it?

*Fies*   O the Catanzers\* we found there!

\* Probably a mis print for *Cortezanaz*

*Hon* Who was with you?

*Fres* Two or three magnificos grandecs of the state  
We tickled them in the very R alto by the same  
Token two or three English spies told us they had lain  
Lieger three months to steal away the Pistzo and ship  
It for Covent Garden a pretty fabric and building  
Upon the ——— but I was compell'd to make  
Short stay here by reason of the Duke's concubine  
Fell in love with me gave me a ring of his out of  
A solid diamond which afterwards I lost washing my  
Hands in the salt water

*Hon* You should have fish'd for't and had as good  
luck as  
She that found her wedding ring in the  
Haddock's belly

*Fres* No there was no staying I took post horse  
presently  
For Genoa and from thence to Madrid and so to  
The Netherlands

*Ros* And how sped you among the Dutch?

*Fres* Why we were drunk every day together they get  
their  
Laving by it

*Hon* By drinking?

*Fres* And making bargains in their tippling  
The Jews are innocent nay the devil himself  
Is but a dunce to them of whose trade they are

*Hon* What's that?

*Fres* They fish they fish still who can help it? they  
Have nets enough and may catch the Province

In time, then let the kingdoms look about them,  
 They can't be idle, and they have one advantage  
 Of all the world, they'll have no conscience to trouble  
 Them. I heard it whisper'd they want butter, they have  
 A design to charm the Indies, and remove their  
 Dairy, but that, as a secret, shall go no further  
 I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland, upon my  
 Recovery I went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome  
 Frow, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the  
 And left her drunk at Rotterdam, there I took  
 Shipping again for France, from thence to Dover,  
 From Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queen-  
 Hithe, and from thence to what I am come to

*Lord R* And, noble signior, you are very welcome

*Fres* I hope he did not over-hear me

*Lord R* I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence

*Fres* Absence had been a sin, my lord, where you  
 Were pleas'd to invite

*Enter Monsieur Le Friske*

*Le Fris* Fie, fie, my lord, give me one care

*[he whispers with Lord Ramebour]*

*Lord R* Interrupt me no more, good monsieur

*Fres* Monsieur Le Friske, a word, a word, I beseech  
 you,

No *excusez moi* *[exit Freshwater and Le Friske]*

*Lord R* Have you thought, ladies, of your absent ser-  
 vant?

Within whose heart the civil war of love—

*Ros* May end in a soft peace

*Lord R* Excellent lady!

*Hon* We had armies too my lord of wounded thoughts

*Lord R* And are you agreed to which I must devote  
My loving service? and which is wisest fairest?  
Is it concluded yet?

*Hon* You did propound  
A hard province and we could not  
Determine as you expected but if  
Your flame be not extinct we have devis'd  
Another way

*Lord R* You make my ambition happy  
And indeed I was thinking 'twas impossible  
That two such beauties should give place to either  
And I am still that humble votary  
To both your loves

*Ros* Then this we have made lots  
That what we cannot fate may soon divide  
And we are fix'd to obey our destiny  
There are but two one and your wishes guide you

*Lord R* And will you satisfy my chance?

*Hon* We should  
Be else unjust

*Lord R* What method shall we use?

*Ros* Your hat my lord  
If you vouchsafe the favour

*Hon* Dare you expose your head to the air so long?

*Lord R* Most willingly put in

*Ros* There is fortune

*Hon* That draw which quickly tells how much I love  
you



*Lord R* So, so, now let me see, I commend your device,  
 Since I am incapable of both,  
 This is a way indeed, but your favour

*Ros* Let's have fair play, my lord

*Lord R* What fool is he,  
 That, having the choice of mistresses, will be  
 Confin'd to one, and rob himself? I am yet  
 The favorite of both, this is no policy,  
 I could make shift with both a-bed

*Ros* You are merry

*Lord R* In troth, and so I am, and in the mind  
 I am in, will give myself no cause to the contrary  
 D'ye see? I'll draw you both

*Hon* How ' both?

*Lord R* You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd,  
 I'll be content to marry one, and do  
 Service to the other's petticoat, I must tell you,  
 I am not without precedent

*Hon* There you triumph

*Lord R* Within the name of Venus ha' a blank  
 By this light ' nothing, neither name nor mark

*Both* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lord R* This is a riddle yet

*Ros* 'Tis quickly solv'd  
 Your lordship was too confident,  
 We never were at such a loss, my lord,  
 As, with the hazard of our wit or honour,  
 To court you with so desperate affection

*Hon* By our example know, some ladies may  
 Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet

Be safe in their own thoughts and see us far  
 A modesty and honour will allow us  
 We are still servants to your lordship

*Lord R* Say so? why look you ladies that you may  
 perceive

How I can be temperate too first I thank you  
 Heartily and to recompense your wit  
 Present another lottery you shall not  
 Suspect I have a thought that will betray  
 Your innocence to scandal let me entreat  
 You take your chance too this for you madam  
 And this is left your fortune do me honour  
 To wear these pair of jewels for my sake  
 So with a confidence of your happy pardon  
 To what is past hereafter I shall pay  
 To your true virtues better service than  
 So unnecessary trials

*Ros* And to shew

We are not coy my lord we'll wear your jewels

*Lord R* And be their ornament

*Enter LUCINA COLONEL BOSTOCK and FRESHWATER*

*Col* All happiness to your lordship!

Your crewels are not full set noble ladies

*Lord R* Your presence will soon make us active madam  
 I was bold

*Bos* She has your diamond my lord

*Lord R* And can you pardon?

*Bos* Nay nay we are friends are  
 We not madam?

*Luc* I were else unmerciful

*Bos* The Colonel too has given me satisfaction

*Col* I think you had enough

*Bos* As much as I desir'd, and here's my hand,  
While I can draw a sword, command me—

*Col* What?

*Bos* To put it up again, all friends, all friends!  
A pox of quarrelling!

*Col* I kiss your hand, sir

*Bos* Kiss my hand, kiss my noble ladies here

*Col* Why is music silent all this while?

Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome?

*[a golden ball descends]*

*Enter VENUS, CUPID, and DIANA*

*Ven* Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,  
Here are ladies' hearts enow  
To be transfir'd, this meeting is  
To ruffle ladies, and to kiss  
These are my orgies, from each eye  
A thousand wanton glances fly,  
Lords and ladies of the game,  
Each breast be full of my own flame  
Why shoots not Cupid? these are all  
Met in honour of my ball,  
Which Paris gave to Idu hill,  
I'll maintain these revels still  
Why stays Cupid all this while?

*Dia* Venus doth herself beguile

*Ven* Diana here? go back again



Break, or rebound in my own face,  
 Mother, fly hence, or you will be,  
 If you'll stay, made as chaste as she

*Ven* Can her magick charm them so?  
 Then 'tis time that Venns go,  
 To seek her own more choice delight  
 Against my will, enjoy this night

*Dia* Cupid, if you mean to stay,  
 Throw your licentious shafts away,  
 Then you are Love, then be embrac'd,  
 Love is welcome while he's chaste  
 Now some other strain, to show  
 What pleasures to this night we owe

[*a dance*]

*Enter BARKER, like a Satyr, dancing*

*Fres* My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?  
 I have not met such another in all my travels

*Luc* What have we here, a satyr?

*Bos* No, 'tis a dancing bear

*Lord R* What is the device?

*Bar* Wonder that a satyr can  
 Put off wildness, and turn man,  
 Love such miracles can do  
 But this owes itself to you,  
 Bright lady

*Ros* Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen

*Bar* You'll know me

*All* Barker

*Bar* No more the cymck, I protest,  
 You have converted me

*Ros* Your meaning sir?

*Bar* I am the man you did encourage madam  
To learn to dance I shall do better shortly  
Your love will perfect me and make me soft  
And smooth as any reveller

*Ros* Ha ha ha! my love! I am not mad to love a satyr  
For that's thy best condition Judge men all  
How scurrily this civility shews in him!

Faith! rail and keep your humour still it shews excellent;

Does he not become the beast?  
The lords allow you pension

*All* Ha ha ha!

*Bar* You are a witch I'll justify it and there is not  
One honest thought among the whole sex of you  
Dye laugh loose witted ladies? there are not  
In hell such furies that's a comfort yet  
To him that shall go thither; he shall have  
Less torment after death than he finds here

*Lord R* Why Barker?

*Bar* Your wit has got the squirt too I'll traduce  
Your ball for this and if there be a poet  
That dares write mischief look to be worse  
Than executed

[*exit*

*Lord R* He will come to himself again when he hath  
purg'd

Freshwater!

[*takes him aside*

*Enter* SIR MARMADUKE and SIR ANDREW.

*Mar* Madam your servants beg this favour from you

*Ros* What is't ?

*Mar* That, since your resolutions will admit  
No change of hearts, you will not publish how  
We have been jeer'd

*Ros* Not jeer'd, but you came on so desperate

*Hon* We love our own, when we preserve  
Gentlemen's honour

*Col* Then let's toss the ball

*Lord R* Signior Freshwater

*Fres* Mercy and silence, as you are honorable !

*Lord R* May it concern these gentlemen :

*Fres* Why, if I must—gentlemen, you imagine I have  
been

At Venice, but I stand at Grave-end  
All this summer, expecting a wind, and finding it  
So uncertain, will defer the voyage till the spring,  
I am not the first whom the winds and seas have cross'd

*Mar* Then you have cross'd no sea ?

*Fres* If you please, I'll require  
But my principal, and, for your good company,  
I'll stay at home for good, and all to be merry

*Lord R* Nay, nay, you shall go your voyage  
We would not have you lose the benefit  
Of travel when you come home, you may summon  
Your debtors by a drum, and, shewing your bag  
Of certificates—

*Bos* Receive your money when you can get it, and be  
Knighthead

*Fres* I thank you, gentlemen, I am in a way, now,  
I have sold my land, and put out my money,

To live I see my heart will not dance to night  
I may to Grave end in the morning  
I can be but pickl'd in salt water and I'll  
Venture one drowning to be reveng'd  
Again again set set

*[a dince*

*Luc* What think you of all this?

*Col* To my wishes an innocent and generous recreation

*Lord R* Ladies and gentlemen now all anquet waits you  
Be pleas'd to accept twill give you breath and then  
Renew our revels and tn the Ball again

*[exunt*

THE END



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Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street

THE  
RAPE OF LUCRECE

A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN NEW GATE STREET

MDCCCXIV

LONDON

Printed by D S Maurier, 1enchurch street.

## TO THE READER

---

It hath been no custom in me of all other men courteous reader to commit my Plays to the press the reason though some may attribute to my own insufficiency—I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness to incur greater suspicion of honesty for though some have used a double sale of their labours first to the stage and after to the press for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first and never guilty of the last yet since some of my Plays have unknown to me and without any of my direction accidentally come into the printer's hands and therefore so corrupt and mangled copied only by the ear that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them this therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit first being by consent next because the rest have been so wronged in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments Accept it courteous gentlemen and prove as favorable readers as we have found you gracious auditors

Your's

T H



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Is a sort of dramatic monster in the construction of which every rule of propriety is violated and all grace and symmetry are set at defiance. The author one would suppose must have produced it when in a state of inebriety in which a man of genius may frequently amidst strange and foolish things give birth to poetical and impassioned conceptions. The divinized characters of Roman story are in this play really infected with the madness which Brutus only assumes. But with an exuberance of buffoonery and conceits are mingled a considerable portion of poetry and some powerful scenes. Upon the whole this singular composition with all its absurdities contains so much that is really excellent that it is well worthy of forming a part of this collection.

Of *The Rape of Lucrece* five editions have been published viz —first edition in 1603 —second in 1609 —third date unknown —fourth in 1630 —and fifth in 1633. Copies of the first and second editions are exceedingly scarce and no copy of the third is we believe known to exist. In the present reprint the fifth edition which contains several additional songs omitted in the others has been chiefly followed but from the first which we have had the opportunity of consulting we have been enabled to supply two lines which are wanting in the two last editions and to make one or two other emendations. To the fourth and fifth editions are appended two songs which were ‘ added by the

stranger that lately acted Valerius his part 17" but they are so utterly contemptible, that they are now omitted

The text is not so corrupt as in some of the old quartos, but there is scarcely a page in which the metre did not require a re-arrangement of some of the lines

#### ADDENDA

In consequence of the Editor not being able to obtain a sight of the first edition, until great part of the present one had been printed, a few emendations and various readings, which would have been noticed in their proper place, are, on that account, added here

p 1	line 7	In the first edition	And I am Tullia
p 2	line 8	ib.	Sworn <i>fi</i> reor
p 92	line 7	ib.	Is <i>hank</i> ed the nest, &c
p 99	line 10	ib.	Balance our crime, and let the innocent blood Of ripe stained Lucrece, crown with death and horror The heads, &c

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

A TRUE ROMAN TRAGEDY

WITH THE SEVERAL SONGS IN THEIR APT PLACES, BY  
VALERIUS THE MERRY LORD AMONG THE ROMAN PEERS

THE COPY REVISED

A DRY DRY SONGS BEFORE OMITTED NOW INSERTED IN  
THEIR RIGHT PLACES

CT D BY N M J TY' BY NTS AT IN R P L

*The Fifth Impression*

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD

LONDON

PRINTED BY JOHN RAWORTH FOR NATHANIEL BUTLER

1638





## PERSONS REPRESENTED

SERVIUS K<sup>ing</sup> of Rome  
 TARQUIN THE PROUD  
 ARUNS        } *Sons of Tarquin*  
 SEXTUS        }  
 JUNIUS BRUTUS  
 COLLATINE  
 HORATIUS COCLES  
 MUTIUS SCÆVOLA        } *Noble Romans*  
 PUBLIUS VALERIUS  
 LUCRETIVS  
 PORSENNA *King of the Tuscans*  
 PORSENNA'S SECRETARY  
 THE PRIEST OF APOLLO  
 THE CLOWN  
  
 TULLIA *His wife of Tarquin*  
 LUCRETIA *His wife of Collatine*  
 MIRABLE *Lucretia's Maid*  
  
*Senators Sentinels Servants &c*



# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

## ACT I SCENE I

*Enter TARQUIN THE PROUD TULLIA and ATTENDANTS*

*Jul* WITHDRAW we must have private conference  
With our dear husband *[Attendants withdraw]*

*Tar* What wouldst thou wife?

*Tul* Be what I am not make thee greater far  
Than thou canst aim to be

*Tar* Why I am Tarquin

*Tul* And I Tullia what of that?  
What diapasons more in Tarquin's name  
Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia  
More in the sound than to become the name  
Of a poor maid or waiting gentlewoman?  
I am a princess both by birth and thoughts  
Yet all's but Tullia there's no resonance

In a bare style my title bears no breadth,  
 Nor hath it any state oh me, I'm sick !

*Tar* Sick, lady ?

*Tul* Sick at heart

*Tar* Why, my sweet Tullia ?

*Tul* To be a queen I long , long, and am sick  
 With ardeney my hot appetite's a fire,  
 'Till my swoln fever be delivered  
 Of that great title—queen , my heart's all royal ,  
 Not to be circumscrib'd in servile bounds -  
 While there's a king that rules the peers of Rome,  
 Tarquin makes legs, and Tullia curtsies low,  
 Bows at each nod, and must not near the state  
 Without obeisance , oh ! I hate this awe ,  
 My proud heart cannot brook it

*Tar* Hear me, wife !

*Tul* I am no wife of Tarquin's, if not king  
 Oh ! had Jove made me man, I would have mounted  
 Above the base tribunals of the earth,  
 Up to the clouds, for pompous sovereignty  
 Thou art a man , O bear my royal mind,  
 Mount heaven, and see if Tullia lag behind !  
 There is no earth in me , I am all fire  
 Were Tarquin so, then should we both aspire

*Tar* Oh, Tullia, though my body taste of dulness,  
 My soul is wing'd to soar as high as thine ,  
 But note what flags our wings forty-five years  
 The king, thy father, hath protected Rome

*Tul* That makes for us the people covet change ,  
 E'en the best things in time grow tedious

*Lar* 'Twould seem unnatural in thee my Tullia  
The reverend king thy father to depose

*Tul* A kingdom's quest makes sons and fathers foes

*Tar* And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climb  
The helm that must taint us is his blood

*Tul* Let's lave our brows then in that crimson flood;  
We must be bold and dreadful when aspiring  
Mounts by the lives of fathers, sons, and sires

*Tar* And so must I; since for a kingdom's love  
Thou canst despise a father for a crown

Tarquin shall mount *Servius* be tumbl'd down  
For he usurps my state and first depos'd

My father in my swathed infancy  
For which he shall be countant to this end

I've sounded all the peers and senators;

And though unknown to thee my Tullia

They all embrace my faction; and so they  
Love change of state a new kin to obey

*Tul* Now is my Tarquin worthy Tullia's race  
Since in my arms I thus a kin embrace

*Lar* The kin should meet this day by solemn rite  
With all the senate and estate of Rome;

His place will I assume and there proclaim

All our decrees in royal Tarquin's name [flourish

*Enter* *SEXTUS* *ARL* & *LUCRETIA* *VALERIUS* *COLLATINUS*  
and *SERVATORES*

*Luc* May it please thee noble Tarquin to attend  
The king this day in the high Capitol?

*Tul* Attend?

*Tar* We intend this day to see the Capitol  
You knew our father, good Lucietius ?

*Luc* I did, my lord

*Tar* Was not I his son ?  
The queen, my mother, was of royal thoughts  
And pure heart, as unblemish'd innocence

*Luc* What asks my lord ?

*Tar* Sons should succeed their fathers, but anon  
You shall hear more, high time that we were gone

*[flourish, exeunt all but Collatine and Valerius]*

*Col* There's moral sure in this, Valerius  
Here's model, yea, and matter too to breed  
Strange meditations in the provident brains  
Of our grave fathers, some strange project lives  
This day in cradle that's but newly born

*Val* No doubt, Collatine, no doubt, here's a giddy  
and drunken world it reels, it hath got the staggers,  
the commonwealth is sick of an ague, of which nothing  
can cure her but some violent and sudden affrightment

*Col* The wife of Tarquon would be a queen, nay, of my  
life, she is with child till she be so

*Val* And longs to be brought to bed of a kingdom, I  
divine, we shall see some scuffling to-day in the Capitol

*Col* If there be any difference among the princes, and  
senate, whose faction will Valerius follow ?

*Val* Oh, Collatine, I am a true citizen, and in this I will  
best shew myself to be one, to take part with the strongest  
If Servius o'recome, I am liegeman to Servius, and if Tar-  
quon subdue, I am for *vivat Tarquonius* !

*Col* Valerius, no more, this talk does but keep us from

the sight of this solemnity by this the princes are entering the Capitol come ' we must attend [exeunt

## SCENE II

*Enter TARQUIN JULIA SEXTUS ARUNS and LUCRETIVS one way BRUTUS meeting them the other way very humorously*

*Tar* This place is not for fools this parliament Assembles not the strains of idiotism Only the grave and wisest of the land Important are the affairs we have in hand Hence with that mome

*Luc* Brutus forbear the presence

*Bru* Forbear the presence ' why pray?

*Sex* None are admitted to this grave concourse

But wise men nay good Brutus

*Bru* You ll have an empty parliament then

*Aru* Here is no room for fools

*Bru* Then what mak'st thou here or he or he? oh Jupiter! if this command be kept strictly we shall have empty benches get you home you that are here for here will be nothing to do this day a general concourse of wise men! twas never seen since the first chaos Tarquin if the general rule have no exceptions thou wilt have an empty consistory

*Jul* Brutus you trouble us

*Bru* How powerful am I you Roman deities that are able to trouble her that troubles a whole empire? fools exempted and women admitted! laugh Democritus! but have you nothing to say to mad men?



*Tar* Madmen have here no place

*Bru* Then out of doors with Tarquinn ' what's he that may sit in a calm valley, and will chuse to repose on a tempestuous mountain, but a madman? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdom's cares, but a madman? who would seek innovation in a commonwealth in public, or be over-rul'd by a curs'd wife in private, but a fool or a madman? Give me thy hand, Tarquinn, shall we two be dismiss'd together from the Capitol?

*Tar* Restrain his folly!

*Tul* Drive the frantic hence!

*Aru* Nay, Brutus

*Sex* Good Brutus

*Bru* Nay, soft, soft, good blood of the Tarquins, let's have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant I claim the privilege of the nobility of Rome, and, by that privilege, my seat in the Capitol I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as, Horatius, thine, or thine, Lucretius, thine Sextus, Aruns thine, or any here I am a Lord, an' you banish all the Lord fools from the presence, you'll have few to wait upon the king but gentlemen [*they lay hands upon him*] Nay, I am easily persuaded, then, hands off! since you will not have my company, you shall have my room

[*aside*] My room, indeed, for what I seem to be,

Brutus is not, but born great Rome to free

The state is full of dropsy, and swollen big

With windy vapours, which my sword must pierce,

To purge th' infected blood, bred by the pride

Of these infected bloods [*aloud*] Nay, now I go,

Behold I vanish since tis Tarquin's mind  
One small fool goes but great fools leaves behind [Exit

*Iuc* 'Tis pity one so generously deriv'd  
Should be depriv'd his best enduements thus  
And want the true directions of the soul

*Iar* To leave these dilatory trifles lords  
Now to the public business of the land  
Lords take your several places

*Luc* Not great Tarquin before the king assume his  
regal throne

Whose coming we attend

*Tul* He's come already

*Iuc* The king?

*Iar* The king

*Col* Servius?

*Tar* Tarquinius

*Iuc* Servius is king

*Tar* He was by power divine

The throne that long since he usurp'd is mine.

Here we enthrone ourselves! cathedral state

Long since detain'd us justly we resume

Then let our friends and such as love us cry

Live Tarquin! and enjoy this sovereignty!

*Omnes* Live Tarquin! and enjoy this sovereignty!

[flourish

*Enter VALERIUS*

*Val* The king himself with such confederate peers  
As stoutly embrace his faction being inform'd  
Of Tarquin's usurpation armed comes

Near to the entrance of the Capitol

*Tar* No man give place, he that dares to rise  
And do him reverence, we his love despise

*Enter SERVIVS, HORATIUS, SCÆVOLA, and SOLDIERS*

*Ser* Traitor !

*Tar* Usurper !

*Ser* Descend

*Tul* Sit still

*Ser* In Servius' name, Rome's great imperial monarch,  
I charge thee, Tarquin, disenthroned thyself,  
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy

*Hor* Spoke like a king

*Tar* In Tarquin's name, now Rome's imperial monarch,  
We charge thee, Servius, make free resignation  
Of that arch'd wreath thou hast usurp'd so long

*Tul* Words worth an empire

*Hor* Shall this be brook'd, my sovereign ?  
Dismount the traitor

*Scæ* Touch him he that dares

*Hor* Dares !

*Tul* Dares !

*Ser* Strumpet ! no child of mine

*Tul* Dotard ! and not my father

*Ser* Kneel to thy king

*Tul* Submit thou to thy queen

*Ser* Insufferable treason ! with bright steel  
Lop down these interponents that withstand  
The passage to our throne

*Hor* That Coeles dares

*Sen* We with our steel guard Tarquin and his chair

*Scæ* A Servius! *[they fight—Servius is slain]*

*Aru* A Tarquin!

*Tar* Now are we king indeed! our awe is builded  
Upon this royal base the slaughtered body  
Of a dead king we by his ruin rise  
To a monarchical throne

*Iul* We have our longing  
My father's death gives me a second life  
Much better than the first my birth was evil  
But this new breath of life is large and free  
Welcome my second life of sovereignty!

*Luc* I have a daughter but I hope of metal  
Subject to better temperature should my Lucrece  
Be of this pride the hands should sacrifice  
Her blood unto the gods that dwell below  
The abortive brat should not outlive my spleen  
But Lucrece is my daughter this my queen *[aside]*

*Iul* Tear off the crown that yet empales the temples  
Of our usurping father quickly lords  
And in the face of his yet bleeding wound  
Let us receive our honours

*Tar* The same breath  
Gives our state life that was th' usurper's death

*Iul* Here then by heaven's hand we invest ourselves  
Music whose softest tones grace princes crown'd  
Unto our noble coronation sound *[flourish]*

*VALERIUS advances with HORATIUS and SCÆVOLA*

*Tar* Whom doth Valerius to our state present?

*Val* Two valiant Romans, this, Horatius Coclès,  
 This gentleman call'd Mutius Scævola,  
 Who, whilst King Servius wore the diadem,  
 Upheld his sway and primeddom by their loves  
 But he being fall'n, since all the peers of Rome  
 Applaud King Tarquin in his sovereignty,  
 They with like suffrage greet your coronation

*Hor* This hand, allied unto the Roman crown,  
 Whom never fear dejected, or cast low,  
 Lays his victorious sword at Tarquin's feet,  
 And prostrates with that sword, allegiance  
 King Servius' life we lov'd, but, he expir'd,  
 Great Tarquin's life is in our hearts desir'd

*Scæ* Who, whilst he rules with justice and integrity,  
 Shall with our dreadless hands our hearts command,  
 Even with the best employments of our lives,  
 Since fortune lifts thee, we submit to fate,  
 Ourselves are vassals to the Roman state

*Tar* Your rooms were empty in our train of friends,  
 Which we rejoice to see so well supplied  
 Receive our grace, live in our clement favours,  
 In whose submission our young glory grows  
 To his ripe height fall in our friendly train,  
 And strengthen with your loves our infant reign

*Hor* We live for Tarquin

*Scæ* And to thee alone, whilst justice keeps thy sword  
 and thou thy throne

*Tar* Then are you ours, and now conduct us straight  
 In triumph through the populous streets of Rome,  
 To the king's palace our majestic seat,

Your hearts though freely proffer'd we entreat

[*Sennet As they march Tullia treads on her father's  
body and stays*

*Iul* What block is that we tread on?

*Luc* 'Tis the body

Of your deceas'd father madam! queen!

Your shoe is crimson'd with his vital blood [aside

*Iul* No matter let his mangled body lie  
And with his base confederates strew the streets  
That in disgrace of his usurped pride  
We o'er his trunk may in our chariot ride  
For mounted like a queen 'twould do me good  
To wash my coach naves in my father's blood

*Luc* Here's o' good child [aside

*Tar* Remove it we command

And bear his carcase to the funeral pile  
Where after this dejection let it move  
His solemn and due obsequies Fair Tullia  
Thy hate to him grows from thy love to us  
Thou showest thyself in this unnatural strife  
An unkind daughter but a loving wife  
But on unto our palace this blest day  
A king's increase grows by a king's decay

[*exunt all but Brutus*

*Bru* Murder the king! a high and capital treason  
Those giants that waged war against the gods  
For which the overwhelm'd mountains hurl'd by Jove  
To scatter them and give them timeless graves  
Was not more cruel than this butchery  
This slaughter made by Tarquin but the queen'

A woman, fie ! fie ! did not this she-parricide  
 Add to her father's wounds ? and when his body  
 Lay all besmear'd and stain'd in the blood royal,  
 Did not this monster, this infernal hag,  
 Make her unwilling charioteer drive on,  
 And with his shod wheels crush her father's bones ?  
 Break his craz'd skull, and dash his sparkled brains  
 Upon the pavements, whilst she held the reins ?  
 The affrighted sun at this abhorred object,  
 Put on a mask of blood, and yet she blush'd not  
 Jove, art thou just ? hast thou reward for piety,  
 And for offence no vengeance ? or can'st punish  
 Felons, and pardon traitors ? chastise murderers,  
 And wink at parricides ? if thou be worthy,  
 As well we know thou art, to fill the throne  
 Of all eternity, then with that hand  
 That flings the trisulc thunder, let the pride  
 Of these our irreligious monarcusers  
 Be crown'd in blood This makes poor Brutus mad,  
 To see sin frolic, and the virtuous sad

*Enter SEXTUS and ARUNS*

*Aru* Soft ! here's Brutus, let us acquaint him with the  
news

*Sev* Content —now, cousin Brutus

*Bru* Who, I, your kinsman ? though I be of the blood of  
the Tarquins, yet no cousin, gentle prince.

*Aru* And why so, Brutus, scorn you our alliance ?

*Bru* No, I was cousin to the Tarquins, when they were  
subjects, but dare claim no kindred as they are sovereigns

Brutus is not so mad though he be merry but he hath wit enough to keep his head on his shoulders

*Aru* Why do you lord thus lose your hours and neither profess war nor domestic profit? The first might begot you love the other riches

*Bru* Because I would live have I not answered you — cause I would live fools and mad men ore no rubs in the way of usurpers; the firmament can brook but one sun and for my part I must not slune I had rather live an obscure black than appear n fair white to be shot ot the end of all as I would live Had Servus been a shrul the wind had not shook him or a mad man he'd not perished I covet no more wit nor employment thon os much as will keep life and soul together I would but live

*Aru* You ore satirical cousin Brutus but to the purpose the king dreamt a strange and ominous dream last night and to be resolv'd of the event my brother Sextus and I must to the Oracle

*Ser* And because we would be well occompanied we have got leave of the king that you Brutus shall nssociate us for our purpose is to make a merry journey on t

*Bru* So you d carry me along with you to be your fool and make you merry

*Ser* Not our fool but—

*Bru* To make you merry I shall nay I will make you merry or tickle you till you laugh! The Oracle! I ll go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to myself nay Princes I am so much endear'd both to your loves and companies that you shall not have the power to be rid of me What limits have we for our journey?



*Sex* Five days, no more

*Bru* I shall fit me to your preparations but one thing more, goes Collatine along ?

*Sex* Collatine is troubl'd with the common disease of all new married men, he's sick of the wife his excuse is, forsooth, that Lucrece will not let him go, but you, having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint us

*Bru* Had I both, yet should you prevail with me above either

*Aru* We shall expect you

*Bru* Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scævola are not engag'd in this expedition ?

*Aru* No, they attend the King's farewell

*Bru* Lucietius stays at home too, and Valerius ?

*Sex* The palace cannot spare them

*Bru* None but we three ?

*Sex* We three

*Bru* We three, well, five days' hence

*Sex* You have the time, farewell

*[Exeunt Sextus and Aruns]*

*Bru* The time, I hope, cannot be circumscrib'd  
Within so short a limit, Rome and I  
Are not so happy, what's the reason, then,  
Heaven spares his rod so long ? Mercury, tell me !  
I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but green,  
Not mellow, though it grows apace, it comes not  
To his full height Jove oft delays his vengeance,  
That when it haps't may prove more terrible  
Despair not, Brutus, then, but let thy country

And thee take this last comfort after all  
Pride when thy fruit is ripe must rot and fall !  
But to the Oracle

[*exit*]

## SCENE III

*Enter HORATIUS and SCÆVOLA**Hor* I would I were no Roman*Scæ* Cocles why ?*Hor* I am discontented and dare not speak my thoughts*Scæ* What ! shall I speak them for you ?*Hor* Mutius do*Scæ* Tarquin is proud*Hor* Thou hast them*Scæ* Tyrannous*Hor* True*Scæ* Insufferably lofty*Hor* Thou hast hit me*Scæ* And shall I tell thee what I prophesy  
Of his succeeding rule ?*Hor* No I'll do't for thee ; Tarquin's ability will in the  
weal

Beget a weak unable impotence ;

His strength make Rome and our dominions weak ;

His soaring high make us to flag our wings

And fly close by the earth ; his golden feathers

Are of such vastness that they spread like sails

And so bealm us that we have not air

Able to raise our plumes to taste the pleasures of our own  
elements

*Scæ* We are one heart, our thoughts and our desires are  
suitable

*Hor* Since he was king he bears him like a god  
His wife, like Pallas, or the wife of Jove,  
Will not be spoke to without sacrifice,  
And homage sole due to the deities

*Enter LUCRETIUS*

*Scæ* What haste with good Tarcretius

*Luc* Haste, but small speed  
I had an earnest suit unto the king,  
About some business that concerns the weal  
Of Rome and us, 'twill not be listen'd to  
He has took upon him such ambitious state,  
That he abandons conference with his peers,  
Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,  
As but to hear their sonance, he despises  
The intent of all our speeches, our advices,  
And counsel, thinking his own judgment only  
To be approv'd in matters military,  
And in affairs domestic we are but mutes,  
And fellows of no parts, viols unstrung,  
Our notes too harsh to strike in princes' ears  
Great Jove amend it!

*Hor* Whither will you, my lord?

*Luc* No matter where, if from the court I'll home to  
Collatine

And to my daughter, Lucrece home breeds safety,  
Danger's begot in court, a life retain'd  
Must please me now perforce then, noble Scævola,

And you my dear Horatius farewell both  
Where industry is scorn'd let a welcome sloth

*Enter COLLATINE*

*Hor* Nay good Lucretius do not leave us thus  
See here comes Collatine but where's Valerius?  
How does he taste these times?

*Col* Not giddily like Brutus nor passionately  
Like old Lucretius with his tear-swoln eyes;  
Not laughingly like Mutius Scaevola  
Nor huntily like Horatius Cocles here  
He has usurp'd a stranger garb of humour  
Distinct from the e in nature every way

*Luc* How is he relish'd? can his eyes forbear  
In this strange state to shed a passionate tear?

*Scæ* Can he forbear to laugh with Scaevola  
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

*Hor* Nay can his thought shake ought but melancholy  
To see the dangerous passages of state  
How is he temper'd noble Collatine?

*Col* Strangely he is all song he's ditty all;  
Note that Valerius hath given up the court  
And wend himself from the king's consistory  
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh;  
Whether it be that he is discontent  
Yet would not so appear before the king  
Or whether in applause of these new edicts  
Which so distaste the people or what cause  
I know not but now he's all musical  
Unto the council-chamber he goes singing

And whilst the king his wilful edicts makes,  
 In which none's tongue is powerful save the king's,  
 He's in a corner relishing strange airs  
 Conclusively, he's from a toward hopeful gentleman,  
 Transhap'd to a mere ballader, none knowing  
 Whence should proceed this transmutation

*Enter VALERIUS*

*Hon* See, where he comes   Morrow, Valerius !

*Luc* Morrow, my lord !

*Song—VALERIUS*

When 'Tarquin first in court began,  
 And was approved king,  
 Some men for sudden joy 'gan weep,  
 But I for sorrow sing

*Scæ* Ha, ha ! how long has my Valerius  
 Put on this strain of mirth, or what's the cause ?

*Song—VALERIUS*

Let humour change and spare not,  
 Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,  
 His fair words so bewitch'd my delight,  
 That I doted on his sight  
 Now he is chang'd, cruel thoughts embracing,  
 And my deserts disgracing

*Hon* Upon my life, he's either mad or love-sick  
 Oh, can Valerius, but so late a statesman,  
 Of whom the public weal deserv'd so well,  
 Tunc out his age in songs and canzonets,

Whose voice should thunder counsel in the ears  
Of Tarquin and proud Tullia? Think Valerius  
What that proud woman Tullia is twill put thee  
Quite out of tune

*Song*—VALERIUS

Now what is love I will thee tell  
It is the fountain and the well  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell  
It is perhaps the sousing bell  
That rings all in to heaven or hell  
And this is love and this is love as I hear tell

Now what is love I will you show  
A thing that creeps and cannot go  
A prize that passeth to and fro  
A thing for me a thing for mo  
And he that proves shall find it so  
And this is love and this is love sweet friend I trow

*Luc* Valerius I shall quickly change thy cheer  
And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine  
Think how that worthy prince our kinsman king  
Was butcher'd in the marble Capitol!  
Shall Servius Tullius unregarded die  
Alone of thee whom all the Roman ladies  
Even yet with tear-swoln eyes and sorrowful souls  
Compassionate as well he merited?  
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing  
Whose griefs through all the Roman temples ring?

*Song*—SINGERS: The bell the bell the bell which I called to  
pray re-doth h thy officers.

*Song*—VALERIUS

Lament, ladies, lament,  
 Lament the Roman land,  
 The king is fra thee hent,  
 Was doughty on his hand  
 We'll gang into the kirk,  
 His dead corpse we'll embrace,  
 And when we see him dead,  
 We aye will cry, al is ' I a h, lero la  
 Tara tara ronne t a le, &c

*Hor* This music mads me, I all mirth despise

*Luc* To hear him sing draws rivers from mine eyes

*Sec* It pleaseth me, for since the court is harsh,  
 And looks askance on soldiers, let's be merry,  
 Court ladies, sing, drink, dance, and every man  
 Get him a mistress, coach it in the country,  
 And taste the sweets of it, what thinks Valerius  
 Of Scævola's last counsel?

*Song*—VALERIUS

Why since we soldiers cannot prove,  
 And grief it is to us therefore,  
 Let every man get him a love,  
 To trim her well, and fight no more  
 That we may taste of lovers' bliss,  
 Be merry and blithe, embrace and kiss,  
 That ladies may say, some more of this  
 That ladies may say, some more of this

Since court and city both grow proud,  
 And safety you delight to hear,

We in the country will us shroud  
 Where lives to please both eye and ear  
 The nightingale sings jug jug jug  
 The little lamb leaps after it is dug  
 And the pretty milk maids they look so smug  
 And the pretty milk maids &c

Come Scævola shall we go and be idle?

*Luc* I'll in to weep

*Hor* But I my gall to grate

*Scæv* I'll laugh at time till it will change our fate

*[Exeunt all but Collatine]*

*Col* Thou art not what thou seem'st Lord Scævola  
 Thy heart mourns in thee though thy visage smile  
 And so does thy soul weep Valerius  
 Although thy habit sing for these new humours  
 Are but put on for safety and to arm them  
 Against the pride of Tarquin from whose danger  
 None great in love in counsel or opinion  
 Can be kept safe this makes me lose my hour  
 At home with Lucrece and abandon court

*Enter Clown*

*Clown* Fortune I embrace thee that thou hast assisted me in finding my master! The gods of good Rome keep my lord and master out of all bad company!

*Col* Sirrah the news with you

*Clown* Would you ha court news camp news city news or country news? or would you know what's the news at home?



*Col* Let me know all the news

*Clown* The news at court is, that a small leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your lord, and the water that god Mercury makes is in request with your lady. The heaviness of the king's wine makes many a light head, and the emptiness of his dishes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never more in use. You shall find the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keep their old stomachs still, the king's good cook had the most wrong, for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurp'd among all the other officers. For now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master cook, makes bold to lick his own fingers.

*Col* The news in the camp?

*Clown* The greatest news in the camp is, that there is no news at all, for being no camp at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

*Col* Then, for the city?

*Clown* The senators are rich, their wives fair, credit grows cheap, and traffic dear, for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is may take up what he will, so he will be but bound to a post till he pay the debt. There was one courtier lay with twelve men's wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walls, and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himself, but this, he that made twelve made thirteen.

*Col* Now, sir, for the country?

*Clown* There is no news there but at the ale-house, there's the most receipt, and is it not strange, my lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is?

*Col* Why what is ale?

*Clown* Why ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called malt and what is malt? malt s M A L T and what is M A L T? M much A ale L little T thrift that is much ale little thrift

*Col* Only the news at home and I have done

*Clown* My lady must needs speak with you about earnest business that concerns her nearly and I was sent in all haste to entreat your lordship to come away

*Col* And couldst thou not have told me? Lucrece stay And I stand trifling here! Follow away!

*Clown* Aye marry sir the way into her were a way worth following and that's the reason that so many serving men that are familiar with their mistresses have lost the name of servitors and are now called their masters followers Rest you merry! [exunt

## ACT II SCENE I

*Enter APOLO'S PRIESTS with torches after them ARUNS  
SEXTUS and BRUTUS with their oblations all kneeling before  
the Oracle Music*

*Priest* O thou Delphian god inspire  
Thy priests and I with celestial fire  
Shot from thy beams crown our desire

That we may follow

In these thy true and lallotted measures  
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures  
According to the thought and pleasures  
Of great Apollo

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## ACT II SCENE I

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SEXTUS and BRUTUS with their oblations all kneeling before  
the Oracle Music*

*Priest* O thou Delphian god Inspire  
Thy priests and with celestial fire  
Sitot from thy beams crown our desire  
That we may follow  
In these thy true and hallow'd measures  
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures  
According to thy thoughts and pleasures  
Of great \l all

Our hearts with inflammations burn,  
Great Tarquin and his people mourn,  
'Till from thy temple we return

With some glad tidings

Then tell us, shall great Rome be blest,  
And royal Tarquin live in rest,  
That gives his high-ennobled beaſt

'To thy wife guiding ?

*Orac* Then Rome her ancient honours wins,  
When ſhe is purg'd from Tullia's ſins

*Brut* Giamercies, Phœbus, for theſe ſpells,  
Phœbus alone, alone excels

*Sea* Tullia, perhaps, ſinn'd in our grandſire's death,  
And hath not yet by reconcilement made  
Atone with Phœbus, at whoſe ſhrine we kneel  
Yet, gentle prieſt, let us thus far prevail,  
To know if Tarquin's ſeed ſhall govern Rome,  
And, by ſucceſſion, claim the royal wreath ?  
Behold me, younger of the Tarquin's race,  
Thiſ elder, Aruns, both the ſons of Tullia,  
Thiſ, Junius Brutus, though a mad-man, yet  
Of the high blood of the Tarquins

*Prieſt* Sextus, peace !

Tell us, O thou that ſhin'ſt ſo bright,  
From whom the world receives his light,  
Whoſe abſence is perpetual night,

Whoſe praiſes ring

Is it with heaven's applauſe decreed,  
When Tarquin's ſoul from earth is freed,

That noble Sextus shall succeed

In Rome as King

*Bru* Aye Oracle hast thou lost thy tongue?

*Aru* Tempt him again fair priest

*Sex* If not as king let Delphian Phœbus yet  
Thus much resolve us who shall govern Rome  
Or of us three bear greatest pre-eminence?

*Priest* Sextus I will

Yet sacred Phœbus we entreat

Which of these three shall be great

With large power and state replete

By the heavens doom

Phœbus thy thoughts no longer smother

*Orac* He that first shall kiss his mother

Shall be powerful and no other

Of you three in Rome

*Sex* Shall kiss his mother!

[*Brutus fills*

*Bru* Mother Earth to thee an humble kiss I tender

[*aside*

*Aru* What means Brutus?

*Bru* The blood of the slaughter'd sacrifice made this  
floor as slippery as the place where Tarquin treads  
tis glassy and as smooth as ice I was proud to hear  
the Oracle so gracious to the blood of the Tarquins and  
so I fell

*Sex* Nothing but so then to the Oracle

I charge thee Aruns Junius Brutus thee

To keep the sacred doom of th Oracle

From all our train lest when the younger lad

Our brother, now at home, sits dandled  
 Upon fair Tullia's lap, this understanding,  
 May kiss our beauteous mother, and succeed

*Aru* Let the charge go round,—

It shall go hard but I'll prevent you, Sextus [aside

*Ser* I fear not the madman, Brutus, and for Aruns, let  
 me alone to buckle with him I'll be the first at my mo-  
 ther's lips for a kingdom

*Bru* If the madman have not been before you, Sextus  
 If oracles be oracles, their phrases are mystical, they  
 speak still in clouds had he meant a natural mother, he  
 would not have spoke it by circumstance [aside

*Sci* Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it  
 be at my return from the Oracle

*Aru* If a kiss will make me a king, Tullia, I will spring  
 to thee, though through the blood of Sextus [aside

*Bru* Earth, I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept  
 me as thy son, and I shall shine as bright in Rome as  
 Apollo himself in his temple at Delphos

*Ser* Our superstition's ended, sacred priest,  
 Since we have had free answer from the gods,  
 To whose fair altars we have done due right,  
 And hallowed them with presents acceptable  
 Let's now return, treading these holy measures,  
 With which we enter'd great Apollo's temple  
 Now, Phœbus, let thy sweet tun'd organs sound,  
 Whose sphere—like music, must direct our feet  
 Upon the marble pavement after this,  
 We'll gain a kingdom by a mother's kiss

[exunt

## SCENE II

*A table and chairs prepared: TARQUIN TULLIA COLLATINE  
SCEVOLA HORATIUS LUCRETIVS VALERIUS LORDS*

*Tar* Attend us with your persons but your ears  
Be deaf unto our counsels

*[The Lords fall off on either side and attend]*

*Tul* Farther yet

*Tar* Now Tullia what must be concluded next?

*Tul* The kingdom you have got by policy  
You must maintain by pride

*Tar* Good

*Tul* Those that were late of the king's faction  
Cut off for fear they prove rebellious

*Tar* Better

*Tul* Since you gain nothing by the popular love  
Maintain by fear your princedom

*Tar* Excellent thou art our oracle and save from thee  
We will admit no counsel we obtain'd  
Our state by cunning it must be kept by strength  
And such as cannot love we'll teach to fear  
To encourage which upon our better judgment  
And to strike greater terror to the world  
I have forbid thy father's funeral

*Tul* No matter

*Tar* All capital causes are by us discuss'd  
Travers'd and executed without counsel  
We challenge too by our prerogative



The goods of such as strive against our state ,  
 The freest citizens, without attaint,  
 Arraign, or judgment, we to exile doom  
 The poore are our drudges, rich our prey,  
 And such as dare not strive our rule obey

*Tul* Kings are as gods, and divine sceptres bear,  
 The gods command, for mortal tribute, fear,  
 But, royal lord, we that despise their love,  
 Must seek some means how to maintain this awe

*Tim* By foreign leagues, and by our strength abroad  
 Shall we that are decreed above our people,  
 Whom heaven hath made our vassals, reign with them ?  
 No , kings, above the rest tribunal'd high,  
 Should with no meaner than with kings ally  
 For this, we to Mamilus Tusculan,  
 The Latin king, have given in marriage  
 Our royal daughter , now his people's ours,  
 The neighbour princes are subdu'd by arms  
 And whom we could not conquer by constraint,  
 Them we have sought to win by courtesie ,  
 Kings that are proud, yet would secure their own,  
 By love abroad shall purchase fear at home

*Tul* We are secure , and yet our greatest strength  
 Is in our children , how dare treason look  
 Us in the face having issue ? Barren princes  
 Breed danger in their singularity ,  
 Having none to succeed, their claim dies in them

*Tim* Tullia's wise and apprehensive, were our princely  
       sons,  
 Sextus and Aruns, back returned safe,

With an applausive answer of the gods  
 From th Oracle our state were able then  
 Being gods ourselves to scorn the hate of men

*Enter SEXTUS ARUNS and BRUTUS*

*Sex* Where's Tullia?

*Aru* Where's our mother?

*Hor* Yonder princes at council with the king

*Tul* Our sons return'd!

*Sex* Royal mother!

*Aru* Renowned queen!

*Sex* I love her best therefore will Sextus do his duty  
 first

*Aru* Being eldest in my birth I'll not be youngest  
 In zeal to Tullia

*Bru* To t lads

*Aru* Mother a kiss

*Sex* Though last in birth let me be first in love

A kiss fair mother

*Aru* Shall I lose my right?

*Sex* Aruns shall down were Aruns twice my brother  
 If he presumes fore me to kiss my mother

*Aru* Aye Sextus think this kiss to be a crown thus  
 would we tug for't *[they struggle]*

*Sex* Aruns thou must down

*Tar* Restrain them lords

*Bru* Nay to t boys O tis brave! they tug for shadows  
 I the substance have *[aside]*

*Aru* Through armed gates and thousand swords I'll  
 break

To shew my duty, let my valour speak

*[breaks from the Lords, and kisses her]*

*Sex* O, heavens! you have dissolv'd me

*Arr* Here I stand,

What I have done to answer with this hand

*Sex* O, all ye Delphian gods, look down and see  
How for these wrongs I will revenged be

*Tar* Curb in the proud boy's fury, let us know  
From whence this discord riseth

*Tul* From our love, how happy are we in our issue  
now!

When as our sons, even with their bloods, contend

T' exceed in duty, we accept your zeal

This, your superlative degree of kindness,

So much prevails with us, that to the king

We engage our own dear love 'twixt his meensement

And your presumption, you are pardoned both

And, Sextus, though you fal'd in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteem you least in love, ascend, and touch  
our lips

*Sex* Thank you, no

*Tul* Then to thy knee we will descend thus low

*Sex* Nay, now it shall not need how great's my heart!

*Arr* In Tarquin's crown thou now hast lost thy part

*Sex* No kissing now, Tarquin, great queen, adieu!

Aruns, on earth we have no foe but you

*Tar* What means this their unnatural enmity?

*Tul* Hate, born from love

*Tar* Resolve us then, how did the gods accept  
Our sacrifice? how are they pleas'd with us?

How loog will they applaud our sovereignty?

*Bru* Shall I tell the king?

*Tar* Do cousin with the process of your journey

*Bru* I will — We went from hither when we went from  
hence arrived thither when we landed there made an end of  
our prayers when we had done our orisons when thus quoth  
Phœbus — Tarquin shall be happy whilst he is blest  
govern while he reigns wake when he sleeps not sleep  
when he wakes not quaff when he drinks feed when he eats  
gape when his mouth opens live till he die nod die when he  
can live no longer — So Phœbus commends him to you

*Tar* Mind Brutus still! Son Aruns what say you?

*Aru* That the great gods to whom the potent king  
Of this large empire sacrific'd by us  
Applaud your reign commend your sovereignty  
And by n general synod grant to Thruquin  
Long days fair hopes majestic government

*Bru* Adding withal thnt to depose the late king which  
in others had been high treason in Tarquin was honour  
what in Brutus had been usurpation so Tarquin was law  
ful succession and for Tullia though it be parricide for n  
child to kill her fnter in Tullia it was charity by death  
to rid him of all his calamities Phœbus himself said she  
was n good child and shall not I say as he says to tread  
upon her father's skull

Sparkle his brains upon her chariot wheel  
And wear the sacred tincture of his blood  
Upon her servile shoe? but more than this  
After his death deny him the dne claim  
Of all mortality a funeral

An earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the oracle,  
Save Tullha, none would do

*Tul* Brutus, no more, least with the eyes of wrath and  
incens'd fury,

We look into thy humour were not madness  
And folly to thy words a privilege,  
Even in thy last reproof of our proceedings  
'Thou had'st pronounc'd thy death

*Bru* If Tullha will send Brutus abroad for news, and after, at his return, not endure the telling of it, let Tullha either get closer ears, or get for Brutus a stricter tongue

*Tul* How, sir?

*Bru* God be wi' ye! [*exit*]

*Tar* Alas! 'tis madness, pardon him, not spleen,  
Nor is it hate, but frenzy We are pleas'd  
To hear the gods propitious to our prayers  
But whither 's Sextus gone? resolve us, Coeles,  
We saw thee in his parting follow him

*Hor* I heard him say, he would straight take his  
horse,

And to the warlike Gabines, enemies to Rome, and you

*Tar* Save them we have no opposites  
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?  
Attend us, lords; we must new battles wage,  
And with bright arms confront the proud boy's rage

[*exeunt all but Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, and Scævolas*]

*Hor* Had I as many souls as drops of blood  
In these branch'd veins, as many livèd as stars  
Stuck in yon azure roof, and weie to die

More deaths than I have wasted weary minutes  
 To grow to this I'd hazard all and more  
 To purchase freedom to this bondage d Rome  
 I'm vex'd to see this virgin conqueress  
 Wear shackles in my sight

*Luc* Oh I would my tears  
 Would rid great Rome of these prodigious fears!

*Enter BRUTUS*

*Bru* What weeping ripe Lucretius? possible? now  
 lords lads friends fellows young madcaps gallants and  
 old courtly ruffians all subjects under one tyranny and  
 therefore should be partners of one and the same unanimity!  
 Shall we go single ourselves by two and two and go  
 talk treason? then tis but his yea and my nay if we be  
 call'd to question or shall we go use some violent bustling  
 to break through this thorny servitude or shall we every  
 man go sit like a man in desperation and with Lucretius  
 weep at Rome's misery? now am I for all things any thing  
 or nothing I can laugh with Scævola weep with this good  
 old man sing *of hone hone* with Valerius fret with  
 Horatius Coeles be mad like myself or neutriz with  
 Collatine Say what shall we do?

*Hor* Fret

*Val* Sing

*Luc* Weep

*Scæ* Laugh

*Bru* Rather let us all be mad

That Tarquin he still reigneth Rome's still sad

*Col* You are madmen all that yield so much to passion

You lay yourselves too open to your enemies,  
 That would be glad to pry into your deeds,  
 And catch advantage to ensnare our lives  
 The king's fear, like a shadow, dogs you still,  
 Nor can you walk without it I commend  
 Valerius most, and noble Scævola,  
 That what they cannot mend, seem not to mind  
 By my consent let's all wear out our hours  
 In harmless sports hawk, hunt, game, sing, drink, dance,  
 So shall we seem offenceless, and live safe  
 In danger's bloody jaws; where, being humorous,  
 Cloudy and curiously inquisitive  
 Into the king's proceedings, there arm'd fear  
 May search into us, call our deeds to question,  
 And so prevent all future expectation  
 Of wish'd amendment, let us stay the time  
 Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge,  
 When opportunity is offer'd us,  
 And then strike home, till then, do what you please  
 No discontented thought my mind shall seize

*Bru* I am of Collatine's mind now Valerius, sing us a  
 bawdy song, and make us merry nay it shall be so

*Val* Brutus shall pardon me

*Scæv* The time that should have been seriously spent in  
 the State-house, I have learnt securely to spend in a  
 wenching house, and now I profess myself any thing but a  
 statesman

*Hon* The more thy vanity

*Luc* The less thy honour

*Val* The more his safety, and the less his fear

*Song — VALERIUS*

She that denies me I would have  
 Who craves me I despise  
 Venus hath power to rule mine heart  
 But not to please mine eyes  
 Temptations offered I still scorn  
 Denied I cling them still  
 I'll neither glut mine appetite  
 Nor seek to starve my will  
 Diana double-clothed offends  
 So Venus naked quite  
 The last begets a surfeit and  
 The other no delight  
 That crafty girl shall please me best  
 That no for ye can say  
 And every wanton willing kiss  
 Can season with a way

*Bru* We have been mad lords long now let us be merry  
 lords Horatius maugre thy melancholy and Lucretius  
 in spite of thy sorrow I'll have a song a subject for the  
 ditty

*Hor* Great Tarquin's pride and Tullia's cruelty

*Bru* Dangerous no

*Luc* The tyrannies of the court and vassalage of the  
 city

*Scæ* Neither shall I give the subject?

*Bru* Do and let it be of all the pretty wenches in Rome

*Scæ* It shall it shall —shall it Valerius?

*Val* Any thing according to my poor acquaintance and  
 little conversance



*Bru* Nay, you shall stay, Horatius, Lucretius, so shall you He removes himself from the love of Brutus, that shrinks my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbians sit round, when, Valerius?

*Song*—VALERIUS

Shall I woo the lovely Molly?  
 She's so fair, so fat, so jolly,  
 But she has a trick of folly,  
 Therefore I'll have none of Molly. No, no, no, no,  
                   no, no  
 I'll have none of Molly, no, no, no  
 Oh, the cherry lips of Nelly,  
 They are red and soft as jelly,  
 But too well she loves her belly,  
 Therefore I'll have none of Nelly No, no, no, &c  
 What say you to bonny Betty,  
 Have you seen a lass so pretty?  
 But her body is so sweaty,  
 Therefore I'll have none of Betty No, no, no, &c  
 When I dally with my Dolly,  
 She is full of melancholy,  
 Oh, that wench is pestilent holy,  
 Therefore I'll have none of Dolly No, no, no, &c  
 I could fancy lovely Nanny,  
 But she has the loves of many,  
 Yet herself she loves not any,  
 Therefore I'll have none of Nanny No, no, &c  
 In a flax shop I spy'd Rachel,  
 Where she her flax and tow did hatchel,\*

\* *To hatchel*—to dress flax, hump, &c.

But her cheeks hung like a satchel  
 Therefore I'll have none of Rachel No no &c  
 In a corner I met Biddy  
 Her heels were light her head was giddy  
 She fell down and somewhat did I  
 Therefore I'll have none of Biddy No no &c

*Bru* The rest we'll hear within What offence is there  
 in this Lucretius? what hurt's in this Horatius? Is it not  
 better to sing with our heads on than to bleed with our  
 heads off? I never took Collatine for a politician till now  
 Come Valerius we'll run over all the wenches of Rome  
 from the community of lascivious Flora to the chastity of  
 divine Lucrece come good Horatius [exunt]

## ACT III SCENE I

*Enter LUCRECE MAID and CLOWN*

*Luc* A chair!

*Cloten* A chair for my lady Mistress Mirable do you  
 not hear my lady call

*Luc* Come near sir; be less officious  
 In duty and use more attention  
 Nay gentlewoman we exempt not you  
 From our discourse you must afford an ear  
 As well as he to what we have to say

*Maid* I still remain your hand maid

*Luc* Sirrah I have seen you oft familiar  
 With this my maid and waiting gentlewoman

As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,  
 And privy becks savouring incontinence,  
 I let you know you are not for my service  
 Unless you grow more civil

*Clown* Indeed, madam, for my own part I wish Mistress Mirable well, as one fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung any sheeps' eyes in her face,—how say you, Mistress Mirable, did I ever offer it?

*Luc* Nay, mistress, I have seen you answer him  
 With gracious looks, and some unevill smiles,  
 Retorting eyes, and giving his demeanor  
 Such welcome as becomes not modesty  
 Know henceforth there shall no lascivious phrase,  
 Suspicious look, or shadow of incontinence,  
 Be entertain'd by any that attend on Roman Lucrece

*Maid* Madam, I?

*Luc* Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought  
 Speaks nothing out of rashness, nor vain hearsay,  
 But what my own experience testifies  
 Against you both, let then this mild reproof  
 Forewarn you of the like, my reputation,  
 Which is held precious in the eyes of Rome,  
 Shall be no shelter to the least intent  
 Of looseness, leave all familiarity,  
 And quite renounce acquaintance,  
 Or I here discharge you both my service

*Clown* For my own part, madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip labour on Mistress Mirable, never so much as glanced, never used any winking or pinking, never nodded

at her no not so much as when I was asleep never asked her the question so much as what's her name if you bring any man woman or child that can say so much behind my back as for he did but kiss her for I did but kiss her and so let her go let my Lord Collatine instead of plucking my coat pluck my skin over my ears and turn me away naked that wheresoever I shall come I may be held a raw serving man hereafter

*Luc* Sirrah you know our mind

*Clown* If ever I knew what belongs to these cases or yet know what they mean if ever I us'd any plain dealing nor were ever worth such a jewel would I might die like a beggar if ever I were so far read in my grammar as to know what an interjection is or a conjunction copulative would I might never have good of my *qui quæ quod* why do you think madam I have no more care of myself being but a stripling than to go to it at these years? flesh and blood cannot endure it I shall even spoil one of the best faces in Rome with crying at your unkindness

*Luc* I have done see if you can spy your lord returning from the court and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him

*Enter COLLATINE VALERIUS HORATIUS and SCEVOLA*

*Clown* Yes I'll go but see kind man he saves me a labour

*Hor* Come Valerius let's hear in our way to the house of Collatine that saying you went late hammering of concerning the taverns in Rome

*Val* Only this Horatius

*Song — VALERIUS*

The gentry to the King's Head,  
 The nobles to the Crown,  
 The knights unto the Golden Fleece,  
 And to the Plough the clown  
 The church-man to the Mitre,  
 The shepherd to the Star,  
 The gardener hies him to the Rose,  
 To the Drum the man of war,  
 To the Feathers, ladies, you, the Globe  
 The sea-man doth not scorn  
 The usurer to the Devil, and  
 The townsman to the Horn  
 The huntsman to the White Hart,  
 To the Ship the merchants go,  
 But you that do the muses love,  
 The Sign called River Po  
 The banquer out to the World's End,  
 The fool to the Fortune hie,  
 Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,  
 The fiddler to the Pie  
 The punk unto the Cockatrice,  
 The drunkard to the Vine,  
 The beggar to the Bush, then meet,  
 And with Duke Humphrey dine

*Col* Fair Lucrece, I have brought these lords from court, to feast with thee sirrah, prepare us dinner

*Luc* My lord is welcome, so are all his friends,  
 The news at court, lords

*Hor* Madam, strange news,  
 Prince Sextus by the enemies of Rome

Was nobly us'd and made their general  
 Twice hath he met his father in the field  
 And foil'd him by the warlike Gabines' aid  
 But how hath he rewarded that brave nation  
 That in his great disgrace supported him  
 I'll tell you Madam he since the last battle  
 Sent to his father a close messenger  
 To be receiv'd to grace without demanding  
 What he should do with those his enemies?  
 Great Tarquin from his son receives this news  
 Being walking in his garden when the messenger  
 Importun'd him for answer the proud king  
 Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off  
 And says no more with this uncertain answer  
 The messenger to Sextus back returns  
 Who questions of his father's words looks gesture  
 He tells him what the haughty speechless king  
 Did to the heads of poppies which bold Sextus  
 Straight apprehends cuts off the great men's heads  
 And having left the Gabines without govern  
 Flies to his father and this day is welcom'd  
 For this his traiterous service by the king  
 With all due solemn honors to the court

*Scæ* Courtesy strangely requited! this none but the son  
 of Tarquin would have enterpris'd

*Val* I like it I applaud it this will come to somewhat  
 in the end when heaven has cast up his account some of  
 them will be call'd to a hard reckoning For my part I  
 dreamt last night I went a fishing

*Song — VALERIUS*

'T'houg' the weather jangles  
 With our hooks and our angles,  
 Our nets be shaken and no fish taken ,  
 Though fresh cod and whiting,  
 Are not this day biting,  
 Gurnet, nor conger, to satisfy hunger,  
                     Yet look to our draught  
 Hale the main bowling,  
 The seas have left their rolling,  
 The waves their huffing, the winds then puffing ,  
 Up to the top-mast, boy,  
 And bring us news of joy ,  
 Here's no demurring, no fish is stirring,  
                     Yet something we have caught

*Col* Leave all to heaven

*Enter CLOWN*

*Clown* My lords, the best plumporredge in all Rome cools for your honors , dinner is piping hot upon the table , and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheer the cook hath done his part , and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you if you have good stomachs, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'll make hunger and cold meet together

*Col* My man's a rhetorician I can tell you,  
 And his conceit is fluent Enter, lords,  
 You must be Lucrece' guests, and she is scant  
 In nothing, for such princes must not want

*[exceunt all but Valerius and Clown]*

*Clown* My Lord Valerius I have even a suit to your honour I ha not the power to part from you without a relish a note a tone we must get an air betwixt us

*Val* Thy meaning?

*Clown* Nothing but this —

John for the king I a been in many ballads

John for the king down dino

John for the king has eaten many sallads

John for the king, sings hey ho

*Val* Thou would st have a song would st thou not?

*Clown* And be everlastingly bound to your honour I am now forsaking the world and the devil and somewhat leassing towards the flesh if you could but teach me how to choose a weach fit for my stature and complexion I should rest yours in all good offices

*Val* I ll do that for thee —what s thy name?

*Clown* My name sir is Pompey

*Val* Well then attend

*Song* —VALERIUS

Pompey I will shew thee the way to know  
A dainty dapper weech

First see her all bare let her skin be rare  
And be touch d with no part of the French  
Let her looks be clear and her brows severe  
Her eye brows thin and fine

But if she be a punk and love to be drunk  
Then keep her st ll from the wine

Let her stature be mean and her body clean  
Thou can st not choose but like her

But see she have good clothes with a fair Roman nose  
For th at s the sign of a striker



Let her leg be small, but not us'd to sprawl,  
 Her tongue not too loud nor cool'd,\*  
 Let her arm be strong, and her finger long,  
 But not us'd to dive in a pocket  
 Let her body be long, and her back be strong,  
 With a soft hip that entertain's,  
 With an ivory breast, and her hair well dress'd  
 Without gold lace or sparkle  
 Let her foot be small, clov'd and with'd,  
 Her apparel not too raim'd  
 And one that hath not been in my house of state,  
 Nor place that hath been beady

*Clown* But God's me, I am trifling here with you, and  
 dinner cools o' the table, and I am call'd to my attendance  
 Oh, my sweet Lord Valerius! [*exit*]

## SCENE II

*Enter* TARQUIN, PORCENNA, TULLIA, SEXTUS, and ARUNS

*Tar* Next King Porcenna, whom we tender dearly,  
 Welcome, young Sextus, thou hast to our yoke  
 Suppress'd the neck of a proud nation,  
 The warlike Gabines, enemies to Rome

*Sez* It was my duty, royal Emperor,  
 The duty of a subject and a son,  
 We, at our mother's intercession likewise,  
 Are now aton'd with Aruns,  
 Whom we here receive into our bosom

*Tul* This is done like a kind brother and a natural son

*Aru* We interchange a royal heart with Sextus and graft us in your love

*Tar* Now King Porsenna welcome once more to Tarquin and to Rome

*Por* We are proud of your alliance Rome is ours  
And we are Rome's this our religious league  
Shall be carved firm in characters of brass  
And live for ever to succeeding times

*Tar* It shall Porsenna now this league's establish'd  
We will proceed in our determin'd wars  
To bring the neighbour nations under us  
Our purpose is to make young Sextus general  
Of all our army who hath proved his fortune  
And found them full of favour we'll begin  
With strong Ardea have you given in charge  
To assemble all our captains and take muster of our  
strong army?

*Aru* That business is dispatch'd

*Sex* We have likewise sent for all our best commanders  
To take charge according to their merit Lord Valerius  
Lord Brutus Cocles Mutius Scævola  
And Collatine to make due preparation for such a gallant  
siege

*Tar* This day you shall set forward Sextus too  
And let us see your army march along  
Before this king and us that we may view  
The puissance of our host prepar'd already  
To lay high rear'd Ardea waste and low

*Sex* I shall my liege

*Tul* Aruns associate him

*Aru* A rival with my brother in his honors

[*exeunt Aruns and Seitus*]

*Tar* Porsenna shall behold the strength of Rome,  
And body of the camp, under the charge  
Of two brave princes, to lay hostile siege  
Against the strongest city that withstands  
The all-commanding Tarquin

*Por* 'Tis an object to please Porsenna's eye [*soft march*]

*Tul* The host is now upon their march  
You from this place may see  
The pride of all the Roman chivalry

STATUS, ARUNS, BRUTUS, COLLATINI, VALERIUS, SCERVOLA,  
HORATIUS, with SOLDIERS, drums and colours, march over the  
stage, and congee to the King and Queen

*Por* This sight's more pleasing to Porsenna's eye,  
Than all our rich Attaha's\* pompous feasts,  
Or sumptuous revels we are born a soldier,  
And in our nonage suck'd the milk of war  
Should any strange fate lower upon this army,  
Or that the merciless gulf of confusion  
Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,  
And from our native confines now supply  
Of men and arms to make these numbers full

*Tar* You are our royal brother, and in you  
Tarquin is powerful and maintains his awe

*Tul* The like Porsenna may command of Rome

*Por* But we have, in your fresh varieties,  
Feasted too much, and kept ourself too long  
From our own seat, our prosperous return

\* Porsenna was king of Etruria

Hath been expected by our lords and peers

*Tar* The business of our wars thus forwarded  
We have best leisure for your entertainment  
Which now shall want no due solemnity

*Por* It hath been beyond both expectation  
And merit but in sight of heaven I swear  
If ever royal Tarquin shall demand  
Use of our love 'tis ready stor'd for you  
Even in our kindly breast

*Tar* The like we vow to king Porsenna we will yet  
a little

Enlarge your royal welcome with varieties  
Such as Rome yields that done before we part  
Of two remote dominions make one heart  
Set forward then our sons wage war abroad  
To make us peace at home we are of ourself  
Without supportance we all fate defy  
Aidless and of ourself we stand thus high

[*exeunt*]

### SCENE III

*Two SOLDIERS meet as on the watch*

*1st Sol* Stand who goes there?

*2nd Sol* A friend

*1st Sol* Stir not for if thou dost I'll broach thee straight  
upon this pike The word?

*2nd Sol* Porsenna

*1st Sol* Pass stay who walks the round to night  
The general or any of his captains?

*2nd Sol* Horatius hath the charge the other chieftains  
Rest in the General's tent there's no commander

Of any note, but revels with the prince ,  
 And I amongst the rest am charg'd t' attend  
 Upon their rouse

*1st Sol* Pass freely , I this night must stand  
 'Twixt them and danger the time of night ?

*2nd Sol* The clock lust told eleven

*1st Sol* The powers celestial,  
 That have took Rome in charge, protect it still !  
 Again, good night , thus must poor soldiers do,  
 Whil'st their commanders are with dainties fed  
 And sleep on down, the earth must be our bed [*recount*

#### SCENE IV

*A Banquet prepared*

*Enter SIXTUS, ARBUS, BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HORATIUS, SERVILIUS,  
 and COLLATINI*

*Sex* Sit round the enemy is pounded fast  
 In their own folds, the walls, made to oppugn  
 Hostile incursions, become a prison,  
 To keep them fast for execution  
 There's no eruption to be fear'd

*Bru* What shall's do ? Come, a health to the general's  
 health, and Valerius, that sits the most civilly, shall begin  
 it, I cannot talk 'till my blood be mingled with this blood  
 of grapes Fill for Valerius, thou should'st drink well, for  
 thou hast been in the German wars, if thou lov'st me,  
 drink *upse freeza* \*

*Sex* Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first

\* A cant phrase, borrowed from the Dutch, of frequent occurrence in our dramatic writers, and used to signify being intoxicated. Its derivation is doubtful, but the most probable interpretation is "in the Dutch fashion

health shall be imposed on you Valerius and if ever you have been Germaniz'd let it be after the Dutch fashion

*Val* The general may command

*Bru* He may why else is he call'd the commander?

*Ser* We will intreat Valerius

*Val* Since you will needs enforce a high German health look well to your heads for I come upon you with the Dutch tassar \* if you were of a more noble science than you are it will go near to break your heads round

*A Dutch Song †*

O morke giff men ein man

Skerry merry vap

O morke giff men e n man

Skerry merry vap

O morke giff men ein man

That tik die ten long o lrievan ean

Skerry merry vap and kerry merry vap

And skerry merry runke ede bunk

† de hoore was a hai dedle downe

Dedle drunke a

Skerry merry runke ede bunk ede loore was lru k a

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Skerry merry vap

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Skerry merry vap

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Ye molten lop em yert a leene

*Tassar* i pe h p ed h to gnify cup g bl t f m th w i

t

† This Anglo-Dutch j g w ld t be w rth t anslation f it w l s s t ll gbl tha t f

Skerry merry up, and skerry merry up,  
 And skerry merry runk ede bunk,  
 Ede hoore was a hee dedle downe  
 Dedle drunk a  
 Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunk a

*Sen* Grammercies ! Valerius, came this high German health as double us his double ruff, I'd pledge it

*Bru* Were it Lubeck, or double double beer, their own natural liquor, I'd pledge it, were it as deep as his ruff let the health go round about the board, as his band goes round about his neck I am no more afraid of this Dutch fashion, than I should be of the heathenish invention

*Col* I must entreat you spare me, for my brain brooks not the fumes of wine, their vaporous strength offends me much

*Hor* I would have none spare me, for I'll spare none Collatine will pledge no health unless it be to his Lucrece

*Sen* What's Lucrece but a woman ? and what are women But tortures and disturbance unto men ?

If they be foul they're odious, and if fair,  
 They're like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,  
 Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales  
 For my own part they shall not trouble me

*Bru* Sextus, sit fast, for I proclaim myself a woman's champion, and shall unhorse thee else

*Val* For my own part I'm a married man, and I'll speak to my wife to thank thee, Brutus

*Anu* I have a wife too, and I think the most virtuous lady in the world

*Sex* I cannot say but that I have a good wife too and I love her but if she were in heaven heshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her company upon earth again yet upon my honour though she be not very fair she is exceeding honest

*Bru* Nay the less beauty the less temptation to despoil her honesty

*Sex* I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour

*Bru* And I ongrly with thee if thou shouldst not maintain her honour

*Aru* If you compare the virtues of your wives let me step in for mine

*Col* I should wrong my Lucrece not to stand for her

*Sex* Ha ha all captains

And stand upon the honesty of your wives  
Is't possible think you that women of young spirit  
And full age of fluent wit that can both sing and dance  
Read write such as feed well and taste choice eates  
That straight dissolve to purity of blood  
That keep the veins full and inflame the appetite  
Making the spirit able strong and prone  
Can such as these their husbands being away  
Employ'd in foreign sieges or elsewhere  
Deny such as importune them at home?  
Tell me that flax will not be touch'd with fire  
Nor they be won to what they most desire?

*Bru* Shall I end this controversy in a word?

*Sex* Do good Brutus

*Bru* I hold some holy but some apt to sin



Some tractable, but some that none can win ,  
 Such as are virtuous, gold nor wealth can move ,  
 Some vicious of themselves are prone to love  
 Some grapes are sweet, and in the garden grow,  
 Others, unprun'd, turn wild, neglected so  
 The purest ore contains both gold and dross,  
 The one all gain, the other nought but loss  
 The one disgrace, reproach, and scandal taints,  
 The others angels and sweet featur'd saints

*Col* Such is my virtuous Lucrece

*Ar* Yet she for virtue not comparable to the wife of  
 Aruns?

*Scæ* And why may not mine be rank'd with the most  
 virtuous?

*Hor* I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I  
 shall draw but a blank

*Val* I should not shew I lov'd my wife, not to take her  
 part in her absence I hold her inferior to none

*Ar* Save mine

*Val* No, not to her

*Br* Oh, this were a brave controversy for a jury of wo-  
 men to arbitrate !

*Col* I'll hazard all my fortunes on the virtues  
 Of divine Lucrece shall we try them thus?

It is now dead of night, let's mount our steeds ,  
 Within this two hours we may reach to Rome,  
 And to our houses , all come unprepar'd,  
 And unexpected by our high prais'd wives ,  
 She of them all that we find best employ'd,  
 Devoted, and most housewife-excreis'd,

Let her be held most virtuous and her husband  
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour

*Aru* A hand on that

*Val* Here is a helping hand to that bargain

*Hor* But shall we to horse without circumstance?

*Scæ* Scævola will be mounted with the first

*Sen* Then mount cheval Brutus this night take you  
the charge of the army I'll see the trial of this wager  
twould do me good to see some of them find their wives in  
the arms of their lovers they are so confident in their vir-  
tues Brutus we'll interchange good night! be thou but  
as provident over the army as we if our horses fail not  
expeditious in our journey to horse to horse

*All* Farewell good Brutus

[*exunt*]

## SCENE V

*Enter LUCRECE and her two MAIDS*

*Luc* But one hour more and you shall all to rest  
Now that your lord is absent from this house  
And that the master's eye is from his charge  
We must be careful and with providence  
Guide his domestic business we have now  
Given over all feasting and left revelling  
Which ill becomes the house whose lord is absent  
We banish all excess till his return  
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn

*1st Maid* Madam so please you to repose yourself  
Within your chamber leave us to our tasks  
We will not loiter though you take your rest

*Luc* Not so, you shall not overwatch yourselves  
 Longer than I wake with you, for it fits  
 Good housewives, when their husbands are from home,  
 To eye their servants' labours, and in care  
 And the true manage of his household state,  
 Earliest to rise, and to be up most late  
 Since all his business he commits to me,  
 I'll be his faithful steward till the camp  
 Dissolve, and he return thus wives should do,  
 In absence of their lords be husbands too

*2nd Maid* Madam, the lord Turnus his man was thrice  
 for you here, to have entreated you home to supper he  
 says, his lord takes it unkindly he could not have your  
 company

*Luc* To please a loving husband, I'll offend  
 The love and patience of my dearest friend  
 Methinks his purpose was unreasonable,  
 To draw me in my husband's absence forth  
 To feast and banquet 'twould have ill become me,  
 To have left the charge of such a spacious house  
 Without both lord and mistress  
 I am opinion'd thus wives should not stray  
 Out of their doors, their husbands being away  
 Lord Turnus, excuse me

*1st Maid* Pray, madam, set me right into my work

*Luc* Being abroad, I may forget the charge  
 Impos'd me by my lord, or be compell'd  
 To stay out late, which, were my husband here,  
 Might be without distaste, but he from hence,  
 With late abroad, there can no excuse dispense

ere take your work again a while proceed  
 and then to bed for whilst you sew I'll read

*Enter* SEXTUS TRUNS VALERIUS COLLATINE HORATIUS  
*and* SCEVOLA

*Aru* I would have hazarded all my hopes my wife had  
 not been so late a revelling

*I al* Nor mine at this time of night a gambling

*Hor* They wear so much cork under their heels they  
 cannot chuse but love to caper

*Sce* Nothing does me good but that if my wife were  
 catching all theirs were wantoning and if I have lost  
 one can brag of their winnings

*Ser* Now Collatine to yours either Lucrece must be  
 better employ'd than the rest or you content to have her  
 virtues rank'd with the rest

*Col* I am pleas'd

*Hor* Soft soft let's steal upon her as upon the rest lest  
 having some watch word at our arrival we may give her  
 notice to be better prepar'd nay, by your leave Collatine  
 we'll limit you no advantage

*Col* See lords thus Lucrece revels with her maids; in  
 stead of riot quaffing and the practice of high lavoltoes  
 to the ravishing sound of chambering music she like a  
 good housewife is teaching of her servants sundry chares  
 Lucrece?

*Iuc* My lord and husband welcome ten times welcome  
 'tis to see your Lucrece you thus late  
 have with your person's hazard left the camp

And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of  
horror?

*Aru* Lords, all's lost

*Hor* By Jove I'll buy my wife a wheel, and make her  
spin for this trick

*Sec* If I make not mine learn to live by the prick of her  
needle for this, I'm no Roman

*Col* Sweet wife, salute these lords, thy continence hath  
won thy husband a Barbary horse and a rich coat of  
arms

*Luc* O pardon me, the joy to see my lord,  
Took from me all respect of their degrees  
The richest entertainment lives with us,  
According to the hour and the provision  
Of a poor wife in the absence of her husband,  
We prostrate to you, howsoever mean,  
We thus excuse't, Lord Collatine's away,  
We neither feast, dance, quaff, riot, nor play

*Sec* If one woman, among so many bad, may be found  
good, if a white wench may prove a black swan, it is  
Lucrece, her beauty hath relation to her virtue, and her  
virtue correspondent to her beauty, and in both she is  
matchless

*Col* Lords, will you yield the wager?

*Aru* Stay, the wager was as well which of our wives was  
fairest too, it stretch'd as well to their beauty as to their  
continence, who shall judge that?

*Hor* That can none of us, because we are all parties, let  
Prince Sextus determine it who hath been with us, and  
been an eye witness of their beauties

*I ul* Agreed

*Sec* I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince Sextus

*Aru* So are we all

*Col* I commit my Lucrece wholly to the dispose of  
Sextus

*Sex* And Sextus commits him wholly to the dispose of  
Lucrece

I love the lady and her grace desire

Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire

*Aruns* no question but your wife is chaste

And thrifty but this lady knows no waste

*Valerius* yours is modest something fair

Her grace and beauty are without compare

Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd and of good feature

But the world yields not so divine a creature

*Horatius* thine a snug lass and grac'd well

But amongst all fair Lucrece doth excel

Then our impartial heart and judging eyes

This verdict gives fair Lucrece wins the prize

*Col* Then lords you are indebted to me a horse and ar  
mour

*All* We yield it

*Luc* Will you taste such welcome lords as a poor un  
provided house can yield?

*Sex* Grammercy Lucrece no we must this night sleep  
by Ardea's walls

*Luc* But my lords I hope my Collatine will not so  
leave his Lucrece

*Sex* He must we have but idled from the camp to try  
a merry wager about their wives and this at the hazard of

the king's displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge the powers that govern Rome make divine Lucrece for ever happy Good night

*Scæ* But, Valerius, what thinkest thou of the country girls from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom we this night have try'd ?

*Val* Scævola, thou shalt hear

*Song* — VALERIUS

O yes, room for the cryer,  
Who never yet was found a liar

O ye fine smug country lasses,  
That would for brooks exchange crystal glasses,  
And be transhap'd from foot to crown,  
And straw beds exchange for beds of down,  
Your partlets\* turn into rebatoes,†  
And 'stead of carriots eat potatoes,  
Your frontlets lay by, and your rails,‡  
And fringe with gold your daggl'd tails  
Now your hawk-noses shall have hoods  
And billements§ with golden studs  
Straw hats shall be no more bougraces||  
From the bright sun to hide your faces,  
For hempen smocks to help the itch,  
Have linen sewed with silver stitch,  
And wheresoc'er they chance to stride,  
One bare before to be then guide  
O yes, room for the cryer,  
Who never yet was found a liar

\* Ruffs    † Falling collars    ‡ Cloaks, or loose gowns    § Habillments

|| Projecting bonnets to defend the complexion

*Luc* Will not my husband repose this night with me?

*Hor* Lucrece shall pardon him we have took our leaves  
of our wives nor shall Collatine be before us though our  
ladies in other things come behind you

*Col* I must be sway'd the joys and the delights of  
many thousand nights meet all in one to make my Lucrece  
happy

*Luc* I am bound to your strict will to each good night!

*Sex* To horse to horse! Lucrece we cannot rest  
Till our hot lust embosom in thy breast [aside  
[*exeunt all but Lucrece*

*Luc* With no unkindness we should our lords upbraid  
Husbands and kings must always be obey'd  
Nothing save the high business of the state  
And the charge given him at Ardea's siege  
Could have made Collatine so much digress  
From the affection that he bears his wife  
But subjects must excuse when kings claim power  
But leaving this before the charm of sleep  
Seize with his downy wings upon my eyes  
I must go take account among my servants  
Of their day's task we must not cherish sloth  
No covetous thought makes me thus provident  
But to shun idleness which wise men say  
Begets rank lust and virtue heats away [exit



## ACT IV SCENE I

*Enter* SEXTUS, ARUNS, HORATIUS, BRUTUS, SCAVOIA,  
COLLATINE, and VALERIUS

*Hor* Return to Rome now we are in the midway to the camp?

*Sex* My lord, 'tis bus'ness that concerns my life  
To-morrow, if we live, we'll visit thee

*Val* Will Sextus enjoin me to accompany him?

*Sex* Or me?

*Sex* Nor you, nor any, 'tis important business  
And serious occurrences that call me  
Perhaps, lords, I'll commend you to your wives  
Collatine, shall I do you any service to your Lucrece?

*Col* Only commend me

*Sex* What! no private token to purchase our kind  
welcome?

*Col* 'Would royal Sextus would but honour me to bear  
her a slight token

*Sex* What?

*Col* This ring

*Sex* As I am royal I will see't delivered  
This ring to Lucrece shall my love convey, [aside  
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray  
To-morrow we shall meet, this night, sweet fate,  
May I prove welcome though a guest ingrate! [exit

*Aru* He's for the city, we for the camp, the night  
makes the way tedious and melancholy, pr'ythee a merry  
song to beguile it

*Song — VALERIUS*

There was a young man and a maid fell in love  
 Terry dery ding terry dery ding terry terry lino  
 To get her good will he often did  
 Terry dery ding terry dery ding lantido dille,  
 There a many will say and most will allow terry dery &c  
 There a nothing so good as a terry dery dery &c  
 I would wish all maid's before they be sick terry dery &c  
 To enquire for a young man that I is a good terry dery &c

See Nay my Lord I heard them all have a conceit of  
 an Englishman a strange people in the western islands  
 one that for his variety in habit humour and gesture puts  
 down all other nations whatsoever a little of that if you  
 love me

*Val* Well Scævola you shall

*Song — VALERIUS*

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop  
 The Lombard his Venetian  
 And some like breechless women go  
 The Russ Turk Jew and Greekan  
 The thrifty Frenchman wears small wai t  
 The Dutch his belly boasteth  
 The Englishman is for them all  
 And for each fashion coasteth

The Turk in linen wraps his head  
 The Persian his in lawn too  
 The Russ with sables furs his cap  
 And change will not be drawn to

The Spaniard's constant to his block,  
 The French inconstant ever,  
 But of all felts that can be felt,  
 Give me your English beaver

The German loves his coney-wool,  
 The Irishman his shag too,  
 The Welch his Monmouth loves to wear,  
 And of the same will brag too  
 Some love the rough, and some the smooth,  
 Some great, and others small things,  
 But, oh, you lecherous Englishman,  
 He loves to deal in all things

The Russ drinks quass, Dutch, Lubeck beer,  
 And that is strong, and mighty,  
 The Briton he metheglin quaffs,  
 The Irish aqua vite,  
 The French affects the Orleans' grape,  
 The Spaniard tastes his sherry,  
 The English none of these can 'scape,  
 But he with all makes merrily

The Italian in her high chopine,  
 Scotch lass, and lovely brow too,  
 The Spanish Donna, French Madam,  
 He will not fear to go to,  
 Nothing so full of hazard dread,  
 Nought lives above the centre,  
 No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,  
 On which he dare not venture

*Hoi* Good Valerius, this has brought us even to the  
 skirts of the camp enter, lords [*exceunt*

## SCENE II

*Enter SEXTUS, LUCRECE, and ATTENDANTS*

*Luc* This ring my lord hath op'd the gates to you  
 For though I know you for a royal prince  
 My sovereign's son and friend to Collatine  
 Without that key you had not enter'd here  
 More lights! and see a banquet straight provided  
 My love to my dear husband shall appear  
 In the kind welcome that I give his friend

*Sex* Not love sick but love lunatic love mad  
 I am all fire impatience and my blood  
 Boils in my heart with loose and sensual thoughts [*aside*

*Luc* A chair for the prince! may't please your highness  
 sit?

*Sex* Madam with you

*Luc* It will become the wife of Collatine to wait upon  
 your trencher

*Sex* You shall sit behind us at the camp we left our  
 state

We're but your guest indeed you shall not wait —  
 Her modesty hath such strong power o'er me  
 And such a reverence hath fate given her brow  
 That it appears a kind of blasphemy  
 To have any wanton word harsh in her ears  
 I cannot woo and yet I love above measure  
 'Tis force not suit must purchase this rich treasure

[*aside*]

*Luc* Your highness cannot taste such homely cakes

*Sex* Indeed I cannot feed but on thy face

Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace     [*aside*  
*Luc* Knew you, my lord, what free and zealous welcome  
 We tender you, your highness would presume  
 Upon your entertainment oft, and many times,  
 I have heard my husband speak of Sextus' valour,  
 Extol your worth, praise your perfection,  
 Aye, dote upon your valour, and your friendship prize  
 Next his Lucrece

*Sex* Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectless, and  
 unjust !

Thy virtue, grace, and fame I must enjoy,  
 Though in the purchase I all Rome destroy     [*aside*  
 Madam, if I be welcome,  
 As your virtue bids me presume I am,  
 Carouse to me a health unto your husband

*Luc* A woman's daught, my lord, to Collatine

*Sex* Nay, you must drink off all

*Luc* Your grace must pardon the tender weakness  
 Of a woman's brain

*Sex* It is to Collatine

*Luc* Methinks 'twould ill become the modesty  
 Of any Roman lady to carouse,  
 And drown her virtues in the juice of grapes  
 How can I shew my love unto my husband  
 To do his wife such wrong ? by too much wine  
 I might neglect the charge of this great house,  
 Left solely to my keep, else my example  
 Might in my servants breed encouragement  
 So to offend, both which were pardonless,  
 Else to your grace I might neglect my duty,

And slack obeisance to so great a guest  
 All which being accidental unto wine  
 O let me not so wrong my Collatine

*Sex* We excuse you —her perfections like a torrent  
 With violence breaks upon me and at once  
 Inverts and swallows all that a good in me  
 Preposterous fates ! what mischiefs you involve  
 Upon a caitiff prince left to the fury  
 Of all grand mischief ? hath the grandame world  
 Yet mother'd\* such a strange abortive wonder  
 That from her virtues should arise my sin ?  
 I am worse than what s most ill depriv d all reason  
 My heart all fiery lust my soul all treason *[aside*

*Luc* My lord I fear your health your changing brow  
 Hath shewn so much disturbance noble Sextus  
 Hath not your vent rous travel from the camp  
 Nor the moist rawness of this humorous night  
 Impair'd your health ?

*Sex* Divinest Lucrece no I cannot eat

*Luc* To rest then

A rank of torches there attend the prince !

*Sex* Madam I doubt I am a guest this night  
 Too troublesome and I offend your rest

*Luc* This ring speaks for me that next Collatine  
 You are to me most welcome yet my lord  
 Thus much presume without this from his hand  
 Sextus this night could not have enter d here  
 No not the king himself  
 My doors the day time to my friends are free

But in the night the obdure gates are less kind,  
 Without this ring they can no entrance find  
 Lights for the prince !

*Sea* A kiss, and so good night, nay, for your ring's  
 sake, deny not that

*Luc* Jove give your highness soft and sweet repose !

*Sea* And thee the like, with soft and sweet content !  
 My vows are fix'd, my thoughts on mischief bent [*aside*  
[*exit with torches*

*Luc* 'Tis late, so many stars shine in this room,  
 By reason of this great and princely guest,  
 The world might call our modesty in question,  
 To revel thus, our husband at the camp,  
 Haste, and to rest, save in the prince's chamber,  
 Let not a light appear my heart's all sadness  
 Jove ! unto thy protection I commit  
 My chastity and honour, to thy keep  
 My waking soul I give, whilst my thoughts sleep  
[*exit, with attendants*

### SCENE III.

*Enter CLOWN and a SERVING MAN*

*Clown* Soft, soft, not too loud, imagine we were now  
 going on the ropes with eggs on our heels, he that hath  
 but a creaking shoe I would he had a creak in his neck  
 tread not too hard for disturbing Princee Sextus

*Ser* I wonder the princee would have none of us stay in  
 his chamber and help him to bed

*Clown* What an ass art thou to wonder ! there may be  
 many causes thou know'st the prince is a soldier, and sol-

diers many time want shift who can say whether he have a clean shirt on or no? for any thing that we know he hath used staves aere \* or hath taken a medicine to kill the itch what's that to us? we did our duty to proffer ourselves

*Ser* And what should we enter farther into his thoughts? come shall's to bed? I'm as drowsy as a dormouse and my head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on

*Clown* And my eyes begin to glue themselves together I was till supper was done sitting together for your repast and now after supper I am only for your repose I think for the two virtues of eating and sleeping there's never a Roman spirit under the cope of heaven can put me down

*Enter MIRABLE*

*Mir* For shame! what a conjuring and catter wawling keep you here that my lady cannot sleep you shall have her call by and by and send you all to bed with a witness

*Clown* Sweet Mistress Mirable we are going

*Mir* You are too loud come every man dispose him to his rest and I'll to mine

*Ser* Out with your torches

*Clown* Come then and every man sneak into his kennel

*[exeunt]*

#### SCENE IV

*Enter SEXTUS with his sword drawn, and a taper lighted*

*Ser* Night be as secret as thou art close as close  
As thou art black and dark I thou ominous queen  
Of tenebrous silence make this fatal hour  
As true to ripe as thou hast made it kind

*Thou black p*



To murder, and haish mischief ! Cynthia, mask thy cheek,  
 And all you sparkling elemental fires,  
 Choak up your beauties in prodigious fogs,  
 Or be extinct in some thick vaporious clouds,  
 Lest ye behold my practice ! I am bound  
 Upon a black adventure, on a deed  
 That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed  
 Pause, Sextus, and before thou run'st thyself  
 Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin  
 Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the camp,  
 Of great opinion and undoubted hope,  
 Rome's darling in the universal grace,  
 Both of the field, and senate, where these fortunes  
 Do make thee great in both \* back ! yet thy fame  
 Is free from hazard, and thy style from shame  
 O fate ! thou hast usurp'd such power o'er man,  
 That where thou plead'st thy will, no mortal can  
 On then black mischief, hurry me the way !  
 Myself I must destroy, her life betray  
 The hate† of king and subject, the displeasure  
 Of prince and people, the revenge of noble,  
 And contempt of base, the incurr'd vengeance  
 Of my wrong'd kinsman Collatine, the treason  
 Against divin'st Lucrece, all these total curses  
 Foreseen, not fear'd, upon one Sextus meet,  
 To make my days harsh, so this night be sweet

\* In the quartos, this and the preceding line stand thus

“ Both of the field and senate, were these fortunes  
 To make thee great in both,” &c

† *Ib* —State

No jar of clock no ominous hateful howl  
Of any starting hound no horse-cough breath'd from the  
entrails

Of any drowsy groom wakes this charm'd silence  
And starts this general slumber forward still

*[Lucrece discovered in her bed]*

To make thy lust live all thy virtues kill  
Here here behold! beneath these curtains lies  
That bright enchantress that hath dazzl'd my eyes  
Oh who hut Sextus could commit such waste  
On one so fair so kind so truly chaste?  
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand  
To offend this face this brow this lip this hand?  
Or at such fatal hours these revels keep  
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleep?  
Save in this breast such thoughts could find no place  
Or pay with treason her hospitable grace  
But I am lust burnt all bent on what a bad  
That which should calm good thought makes Tarquin  
mad

Madam! Lucrece!

*Luc* Whose that? oh me! beshrew you

*Sex* Sweet tis I

*Luc* What I?

*Sex* Make room

*Luc* My husband Collatine?

*Sex* Thy husband's at the camp

*Luc* Here is no place for any man save him

*Sex* Crant me that grace

*Luc* What are you?

*Sex* Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee

*Luc* Heaven such sins defend !

*Sex* Why do you tremble, lady ? cease this fear,  
I am alone, there's no suspicious ear

That can betray this deed nay, start not, sweet

*Luc* Dream I, or am I full awake ? oh no !

I know I dream to see Prince Sextus so

Sweet lord, awake me, rid me from this terror

I know you for a prince, a gentleman,

Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,

And would not wrack a woman's chastity

For Rome's imperial diadem oh then

Pardon this dream ! for being awake, I know

Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame

Havock his own worth, or despoil my fame

*Sex* I'm bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,

Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or desire

Yet do I love thee, wilt thou accept it ?

*Luc* No

*Sex* If not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe

Where fair means cannot, force shall make my way

By Jove, I must enjoy thee

*Luc* Sweet lord, stay

*Sex* I'm all impatience, violence, and rage,

And save thy bed, nought can this fire assuage

Wilt love me ?

*Luc* No, I cannot

*Sex* Tell me why ?

*Luc* Hate me, and in that hate first let me die

*Sex* By Jove, I'll force thee

*Luc* By a god you swear  
 To do a devil deed sweet lord forbear  
 By the same Jove I swear that made this soul  
 Never to yield unto an act so foul  
 Help ! help !

*Sex* These pillows first shall stop thy hreath  
 If thou hut shriekest hark ! how I ll frame thy death

*Luc* For death I care not so I keep unstain d  
 The uncraz d honour I have yet maintain d

*Sex* Thou canst keep neither for if thou but squeak st  
 Or let st the least harsh noise jar in my ear  
 I ll broach thee on my steel that done straight murder  
 One of thy basest grooms and lay you both  
 Grasp d arm in arm on thy adulterate bed  
 Then call in witness of that mechall\* sin  
 So shalt thou die thy death be scandalous  
 Thy name he odious thy suspected hody  
 Deny d all funeral rites and loving Collatine  
 Shall hate thee even in death then save all this  
 And to thy fortunes add another friend  
 Give thy fears comfort and these torments end

*Luc* I ll die first and yet hear me as you re noble  
 If all your goodness and best generous thoughts  
 Be not exil d your heart pity oh pity  
 The virtues of a woman ! mar not that  
 Cannot be made again this once defil d  
 Not all the ocean waves can purify  
 Or wash my stain away you seek to soil

That which the radiant splendor of the sun  
 Cannot make bright again, behold my tears,  
 Oh think them pearl'd drops, distilled from the heart  
 Of soul-chaste Luerece, think them orators,  
 To plead the cause of absent Collatine, your friend and  
     kinsman

*Sex* Tush, I am obdure

*Luc* Then make my name foul, keep my body pure  
 Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin  
 Think how much I shall lose, how small you win  
 I lose the honour of my name and blood,  
 Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good  
 You win the world's shame and all good men's hate,  
 Oh! would you pleasure buy at such dear rate?  
 Nor can you term it pleasure, for what is sweet,  
 Where forec and hate, jar and contention meet?  
 Weigh but for what 'tis that you urge me still,  
 To gain a woman's love against her will?  
 You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,  
 And think that labour's not worth all your strife,  
 Curse your hot lust, and say you've wrong'd your friends,  
 But all the world cannot make me amends  
 I took you for a friend, wrong not my trust,  
 But let these chaste tears quench your fiery lust

*Sex* No, those moist tears contending with my fire,  
 Quench not my heat but make it climb much higher,  
 I'll drag thee hence

*Luc* Oh!

*Sex* If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughter'd  
 Aims some base groom dies

And Rome that hath admir'd thy name so long  
 Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue

*Luc* Jove guard my innocence !

*Ser* Lucrece thou art mine

In spite of Jove and all the powers divine

*[he bears her out]*

## SCENE V

*Enter a SERVING MAN*

*Ser* What's o'clock trow? my lord bad me be early ready with my gelding for he would ride betimes in the morning now had I rather be up an hour before my time than a minute after for my lord will be so infinite angry if I but oversleep myself a moment that I had better be out of my life than in his displeasure but soft some of my lord Collatine's men lie in the next chamber I care not if I call them up for it grows towards day what! Pompey Pompey?

*Clown* *[within]* Who is that call?

*Enter CLOWN*

*Ser* 'Tis I

*Clown* Who's that? my lord Sextus his man? what a pox make you up before day?

*Ser* I would have the key of the gate to come at my lord's horse in the stable

*Clown* I would my lord Sextus and you were both in the hay loft for Pompey can take none of his natural rest among you here's e'en ostler rise and give my horse another peck of hay

*Ser* Nay good Pompey help me to the key of the stable

*Clown* Well, Pompey was born to do Rome good in being so kind to the young prince's gelding, but if for my kindness in giving him peas and oats he should kick me, I should scarce say, God a mercy horse! but come, I'll go with thee to the stable [*exunt*]

## SCENE VI

*Enter SEXTUS and LUCRECE uneasy*

*Sex* Nay, weep not, sweet, what's done is past recall  
 Call not thy name in question by this sorrow,  
 Which is yet without blemish, what hath past  
 Is hid from the world's eye, and only private  
 'Twixt us, fair Lucrece! pull not on my head  
 The wrath of Rome, if I have done thee wrong,  
 Love was the cause, thy fame is without blot,  
 And thou in Sextus hast a true friend got  
 Nay, sweet, look up, thou only hast my heart  
 I must be gone, Lucrece, a kiss, and part

*Luc* Oh! [*she flings from him and exit*]

*Sex* No? peevish dame, farewell, then! be the bruter  
 Of thy own shame, which Tarquin would conceal,  
 I am arm'd 'gainst all can come, let mischief frown,  
 With all his terror, arm'd with ominous fate,  
 To all their spleens a welcome I'll afford,  
 With this bold heart, strong hand, and my good sword [*exit*]

## SCENE VII

*Enter BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HORATIUS, ARUNS, SÆVOLA, and  
 COLLATINE*

*Bru* What, so early, Valerius, and your voice not up

yet? thou wast wont to be my lark and raise me with thy early notes

*Val* I was never so hard set yet my lord but I had ever a fit of mirth for my friend

*Bru* Pr ythee let's hear it then while we may for I divine thy music and my madness are both hort liv'd we shall have somewhat else to do ere long we hope *Valerius*

*Hor* Jove send it!

*Song — VALERIUS*

Pack clouds away and welcome day  
With nî ht we banish sorrow  
Sweet air blow soft mount lark aloft  
To give my love good morrow  
Wings from the wind to please her mind  
Notes from the lark I ll borrow  
Bird prune thy wing nightingale sing  
To give my love good morrow  
To give my love good morrow  
Notes from them all I ll borrow

Wake from thy nest robin red breast  
Sing birds in every furrow  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good morrow  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush  
Stare linnet and cock sparrow  
You pretty elves amongst yourselves  
Sing my fair love good morrow  
To give my love good morrow  
Sing birds in every furrow



*Bru* Methinks, our wars go not well forwards, Horatius, we have greater enemies to bustle with than the Ardeans, if we durst but front them.

*Hor* Would it were come to fronting!

*Bru* Then we married men should have the advantage of the bachelors, Horatius, especially such as have reveling wives, those that can caper in the city, while their husbands are in the camp. Collatine, why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a Lucrece to your bedfellow.

*Col* My lord, I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

*Secæ* Come, come, make him merry, let's have a song in praise of his Lucrece.

*Val* Content

*Song—VALERIUS*

On two white columns arch'd she stands,  
Some snow would think them sure,  
Some chrystal, others lillies stipt,  
But none of those so pure

This beauty when I contemplate,  
What riches I behold,  
'Tis roof'd within with virtuous thoughts,  
Without 'tis thatch'd with gold

Two doors there are to enter at,  
The one I'll not enquire,  
Because conceal'd, the other seen,  
Whose sight inflames desire

Whether the porch be coral clear  
 Or with rich crimson lin'd  
 Or rose leaves lasting all the year  
 It is not yet divin'd

Her eyes not made of purest glass  
 Or chrystal but transpareth  
 The life of diamonds they surpass  
 Their very sight ensnareth

That which without we rough cast call  
 To stand gainst wind and weather  
 For its rare beauty equals all  
 That I have nam'd together

For were it not by modest art  
 Kept from the sight of skies  
 It would strike dim the sun itself  
 And daze the gazers eyes

The case so rich how may we praise  
 The jewel lodg'd within  
 To draw their praise I were unwise  
 To wrong them, it were sin

*Aru* I should be frolick if my brother were but  
 return'd to the camp

*Hor* And in good time behold prince Sextus

*Enter SEXTUS*

*All* Health to our general

*Sex* Thank you

*Bru* Will you survey your forces and give order for a  
 present assault? your soldiers long to be tugging with the  
 Ardeans

*Seæ* No

*Col* Have you seen Lueretia, my lord, how fares she?

*Seæ* Well, I'll to my tent

*Aru* Why, how now, what's the matter, brother?

*[exunt Scævus and Aruns]*

*Bru* Thank you, no Well, I'll to my tent get thee to thy tent, and coward go with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy encounter

*Val* Shall I go after him, and know the cause of his discontent?

*Seæ* Or I, my lord?

*Bru* Neither, to pursue a fool in his humour is the next way to make him more humorous, I'll not be guilty of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health again, when he is sick of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate

*Seæ* Perhaps he's not well

*Bru* Well then let him be ill

*Val* Nay if he be dying as I could wish he were, I'll ring out his funeral peal, and thus it is

*Song — VALERIUS*

Come, list and hark,  
The bell doth toll  
For some but new  
Departing soul  
And was not that  
Some ominous fowl,  
The bat, the night-  
Crow or screech-owl?

To these I hear  
 The wild wolf howl  
 In this black night  
 That seems to scowl  
 All these my black  
 Book shall enroll  
 For hark still still  
 The bell doth toll  
 For some but now  
 Departing soul

*Scæ* Excellent Valerius but is not that Collatine's man?

*Enter Clown*

*Val* The news with this hasty post

*Clown* Did nobody see my lord Collatine? oh! my lady commends her to you here's a letter

*Col* Give it me

*Clown* Fie upon't never was poor Pompey so over labour'd as I have been I think I have spurr'd my horse such a question that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tail for an answer but my lady had me spare for no horseflesh and I think I have made him run his race

*Bru* Cousin Collatine the news at Rome?

*Col* Nothing but what you all may well partake read here my lord

*Brutus reads the letter*

Dear lord if ever thou wilt see thy Lucrece  
 Choose of the friends which thou affectest best  
 And all important busines set apart  
 Repair to Rome commend me to lord Brutus

Valerius, Mutius, and Horatius

Say I entreat their presence, where my father  
 Lucretius shall attend them, farewell, sweet,  
 Th' affairs are great, then do not fail to meet

*Brut* I'll thither as I live

[*exit*]

*Col* I, though I die

[*exit*]

*Scæ* To Rome with expeditious wings we'll fly

[*exit*]

*Hor* The news, the news, if it have any shape  
 Of sadness, if some prodigy have chanc'd,  
 That may beget revenge, I'll cease to chafe,  
 Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment myself,  
 And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth,  
 My soul divines some happiness, speak, speak  
 I know thou hast some news that will create me  
 Merry and musical, for I would laugh,  
 Be new trans-shap'd, I pr'ythee sing, Valerius,  
 That I may war with thee

Song—VALERIUS

I'd think myself as proud in shackles,  
 As doth the ship in all her tackles  
 The wise man boasts no more his brains,  
 Than I'd exult in gyves and chains  
 As creditors would use their debtors,  
 So could I toss and shake my fetters,  
 But not confess, my thoughts should be  
 In distance fast as those kept me  
 And could, when spite their hearts envious,  
 Then dance to th' music of my nouns

*Val* Now tell us what's the project of thy message?

*Clown* My lords, the princely Sextus has been at home,

but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust but cannot altogether resolve you besides my lady swore me that whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing

*Val* If thou wilt not say thy mind I prythee sing thy mind and then thou mayst save thine oath

*Clown* Indeed I was not sworn to that I may either laugh out my news or sing em and so I may save mine oath to my lady

*Hor* How's all at Rome that with such sad presage  
Disturbed Collatine and noble Brutus  
Are hurried from the camp with Scævola?  
And we with expedition amongst the rest  
Are charged to Rome? speak what did Sextus there  
With thy fair mistress?

*Val* Second me my lord and we'll urge him to disclose it

VALERIUS HORATIUS and the CLOWN —their Catch

*Val* Did he take fair Lucrece by the toe man?

*Ho* Toe man?

*Val* Aye man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha ha man

*Hor* And further did he strive to go man?

*Clown* Go man?

*Hor* Aye man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha man fa derry derry down ha fa  
derry dino

*Val* Did he take fair Lucrece by the heel man?

*Clown* Heel man?

*Val* Aye man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha man

*Hor* And did he further strive to feel man?

*Clown* Feel, man ?

*Hor* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c

*Val* Did he take the lady by the shin, man ?

*Clown* Shin, man ?

*Val* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man

*Hor* Further too would he have been, man

*Clown* Been, man ?

*Hor* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa dery, &c

*Val* Did he take the lady by the knee, man ?

*Clown* Knee, man ?

*Val* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man

*Hor* Farther than that would he be, man ?

*Clown* Be, man ?

*Hor* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa dery, &c

*Val* Did he take the lady by the thigh, man ?

*Clown* Thigh, man ?

*Val* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man

*Hor* And now he came it somewhat nigh, man ?

*Clown* Nigh, man ?

*Hor* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa derry, &c

*Val* But did he do the t'other thing, man ?

*Clown* Thing, man ?

*Val* Aye, man

*Clown* Ha ha ha ha, man

*Hor* And at the same had he a fling, man ?

*Clown* Fling man ?

*Hor* Aye man

*Clown* Ha ha ha man hey fiddery &c [exeunt

# ACT V SCENE I

*A table and a chair covered with black*

*LUCRECE and her MAID*

*Luc* Mirable

*Maid* Madam

*Luc* Is not my father old Lucretius come yet ?

*Maid* Not yet

*Luc* Nor any from the camp ?

*Maid* Neither madam

*Luc* Go begone and leave me to the truest grief of heart  
That ever enter'd any matron's breast Oh !

*Maid* Why weep you lady ? alas ! why do you stain  
Your modest cheeks with these offensive tears ?

*Luc* Nothing nay nothing oh you powerful gods  
That should have angels guardants on your throne  
To protect innocence and chastity ! oh why  
Suffer you such inhuman masacre  
Of harmless virtue ? wherefore take you charge  
Of sinless souls to see them wounded thus  
With rape and violence ? or give white innocence  
Armour of proof gainst sin or by oppression  
Kill virtue quite and guerdon base transgression  
Is it my fate above all other women ?  
Or is my sin more heinous than the rest  
That amon st thousands millions infinites



I, only I, should to this shame be born,  
To be a stain to women, nature's scorn? oh!

*Maid* What ails you, madam? truth, you make me weep  
To see you shed salt tears what hath oppress'd you?  
Why is your chamber hung with mourning black?  
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swollen  
With ominous tears, alas! what troubles you?

*Luc* I am not sad, thou didst deceive thyself,  
I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me  
But wherefore dost thou blush?

*Maid* Madam, not I

*Luc* Indeed thou didst,  
And in that blush my guilt thou did'st betray,  
How can'st thou by the notice of my sin?

*Maid* What sin?

*Luc* My blot, my scandal, and my shame  
O Tarquin! thou my honour did'st betray,  
Disgrace, no time, no age, can wipe away, oh!

*Maid* Sweet lady, cheer yourself, I'll fetch my viol,  
And see if I can sing you fast asleep  
A little rest would wear away this passion

*Luc* Do what thou wilt, I can command no more,  
Being no more a woman, I am now  
Devote to death and an inhabitant  
Of th' other world these eyes must ever weep  
Till fate hath clos'd them with eternal sleep

*Enter* BRUTUS, COLLATINE, HORATIUS, SCEVOLA, VALERIUS,  
one way, and OLD LUCRETIOUS another way

O *Luc* Brutus!

*Br* u Lucretius!

*Luc* Father !

*Col* Lucrece !

*Iuc* Collatine !

*Bru* How cheer you madam ? how is t with you cousin ?  
Why is your eye deject and drown d in sorrow ?

Why is this funeral black and ornaments  
Of widow hood ? resolve me cousin Lucrece

*Hor* How fare you lady ?

*O Luc* What the matter girl ?

*Col* Why how is t with you Lucrece ? tell me sweet  
Why dost thou lide thy face and with thy hand  
Darken those eyes that were my suns of joy  
To make my pleasures flourish in the spring ?

*Luc* Oh me !

*Ial* Whence are these sighs and tears ?

*Scæ* How grows this passion ?

*Bru* Speak lady you are hemm d in with your friends  
Girt in a pale of safety and environ d  
And circl d in a fortress of your kindred  
Let not those drops fall fruitless to the ground  
Nor let your sighs add to the senseless wind  
Speak ! who hath wrong d you ?

*Luc* Ere I speak my woe

Swear you ll revenge poor Lucrece on her foe

*Bru* Be his head arch d with gold !

*Hor* Be his hand arm d with an imperial sceptre !

*O Luc* Be he great as Tarquin thron d in an imperial  
seat !

*Bru* Be he no more than mortal he shall feel  
The vengeful edge of this victorious steel

*Luc* Then seat you, lords, whilst I express my wrong '  
 Father, dear husband, and my kinsmen lords,  
 Hear me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd ,  
 My reputation mangled, my renown  
 Disparag'd, but my body, oh my body '

*Col* What, Lucrece ?

*Luc* Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd  
 Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed ,  
 And though my thoughts be white as innocence,  
 Yet is my body soil'd with lust-burn'd sin,  
 And by a stranger I am stungpeted,  
 Ravish'd, enfore'd, and am no more to rank  
 Among the Roman matrons

*Bru* Yet cheer you, lady, and restrain these tears ,  
 If you were forc'd, the sin concerns not you ,  
 A woman's born but with a woman's strength  
 Who was the ravisher '

*Hor* Aye, name him, lady '  
 Our love to you shall only thus appear  
 In the revenge that we will take on him

*Luc* I hope so, lords , 'twas Sextus, the king's son

*All* How ? Sextus Tarquin '

*Luc* That unprinceely princee,  
 Who, guest-wise, enter'd with my husband's ring  
 This ring, O Collatine ' this ring you sent,  
 Is cause of all my woe, your discontent  
 I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestow'd  
 My choicest welcome , but in the dead of night  
 My traitorous guest came arm'd unto my bed,  
 Frighted my silent sleep, threaten'd, and pray'd

For entertainment I despised both  
 Which bearing his sharp pointed scimitar  
 The tyrant hent against my naked breast  
 Ala ! I begg'd my death but note his tyranny  
 He brought with him a torment worse than death  
 For having murder'd me he swore to kill  
 One of my basest grooms and lodge him dead  
 In my dead arms then call in testimony  
 Of my adultery to make me hated  
 Even in my death of husband father friends  
 Of Rome and all the world  
 This this O princes ! ravish'd and kill'd me at once

*Col* Yet comfort lady

I quit thy guilt for what could Lucrece do  
 More than a woman ? hadst thou dy'd polluted  
 By this base scandal thou hadst wrong'd thy fame  
 And hinder'd us of a most just revenge

*All* What shall we do lords ?

*Bru* Lay your resolute hands

Upon the sword of Brutus vow and swear  
 As you hope meed for merit from the gods  
 Or fear reward for sin from devils below  
 As you are Romans and esteem your fame  
 More than your lives all humorous toys set off  
 Of madding singing smiting and what else  
 Revive your native valours be yourselves  
 And join with Brutus in the just revenge  
 Of this chaste ravish'd lady swear !

*All* We do

*Iuc* Then with your humours here my grief ends too

My stain I thus wipe off, call in my sighs,  
 And in the hope of this revenge, forbear  
 Even to my death to fall one passionate tear,  
 Yet, lords, that you may crown my innocence  
 With your best thoughts, that you may henceforth know  
 We are the same in heart, we seem in show  
 And though I quit my soul of all such sin,  
[the lords whisper]

I'll not debat my body punishment  
 Let all the world learn of a Roman dame,  
 To prize her life less than her honor'd fame [stabs herself]

*O Luc* Lucrece!

*Col* Wife!

*Bru* Lady!

*Scæ* She hath slain herself!

*Val* Oh see yet, lords, if there be hope of life

*Bru* She's dead! then turn your funeral tears to fire  
 And indignation, let us now redeem  
 Our mis-spent time, and overtake our sloth  
 With hostile expedition, this, great lords,  
 This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flow'd,  
 Shall not from Brutus, till some strange revenge  
 Fall on the heads of Tarquins

*Hor* Now's the time to call their pride to count  
 Brutus, lead on, we'll follow thee to their confusion

*Val* By Jove, we will, the sprightful youth of Rome,  
 Trick'd up in plumed harness, shall attend  
 The march of Brutus, whom we here create  
 Our general against the Tarquins

*Scæ* Be it so

*Bru* We embrace it now to stir the wrath of Rome  
 You Collatine and good Lucretius  
 With eyes yet drown'd in tears bear that chaste body  
 Into the market place that horrid object  
 Shall kindle them with a most just revenge

*Hor* To see the father and the husband mourn  
 O'er this chaste dame that have so well deserv'd  
 Of Rome and them then to infer the pride  
 The wrongs and the perpetual tyranny  
 Of all the Tarquins Servius Tullius death  
 And his unnatural usage by that monster  
 Tullia the queen all these shall well concur  
 In a combin'd revenge

*Bru* Lucrece thy death we'll mourn in glittering arms  
 And plumed casques bear that reverend load  
 Unto the Forum where our force shall meet  
 To set upon the palace and expel  
 This vicious brood from Rome I know the people  
 Will gladly embrace our fortunes Scævola  
 Go you and muster powers in Brutus name  
 Valerius you assist him instantly  
 And to the mazed people freely speak  
 The cause of this concourse

*Val* We go [*exunt Valerius and Scævola*]

*Bru* And you dear lords [*to Collatine and Lucretius*]  
 whose speechless grief is boundless

Turn all your tears with ours to wrath and rage  
 The hearts of all the Tarquins shall weep blood  
 Upon the funeral hearse with whose chaste body  
 Honour your arms and to th' assembled people

Disclose her innocent wounds Gramercies, lords,

[*a great shout, and a flourish with drums and trumpets.*]

That universal shout tells me their words

Are gracious with the people, and their troops

Are ready embattl'd and expect but us

To lead them on, Jove give our fortunes speed!

We'll murder murder, and base rape shall bleed [*count*]

## SCENE II

*Alarm—Enter in the night TARQUIN and LUCIUS flying, pursued by BRUTUS, the ROMANS march with drum and colours PORSENNA, ARUNS, SEXTUS, TARQUIN, and LUCIUS, meet and join with them to them, BRUTUS and the ROMANS, with drum and soldiers they make a stand*

*Bru* Even thus far, tyrant, have we dogg'd thy steps,  
Frighting thy queen and thee with horrid steel

*Tar* Lodg'd in the safety of Porsenna's arms,  
Now, traitor Brutus, we dare frown thy pride

*Hor* Porsenna, thou'rt unworthy of a sceptre,  
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyranny,  
In that proud prince and his confederate peers

*Sex* Traitors to heaven, to Tarquin, Rome, and us!  
Treason to kings doth stretch even to the gods,  
And those high gods that take great Rome in charge,  
Shall punish your rebellion

*Col* O devil, Sextus! speak not thou of gods,  
Nor cast those false and feigned eyes to heaven,  
Whose rape the furies must torment in hell,  
Of Lucrece, Lucrece!

*Sec* Her chaste blood still cries

For vengeance to the ethereal desties

*O Luc* Oh twas a foul deed Sextus !

*I al* And thy shame

Shall be eternal and outlive her fame

*Aru* Say Sextus lov'd her was she not a woman ?

Aye and perbaps was willing to be forc'd

Must you being private subjects dare to ring

War's loud alarum gainst your potent king ?

*Por* Brutus therein thou dost forget thyself

And wrong'st the glory of thine ancestors

Staining thy blood with treason

*Bru* Tuscan know

The consul Brutus is their powerful foe

*All the Tarquins* Consul !

*Hor* Aye consul and the powerful hand of Rome

Grasps his imperial sword the name of king

The tyrant Tarquins have made odious

Unto this nation and the general knee

Of this our warlike people now low bends

To royal Brutus where the king's name ends

*Bru* Now Sextus where's the oracle ? when I kiss'd

My mother Earth it plainly did foretell

My noble virtues did thy sin exceed

Brutus should sway and lust burn'd Tarquin bleed

*Val* Now shall the blood of Servius fall as heavy

As a huge mountain on your tyrant heads

O erwhelming all your glory

*Hor* Tullia's guilt shall be by us reveng'd that in her  
pride

In blood paternal her rough coach wheels dy'd



*Luc* Your tyrannies,—

*Scæ* Pride,

*Col* And my Lucrece' fate,

Shall all be swallow'd in this hostile hate

*Scæ* Oh ! Romulus, thou, that first rear'd you walls,  
In sight of which we stand, in thy soft bosom  
Is hugg'd the nest in which the Tarquins build,  
Within the branches of thy lofty spires  
Tarquin shall perch, or where he once hath stood,  
His high built acry shall be drown'd in blood,  
Alarum then, Brutus! by heaven I vow,  
My sword shall prove thou ne'er wast mad till now

*Br* Sextus, my madness with your lives expires,  
Thy sensual eyes are fix'd upon that wall  
Thou ne'er shalt enter, Rome confines you all

*Por* A charge then !

*Tar* Jove and Tarquin !

*Hor* But we cry a Brutus !

*Br* Lucrece, fame, and victory ! [*ex eunt*]

### SCENE III

*Alarum, the Romans are beaten off*

*Enter BRUTUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, SÆVOLA, LUCRITIUS, and  
COLLATINE*

*Br* Thou Jovial hand, hold up thy sceptre high,  
And let not justice be oppress'd with pride,  
O you, Penates, leave not Rome and us,  
Grasp'd in the purple hands of death and ruin,  
The Tarquins have the best

*Hor* Yet stand, my foot is fix'd upon this bidge,

Tiber thy arebed streams shall be chang'd crimson  
With Roman blood before I budge from hence

*Seæ* Brutus retire for if thou enter Rome  
We are all lost stand not on valour now  
But save thy people let's survive this day  
To try the fortunes of another field

*Ial* Break down the bridge lest the pursuing enemy  
Enter with us and take the spoil of Rome

*Hor* Then break behind me for by heaven I'll grow  
And root my foot as deep as to the centre  
Before I leave this passage

*Luc* Come you're mad

*Col* The foe comes on and we in trisling here  
Hazard ourselves and people

*Hor* Save them all  
To make Rome stand Horatius here will fall

*Bru* We would not lose thee do not breast thyself  
Gainst thousands if thou front'st them thou art ring'd  
With million swords and darts and we behind  
Must break the bridge of Tiber to save Rome  
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face  
And menace death the raging streams of Tiber  
Are at thy back to swallow thee

*Hor* Retire'

To make Rome live tis death that I desire

*Bru* Then farewell dead Horatius' think in us  
The universal arm of potent Rome  
Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace

[all embrace him]

*Hor* Farewell'

*All* Farewell !

*Bru* These arches all must down  
To interdict their passage through the town [*trumpets*]

### SCENE IV

*Alarum* Enter TARKUN, PORSENNA, and ARMS, with their  
pikes and Targeter.

*All* Enter, enter, enter !

[*a noise of knocking down the bridge within*]

*Hor* Soft, Tarkun, see a bulwark to the bridge  
You first must pass, the man that enters here  
Must make his passage through Horatius' breast,  
See, with this target do I buckler Rome,  
And with this sword defy the puissant arm  
Of two great kings

*Por* One man to face a host !  
Charge, soldiers ! Of full forty thousand Romans  
There's but one daring hand against your host,  
To keep you from the sack or spoil of Rome,  
Charge, charge !

*Aru* Upon them, soldiers ! [*alarum*]

*Enter in several places, SEXTUS and VALERIUS about*

*Sev* Oh ! cowards, slaves, and vassals ! what ! not enter ?  
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment  
Upon a hill, to be the sad spectator  
Of such a general cowardice ? Tarkun, Arms,  
Porsenna, soldiers, pass Horatius quickly,  
For they behind him will devolve the bridge,  
And raging Tiber, that's impassable,  
Your host must swim before you conquer Rome

*Val* Yet stand Horatius bear but one brunt more  
The arch'd bridge shall sink upon his piles  
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven

*Sex* Yet enter

*Val* Dear Horatius yet stand  
And save a million by one powerful hand

*[alarum and the falling of a bridge]*

*Aruns and all* Charge charge charge !

*Sex* Degenerate slaves ! the bridge is fall'n Rome's lost

*Val* Horatius thou art stronger than their host  
Thy strength is valour theirs are idle braves  
Now save thyself and leap into the waves

*Hor* Porsenna Tarquin now wade past your depths  
And enter Rome I feel my body sink  
Beneath my pond'rous weight Rome is preserv'd  
And now farewell for he that follows me  
Must search the bottom of this raging stream  
Fame with thy golden wings renown my crest  
And Tiber take me on thy silver breast

*[he leaps into the river]*

*Por* He's leap'd off from the bridge and drown'd himself

*Sex* You are deceiv'd his spirit soars too high  
To be choak'd in with the base element  
Of water lo ! he swims arm'd as he is  
Whilst all the army have discharg'd their arrows  
Of which the shield upon his back sticks full *[flourish]*  
And hark ! the shout of all the multitude  
Now welcomes him a land Horatius fame  
Hath check'd our armies with a general shame  
But come to morrow's fortune must restore

This scandal, which I of the gods implore

*Por* Then we must find another time, fair prince,  
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs  
For this night I'll betake me to my tent

*Tar* And we to ours, to morrow we'll renown  
Our army with the spoil of this rich town *[exunt*

## SCENE V

*Enter PORSINNA and SECRETARY*

*Por* Our secretary

*Sec* My lord!

*Por* Command lights and torches in our tents

*Enter SOLDIERS with torches*

And let a guard engirt our safety round,  
Whilst we debate of military business  
Come, sit, and let's consult

*Enter SCÆVOIA, disguised*

*Scæ* Horatius, famous for defending Rome,  
But we have done nought worthy Scævola,  
Not of a Roman I, in this disguise,  
Have pass'd the army and the puissant guard  
Of king Porsenna this should be his tent,  
And in good time, now fate direct my strength  
Against a king, to free great Rome at length

*[stabs the Secretary]*

*Sec* Oh! I am slain! treason! treason!

*Por* Villain! what hast thou done?

*Scæ* Why, slain the king

*Por* What king?

*Scæ* Porsenna

*Por* Porsenna lives to see thee tortur'd  
With plagues more devilish than the pains of hell

*Scæ* Oh too rash Mutius hast thou miss'd thy aim?  
And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard  
Against a peasant's breast behold thy error  
Thus I will punish I will give thee freely  
Unto the fire nor will I wear a limb

*[puts his hand into the fire]*

That with such rashness shall offend his lord

*Por* What will the madman do?

*Scæ* Porsenna so

Punish my hand thus for not killing thee  
Three hundred noble lads besides myself  
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron Rome  
Thy ruin for supporting tyranny  
And though I fail expect yet every hour  
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devour

*Por* Stay Roman! we admire thy constancy  
And scorn of fortune go return to Rome  
We give thee life and say the king Porsenna  
Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable  
Pass freely guard him to the walls of Rome  
And were we not so much engag'd to Tarquin  
We would not lift a hand against that nation  
That breeds such noble spirits

*Scæ* Well I go

And for revenge take life even of my foe *[exit]*

*Por* Conduct him safely what? three hundred gallants

Sworn to our death, and all resolv'd like him !  
 We must be provident, to-morrow's fortune  
 We'll prove for Tarquins, if they fail our hopes,  
 Peace shall be made with Rome, but first our secretary  
 Shall have his rites of funeral, then our shield  
 We must address next for to-morrow's field [exit

## SCENE VI

*Enter BRUTUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, COLLATINE, and LUCRETIA,  
 marching*

*Brut* By thee we are consul, and still govern Rome,  
 Which but for thee, had been despoil'd and ta'en,  
 Made a confused heap of men and stones,  
 Swimming in blood and slaughter, dear Horatius,  
 Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brass,  
 And fix'd for thy perpetual memory  
 In our high Capitol

*Hor* Great consul, thanks !

But leaving this, let's march out of the city,  
 And once more bid them battle on the plains

*Val* This day my soul divines we shall live free  
 From all the furious Tarquins, but where's Scævola ?  
 We see not him to-day

*Enter SCÆVOLA*

*Scæv* Here, lords, behold me handless, as you see  
 The cause,—I miss'd Porsenna in his tent,  
 And in his stead kill'd but his secretary  
 The 'mazed king, when he beheld me punish  
 My rash mistake, with loss of my right hand,

Unbegg'd and almost scorn'd he gave me life  
Which I had then refus'd but in desire  
To vengeance fair Lucrece rape

*Hor* Dear Scævola

Thou hast exceeded us in our resolve  
But will the Tarquins give us present battle?

*Scæv* That may ye hear *[soft alarum]*

The skirmish is begun already twixt the horse

*Luc* Then noble consul lead our main battle on!

*Bru* O Jove! this day balance our cause  
And let her innocent blood destroy  
The heads of all the Tarquins! See this day  
In her cause do we consecrate our lives  
And in defence of justice now march on  
I hear their martial music be our shock  
As terrible as are the meeting clouds  
That break in thunder yet our hopes are fair  
And this rough charge shall all our loss repair  
*[exeunt alarum battle within]*

## SCENE VII

*Enter PORSENNA and ARUNS*

*Por* Yet grow our lofty plumes unflagg'd with blood  
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the air  
How goes the battle Aruns?

*Aru* 'Tis even balanc'd  
I interchang'd with Brutus hand to hand  
A dangerous encounter both are wounded  
And had not the rude press divided us  
One had dropp'd down to earth



*Por* 'Twas bravely fought I saw the king, your father,  
free his person from a thousand Romans that begirt his  
state, where flying arrows, thick as atoms, sung about his  
ears

*Aru* I hope a glorious day, come, Tuscan king, let's on  
them ! *[alarum*

*Enter HORATIUS and VALEMIUS*

*Hor* Aruns, stay, that sword that late did drink the  
consul's blood, must, with keen fang, tire upon my flesh,  
or this on thine

*Aru* It spar'd the consul's life  
To end thy days in a more glorious strife

*Val* I stand against thee, Tuscan !

*Por* I for thee !

*Hor* Where e'er I find a Tarquin, he's for me !

*[alarum, fight, Aruns slain, Porsenna expelled]*

*Alarum—Enter TARQUIN with an arrow in his breast, TULLIA  
with him, pursued by COLLATINE, LUCRETIUS, and SÆVOLA*

*Tar* Fair Tullia, leave me, save thy life by flight,  
Since mine is desperate, behold, I'm wounded  
Even to the death there stays within my tent  
A winged jennet, mount his back and fly  
Live to revenge my death, since I must die

*Tul* Had I the heart to tread upon the bulk  
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughter'd  
Only for love of Tarquin and a crown,  
And shall I fear death more than loss of both ?  
No, this is Tullia's fame, rather than fly  
From Tarquin, 'mongst a thousand swords she'll die !

*All* Hew them to pieces both !

*Tar* My Tullia save

And o'er my catiff head those meteors wave

*Col* Let Tullia yield then !

*Tul* Yield me cuckold's no

Mercy I scorn let me the danger know !

*Scæ* Upon them then !

*Val* Let's bring them to their fate

And let them perish in the people's hate

*Tul* Fear not I'll back thee husband

*Tar* But for thee

Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could free

Life I despise let noble Sextus stand

To avenge our death even till these vitals end

Scorning my own thy life will I defend !

*Tul* And I'll sweet Tarquin to my power guard thine

Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine !

*[alarum Tarquin and Tullia are slain]*

*Alarum Enter BRUTUS all bloody*

*Bru* Aruns this crimson favour for thy sake

I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood

Till all the moisture in the Tarquins' veins \*

Be spilt upon the earth and leave thy body

As dry as the parch'd summer burnt and scorched

With the canicular stars

*Hor* Aruns lies dead

By this bright sword that tower'd above his head !

*Col* And see great consul

Where the pride of Rome lies sunk and fallen

*Val* Beside him lies the queen mangled and hewn  
Amongst the Roman soldiers

*Hor* Lift up their slaughter'd bodies, help to rear  
Them 'gainst this hill in view of all the camp  
This sight will be a terror to the foe,  
And make them yield or fly

*Bru* But where's the ravisher,  
Injurious Sextus, that we see not him? [*short alarm*]

*Enter SEXTUS*

*Sex* Through broken spears, crack'd swords, unbowel'd  
steeds,  
Flaw'd armours, mangl'd limbs, and batter'd casques,  
Knee-deep in blood, I've pierc'd the Roman host  
To be my father's rescue

*Hor* 'Tis too late,  
His mounting pride's sunk in the people's hate

*Sex* My father, mother, brother! fortune, now  
I do defy thee! I expose myself  
To horrid danger, safety I despise  
I dare the worst of peril, I am bound  
On till this pile of flesh be all one wound

*Val* Begirt him, lords! this is the ravisher,  
There's no revenge for Lucrece till he fall

*Luc* Cease, Sextus, then

*Sex* Sextus defies you all!  
Yet, will you give me language ere I die?

*Bru* Say on

*Sex* 'Tis not for mercy, for I scorn that life  
That's given by any, and the more to add

To your immense unmeasurable hate  
 I was the spur unto my father's pride  
 'Twas I that aw'd the princes of the land  
 That made thee Brutus mad the e discontent  
 I ravish'd the chaste Lucrece Sextus I  
 Thy daughter and thy wife Brutus thy cousin  
 All'd indeed to all 'twas for my rape  
 Her constant haud ripp'd up her innocent breast  
 'Twas Sextus did all this'

*Col* Which I'll revenge'

*Hor* Leave that to me

*Luc* Old as I am I'll do it'

*Sea* I have one hand left yet  
 Of strength enough to kill a ravisher

*Sex* Come all at once aye all'

Yet hear me Brutus thou art honourable  
 And my words tend to thee my father dy'd  
 By many hands what's he mon<sup>st</sup> you can challenge  
 The least aye smallest honour in his death'  
 If I be kill'd among this hostile throng  
 The poorest snaky soldier well may claim  
 As much renown in noble Sextus death  
 As Brutus thou or thou Horatius  
 I am to die and more than die I cannot  
 Rob not yourselves of honour in my death  
 When the two mightiest spirits of Greece and Troy  
 Tugg'd for the mast ry Hector and Achilles  
 Had pussant Hector by Achilles hand  
 Dy'd in single monomachy Achilles  
 Had been the worthy but being slain by odds



*[Alarum —fight with single swords and being deadly wounded and panting for breath making a stroke at each other with their gauntlets they fall*

*Hor* Both slain! Oh noble Brutus this thy fame  
 To after ages shall survive thy body  
 Shall have a fair and gorgeous sepulchre ~  
 For whom the matrons shall in funeral black  
 Mourn twelve sad moons thou that first govern'd Rome  
 And sway'd the people by a consul's name  
 These bodies of the Tarquins we'll commit  
 Unto the funeral pile you Collatine  
 Shall succeed Brutus in the consul's place  
 Whom with this laurel wreath we here create  
*[crowns him with laurel]*

Such is the people's voice accept it then

*Col* We do and may our pow'r so just appear  
 Rome may have peace both with our love and fear  
 But soft! what march is this?

*Flourish Enter PORSENNA and SOLDIERS*

*Por* The Tuscan king seeing the Tarquins slain  
 Thus arm'd and battl'd offers peace to Rome  
 To confirm which we'll give you present hostage  
 If you deny we'll stand upon our guard  
 And by the force of arms maintain our own

*Val* After so much effusion and large waste  
 Of Roman blood the name of peace is welcome  
 Since of the Tarquins none remain in Rome  
 And Lucrece rape is now reveng'd nt full

'Twere good to entertain Porsenna's league

*Col* Porsenna we embrace, whose royal presence  
Shall grace the consul to the funeral pile

March on to Rome! Jove be our guard and guide!

That hath, in us, veng'd rape, and punish'd pride!

*[exeunt*

THE END

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